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AUGUST



JEAN HARLOW

THERE'S NO MORTGAGE ON GINGER ROGERS' HEART

So You WANT A LOVELY COMPLEXION, TOO? WELL, YOU CALLED THE RIGHT NUMBER!





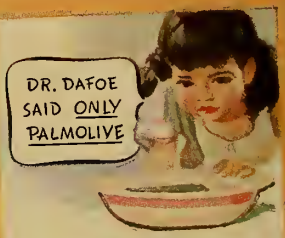
THE DIONNE QUINS give you their "Beauty Secret"



"If you think *your* complexion is a problem, you ought to hear about ours! For we've always had such sensitive skin. And if it hadn't been for Dr. Dafoe, goodness knows what troubles we might have had!"



"When we were tiny babies, Dr. Dafoe bathed us only with Olive Oil. So when we were ready for soap and water baths you can imagine how carefully he chose the soap made from the most soothing ingredients."



"Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive, the soap made with gentle Olive Oil. We're mighty glad he did, for we've never had any complexion trouble. In fact, everyone says we have unusually lovely soft, smooth skin!"

WHY DR. DAFOE CHOSE PALMOLIVE

Because the Quins were born prematurely their skin has always required very special care. Here is Dr. Dafoe's own statement:

"For some time after their birth the Dionne Quintuplets were bathed with Olive Oil. When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we chose Palmolive Soap exclusively for bathing these famous babies."

Allan Roy Dafoe



"Isn't our experience a beauty lesson for *you?* Doesn't it stand to reason, that if Palmolive is safest for *our* tender skin, it must be best for *yours,* too? Well anyway, our advice is, only *Palmolive,* the soap made with gentle Olive Oil."

Why Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, makes complexions soft, smooth, young again

Beauty experts advise the daily use of Palmolive Soap because Palmolive is made with Olive and Palm oils. That's why its lather is different—rich, soothing and penetrating. Palmolive softens, freshens and stimulates the skin, helping to restore attractive, natural color.

Why not use Palmolive regularly? Let its gentle, *different* lather help make your complexion lovelier, *younger-looking!*

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TO KEEP YOUR OWN COMPLEXION ALWAYS LOVELY, USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP CHOSEN FOR THE QUINS

Shipboard Sensation

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



She evades close-ups... Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

HERE is a girl who should own a smile like sunlight dancing on wind-swept water—a *rippling, dazzling, flashing* smile! The merest parting of her lips should reveal teeth that are bright, that glisten with a beautiful lustre.

But how distressing for her (*and how shocking for you*) if when she smiles she reveals dull teeth and flabby gums, tragic evidence of dental ignorance or deliberate and unforgivable neglect.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Don't let such neglect penalize you. Any time your tooth brush shows that warning tinge of "pink"—see your dentist *and see him promptly.* You may not be headed for serious trouble but it's safer to have your dentist's assurance. Many times, however, the verdict will be gums that are the victims of our modern soft foods—gums that need more work and exercise—and, very often, gums that will respond to the wakening stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Massage a little Ipana into your gums when you brush your teeth. Lazy gums awaken. Circulation quickens and stimulates the gum tissues—helps them to a new firmness that keeps them healthier. The theory of Ipana and massage is approved by many American dentists—is taught in many schoolrooms all over the land. And right at home Ipana and massage can be your dentist's able assistant in the care of your teeth and gums.

Start today to use Ipana and massage—to help keep your gums firm and healthy—your teeth brighter. And your smile will then be a smile you can be proud of—*radiant, winning, lovely!*

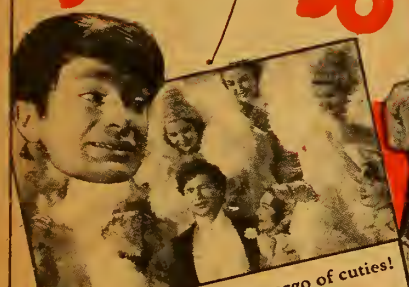
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MOTION PICTURE

Combined With

Movie Classic

LAURENCE REID
Editor

AUGUST, 1937

Volume LIV, No. 1 Twenty-sixth Year

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AL ALLARD
Art Director

JOHN SCHWARZKOPF
Western Editor



Clark Gable is footprinted at Grauman's Chinese Theatre—on your program



Edward Everett Horton has one of the show places in Hollywood. On Sunday, August 15, you'll be guests at his big cocktail party





You'll hear lovely Deanna Durbin sing on Eddie Cantor's Texaco hour

We'll Be Seein' You!

Hurry and Hop Aboard the Movieland Special! The Stars are Waiting for You!!

AND now comes the last call for the last "traveling house-party" that will shortly wend its way Hollywoodward via the Northern Pacific Railroad. As you are reading this last call, the lucky group who have made the first tour are basking under the California sun by day and frolicking with the stars by night. They are well out of the heat of the middle west and east, and are enjoying breezes coming from the great, cool Pacific which gently caress Hollywood during the summer months, making it the vacation spot of North America.

But you don't need to read those words with the thought in mind that these pleasures cannot be yours, for there is still time for you to fill out the coupon below and assure yourself of the best time you have ever had in all your life. The Fawcett Hollywood office has been working hand in hand with the stars to make your stay a pleasant and enjoyable vacation. Just think, five great movie magazines are behind your vacation—they are MOVIE STORY, SCREEN BOOK, SCREEN PLAY, HOLLYWOOD and this magazine, and each one carries the magic little blank that will guarantee your leaving Chicago this August 8th with a crowd of good fellows all bent on seeing Hollywood behind the scenes.

Even as you step off the train Sunday morning on the fifteenth of the same month, the fun begins, for there will be screen personalities on hand to greet you and "give you the key to the city." Imagine the thrills when, having seen the most interesting spots in north-western America and the national parks the Northern Pacific Railroad passes through, you finally land up right here in Hollywood.

On the same Sunday afternoon, Edward Everett Horton is expecting you all to come out to his place and have cocktails with him and his most congenial movie friends. Eddie, as all his close associates call him, has turned over his spacious ranch for the enjoyment of the tourists. Eddie has gone to endless detail to make his party give you the kind of send off your arrival warrants. To those of you who like to play tennis, Eddie extends a warm invitation to make use of his courts on that memorable afternoon. Eddie is a swell player, himself, and it wouldn't surprise us a bit if he didn't challenge some of you to a fast game.

AFTER your party at the congenial Horton's home, you then go back to your hotel and prepare yourselves for another surprise, for, we have arranged for some of you to attend the famous Eddie Cantor-Texaco broadcast and others of you to attend a show at the famous Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Eddie Cantor has planned to be on hand that evening and greet you along with the rest of his guest stars. But let's try to get to bed early this evening, for the next day holds much in store for us. The next day, Monday, is Paramount day . . . .

[*Continued on page* 65]

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By JOHN SCHWARZKOPF

JAMES ELLISON, whose career somewhat parallels Randy Scott's, is one of the few western stars to leave those ranks for leads in top-rating feature productions. . . . Ellison hails from Valier, Montana, where he was born twenty-six years ago on his father's cattle ranch. . . . After his father's death, the family moved to Los Angeles, where Jimmy, youngest of six children, was educated in Polytechnic High School. . . . Jimmy, an outstanding student, was elected president of the school's student body—no small honor in an institution of several thousand students. Always active in sports, Jimmy made the football team, but couldn't play because of a broken leg received in the first game of the season. . . . Jimmy is no slouch at tennis, swimming or riding. . . . Ellison's family wanted him to become a writer like his brothers, but he chose to become an actor. . . . Still in his early twenties, Jimmy got off to a good start on the stage with a small part in a play at the Community Playhouse in Pasadena. . . . Jimmy spent his evenings at the playhouse and his days working in the laboratory at Warner Bros. . . . A Warner scout saw him and arranged a screen test. . . . Jimmy knocked off from his job in the "lab" long enough to take the test and then hurried back to work and had the unusual experience of developing and printing his own test. . . . Jimmy made two pictures, but soon after returned to the stage where he appeared as Billie Burke's leading man. . . . Jimmy was later signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer but soon after bought up his contract with that studio to take a job in the Hawaiian Islands. . . . Upon his return, he went to Sequoia National Park and was about to become a ranger when Harry Sherman signed him to co-star with William Boyd in the *Hopalong Cassidy* series. . . . Ellison's third entry in pictures brought him to the attention of Cecil B. DeMille . . . the rest is history, for Jimmy's part as the youthful Buffalo Bill in *The Plainsman* has gained him recognition as a top notch leading actor. . . . Jimmy has just finished *23½ Hours Leave* for Douglas MacLean . . . a part which MacLean once played himself. At present Jimmy is slated to make a picture a year for both MacLean and C. B. DeMille, aside from being under contract to Harry Sherman. . . . His next picture is for Sherman entitled, *The Barrier*, which Mr. Sherman is making for Paramount. . . . Jimmy was married recently to Gertrude Durkin after a whirlwind courtship. . . . Jimmy is six-feet-two-inches tall, weighs 185 pounds and has blue eyes and dark brown hair.



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TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

The TALKIE TOWN Tattler



It becomes news when Marlene Dietrich bursts into song as she does here in an off moment. Director Lubitsch accompanies her while Bart Marshall registers astonishment

REALLY not as short-lived as you might have cause to believe are these Hollywood marriages. Anyway, not ALL of them. Because, in a recent MOTION PICTURE AND CLASSIC, Ol' Man Tattler recorded the impermanence of love in movieland, this month he wants to list for you a few instances to the contrary—

Consider the Leslie Howards—twenty-one years mrandmrs!! George Burns and Gracie Allen, ten years. Florence Eldridge and Freddie March, ditto! The Basil Rathbones just celebrated their eleventh anniversary. Chester Morris and Wife Sue, another decade-married pair. Dick Arlen and Jobie Ralston, eleven years.

And the heroes of all—Jimmy and Lucille Gleason, who've been anniversarying regularly for twenty-eight (!) years. Joe E. Brown's been the same woman's husband for twenty-two years. The Harold Lloyds have fourteen years on the books, as have the Warren Williams. Exotic Dolores del Rio and Cedric Gibbons have been married eight. Ditto Bob Montgomery. Bing Crosby, five. And that's only some of them.

And now that Ol' Man Tattler has done his monthly good deed for Hollywood, let's go peeping . . . !

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Joe Rivkin and Leah Ray,
Boy, oh boy, are they that way!

● ● ●

MOST interesting cupidean news of Hollywood's month (to Garbo, anyway) was the marriage of George Brent and that Australian actress, Constance Worth. It marks publicly what most Hollywood insiders have long known—the end of another Greta romance.



Before studio hair-dressers went out on strike, Basil Rathbone had his raven locks put in place for *One Hour of Romance*

But besides that, it's interesting too, in view of what George told your Tattler not very long ago. He said he didn't want to marry for at least five years (this was hardly two years back), and anyway, if and when he did, he didn't think he'd want to marry an actress. Anyway, not a Hollywood one, because—well, he didn't seem to think much of the intellectuality of most of them.

Now he's broken both rules he set for himself. That, dear ones, MUST be love. Anyway, she's not a *Hollywood* actress, George . . . !

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Rich lad Tommy Somermeier and pretty Ella Logan
Seem to be quite well on fire; that's not any jokin'.

● ● ●

OL' TATTLER wishes to blazes that Nino Martini and Elissa Landi'd do something besides just make enigmatic replies to queries. Ten to one it's as hot a romance as Hollywood's ever seen, yet they blat about "he's the sweetest fellow I ever knew," and "she's the grandest girl I've ever met"—and then they coldwater it all with: "But we're just the best of friends—interested in music, you know." Fuddle-duddle!!!!!

● ● ●

MOST amusing manifestations of Hollywood ways are those staged by Marlene Dietrich, for one, and Errol Flynn, for the other. . . . Both are married, yet consistently step out with others. Marlene has been the almost constant companion of Doug, Jr., since his return from abroad, with Director Fritz Lang and Willis Goldbeck as runners-up. As for Flynn, since he returned from being more or less "wounded" in the Spanish affair, he has been seen squiring both Simone Simon and Mona Maris out to the niteries.

[*Continued on page* 12]



—Fawcett Photo by Rhodes

Rochelle Hudson begs Phil Harris, whose orchestra opened recently at the Cocoanut Grove, to get hot with *Johnny One Note*

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin':

PROMISED you a lot of beach clothes ideas for this month's fashion-letter, didn't I? Okeh—here goes. But let me warn you beforehand. *Don't* expect to hear all about the brevity of swim and play clothes—because that's not the latest trend . . . This year Hollywood gals are definitely covering up in a big way when they take the sun—sun suits have blouses instead of halters . . . It was down at Malibu that I got my ears and eyes full of this fashion talk—and from no less a person than Joan Crawford herself . . . Joan was wearing a long beach coat of navy blue pique—full length with tight bodice and a gathered skirt. The coat was lined with gaily flowered chintz—and the play suit she wore beneath, her large sun-hat and beach bag were all of the same bright print . . . But right in the middle of my initiation into the latest in the Crawford wardrobe, we both stopped to gasp when we saw Dolores Del Rio coming toward us! Because Dolores was wearing the most eye-startling costume I have ever seen—a white linen beach coat hand blocked with the largest, brilliant red lobsters outside an aquarium! And if a gal with the form that Dolores has will wear a coat that completely covers it—that *must* be style . . . But don't think you're going to have to make your budget groan to purchase hand-blocked linen outfits—because just as exciting to our fast-growing fashion conference was Rosalind Russell's coat of blue and white stripe *pillow-ticking*. And if you haven't grown very much since the last time I saw you—you'll probably be able to do something with those two pillows in the guest room . . . All these complete-coverage jobs and the sunburn on my neck were getting me down, and it was a relief to see Dixie Dunbar come running across the sand toward us. (Where that gal gets her pep!) Dixie was wearing the cutest overalls ever—purple denim, the trouser cuffs came just about the knees. A cotton shirt of purple and white stripe completed her costume.

IF YOU sit on the sand at Malibu, and wait long enough, all Hollywood will go by. And it wasn't long until Maureen O'Sullivan and her pet Dalmatian, Roger, joined the gang. Maureen denied it when I accused her of dressing to match her dog—but if her white linen sun suit, blouse and shorts, polka-dotted in black, didn't match Roger's coat—I'm daffy . . . Wendy Barrie and Claire Trevor came down to the sand to cool off (of all things!) after a fast game of tennis. And whether or not those gals can play—they can certainly dress the part . . . Wendy's tennis shorts were of suede—pastel blue—and with them she was wearing a cashmere sweater of a sort of bluish-thistle shade . . . Claire looked a little cooler, because her shorts were of Chinese red silk-linen, laced up the sides in white. Her white cotton-knit shirt was laced at the neck in red.

I DON'T know who started it—but as usual the talk changed from clothes to the gadgets and accessories worn with them. Maybe it was Una Merkel, because Una was wearing her latest invention—cellophane gloves! The gloves are quite short, fasten snugly about her wrists and the fingers are bound with brightly-figured cretonne. The purpose of all this seems to be to protect the hands and fingernail polish from a day at the beach . . . **Virginia Grey** (that new M-G-M cutie) proudly showed us her latest version of the charm bracelet—a charm-anklet. Made of braided strands of multi-colored raffia, the bracelet has charms carved from bits of cork. And it wasn't long before Virginia had all the males in the group hunting for cork and slicing their fingers in an attempt to carve.

IF YOU think Rosalind Russell's coat of pillow ticking was queer, wait a minute. I had luncheon with her at the Vendome a few days after that, and she was wearing her newest golf ensemble made of burlap! And that still means the same thing it did when we lived on the farm—a gunny-sack. You'd never know the potato-container in its newest guise tho'—because it is cut in a two-piece suit with both jacket *and* skirt buttoning all the way down the front with large, natural-colored wooden buttons . . . That must have been a day for goofy materials. Elissa Landi, who designs her own clothes, came into the room wearing a two-piece suit of white *turkish toweling!* And when I write next month it's going to be a preview peek into the very earliest of fall clothes!

Mlle. Chic.

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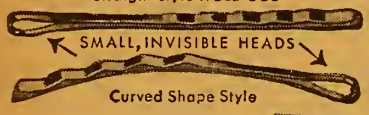


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The perfect bob pin for the modern hairdress!

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The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

[Continued from page 10]

Yet both are outraged, insulted, verbose when questioned. Says Marlene of husband Rudie Sieber, who's in France with Paramount: "He's the perfect husband and father. These rumors about a contemplated divorce are very, very wild." And she goes high-eye-browed on her way.

Says Flynn of wifie Lili Damita, making a picture abroad: "Life's not the same without her. We're more in love than ever." And it's added that he's repeatedly wired her to hurry home.

Meanwhile, Marlene and Errol continue to hit the nite spots with others. Very complacent must be Mrs. Flynn, Mr. Dietrich.

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Rochelle Hudson and Lee Bowman, 'Round the nite-spots always roamin'.

• • •

AMUSED is Hollywood at Luise Rainer and Clifford Odets' indifference to time, place, circumstances, when they want to go into romance. They'll hug and coo anywhere when they feel like it. Nice to be so affectionate though married, isn't it?



Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond are probably Hollywood's happiest couple now. Wed recently, they're honeymooning

AND now, what about David Niven, Merle Oberon, *et al?* Particularly the *et al.* Now, after it was all decided that Merle and Davie had split, and Merle was Brian Aherne-ing around England, while Davie was satisfied with Loretta Young, Dorothy Haas and others, comes the about-face again. From England comes the report that Merle and Brian have split, but definitely. And although in Hollywood,



—Wide World

A fast courtship developed when George Brent met Constance Worth of Australia. And so they said "let's get married"

Davie is still going out with girls now and then, his intimates report that his heart is still Merle's.

Ah, me. Keeping track of these Hollywood goings-on is like watching a flea-circus without chains on the fleas . . . !

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Natalie Draper and Tommy Brown
May wed ere this in print is down.

• • •

FRESH giggle in the Loretta-Sonja-Tyrone threesome: Tyrone Power moved not long ago, taking a house quite near that of Loretta. Of a sudden, Sonja decided that she, too, should move. She looked for a house. And would you believe it?—the best one she could find to satisfy her was one *nearer* to Ty's than Ty's was to Loretta's. And she with skates to give her added speed.

[Continued on page 14]



By LEE BLACKSTOCK

BEN BERNIE and Zeppo Marx are responsible for this young man's start in the theatrical world. . . . One gave him his poise and theatrical finish, while the other secured for him his first job in pictures and his present contract with Universal. . . . Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, July 11, 1909, King gained his preparatory education at Cincinnati public schools. . . . He attended the University of Cincinnati after being graduated from high school. . . . John's ambitions in those days led him to take up a general business career . . . however, John never put his education to practical use for, as soon as he finished college, he went to work as a stoker in a grain elevator . . . in turn he became a clerk for a radio concern, a furniture salesman, a chauffeur and a candy salesman . . . to top this all off, he later became a lumber-jack in Old Mexico and a ranch-hand in New Mexico. . . . 1930 found King returning to his home town. . . . By this time, his fine baritone voice had become greatly improved because it was John's habit to sing as he went about his labors on the great western ranch. . . . Through a friend, John gained an audition in a radio station in Kentucky and a job resulted. . . . On these programs King soon became chief entertainer, singing popular songs and ballads. . . . Friends soon convinced him that his voice was his fortune, so he turned to prominent voice teachers for serious instruction. . . . Eight months later found John as chief announcer and featured singing star over his home town radio station in Cincinnati . . . he spent four years at this job. . . . Ben Bernie's chance listening to John's program turned his career and soon after he was on the Ol' Maestro's pay roll as a featured singer. . . . John's experience with Bernie developed his poise and confidence. . . . By February, 1935, Ben Bernie's band landed in Hollywood, and it was here that the band leader told King that he was ready for the screen. . . . King was unwilling to leave the man who had given him such a start, but after a talk with Zeppo Marx, John changed his mind and took a screen test at Universal . . . the result brought a long term contract. . . . After a good performance in *Three Smart Girls* he landed the top part in *The Road Back*. . . . John is an accomplished baseball player and is better than fair at golf. . . . He is a camera fan and has made some excellent portraits in his spare time. . . . John is six-feet-two, weighs 180 pounds and has medium brown hair and blue eyes . . . rumored to be engaged to Binnie Barnes, but don't take this too seriously . . . Binnie is in Europe!

AT LAST a greaseless SUN TAN LOTION

FOR A *Gorgeous* SUN TAN



NOW YOU CAN TAKE THE SUN

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. . . and with pleasure. This summer you will want the smoothest, healthiest, most captivating sun tan you've ever had and you can have it because, at last, from the great KRANK laboratories comes TAN-KEEN — a greaseless sun tan lotion!

Play and swim anywhere under the sun to your heart's content. Know that you won't burn, you won't blister and you won't collect sticky sand and dirt on greasy arms and legs. TAN-KEEN is absolutely greaseless! TAN-KEEN has a fresh fragrance which quickly vanishes.

A little bit of TAN-KEEN goes a long way. Scientific comparison between this new sun tan lotion and other preparations, selling at higher prices, revealed that greaseless TAN-KEEN is far more advisable for your skin than ordinary oil preparations.

For this summer's gorgeous sun tan, use TAN-KEEN. We believe that it's the best preparation for its purpose under the sun.

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QUEST
FOR PERSONAL DAINTINESS



The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

[*Continued from page* 12]



—*Wide World*

Mae West is about to look over the "papahs" with her attorney, Lloyd Wright. Mae won't talk about the suit of Frank Wallace who claims he married her in 1911

SMART lad is Glenn Morris, the new screen *Tarzan*. When press agents suggested that, to enhance his appeal, he start stepping out with this and that cutie, Glenn held up a hand, shouted, "No sir, not me . . !"

But it'll get your name in the papers, they told him.

"I know. That's just it. My wife's coming back to town next week."

So onscreen, Morris will be romantic as they want him to be. But offscreen, Mrs. Glenn Morris will do all the playing opposite him.

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Cynthia Hobart and Russell Gleason;
Looks like wedding bells this season.

● ● ●

MARTHA RAYE has just decided between Bill Morrow and Buddy Westmore. She eloped with Buddy the other nite.

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Al Kingston and Mary Maguire;
'Way in the clouds, and going higher.

● ● ●

NOW June Lang and Vic Orsatti have gone and made a fibber out of Ol' Man Tattler . . .

After busting their engagement into infinitesimal bits not so long ago, they've suddenly reconciled, straightened out whatever obstacles were in the way (rumor said is was family objections) and became mrandmrs with a honeymoon in Honolulu . . . O-kay, June; Ol' man Tattler isn't sore. He's just glad you're happy again.



Betty Dotson, playing a model in *Artists and Models*, owns a pair of legs that are perfect in contour, proportions and size

AND now Tattler is going to ask for another wallop. He's going to tell you that Anne Shirley and Owen Davis, Jr., who cooed most ardently not long ago, are iced. They're not even talking. That's true—at the time this is written. But by the time you read it, they'll probably be married. Hollywood's like that, ma!

● ● ●

FOR the sake of his love for Ginger Rogers, Jimmy Stewart has waged a grand—and successful—battle to play opposite her in Radio's *Vivacious Lady*. Cast with her, he was suddenly out when illness hospitalized him just as the picture was about to begin. Often, Ginger (who says she's not going to fall in love for quite a while yet) visited him in the hospital. Convalescent, he pleaded powerfully for the role, stayed away from his home (MGM) lot because he was afraid they wouldn't loan him to Radio, spent much of his time at Radio studio, even took a test with Ginger (only a coiffure test for Ginger). Finally, all concerned broke down. *Vivacious Lady* has been postponed until autumn to allow Jimmy to do his M-G-M schedule, then come back to Radio on loan to play opposite Ginger. And if that ain't love, what is it?

[*Continued on page* 58]



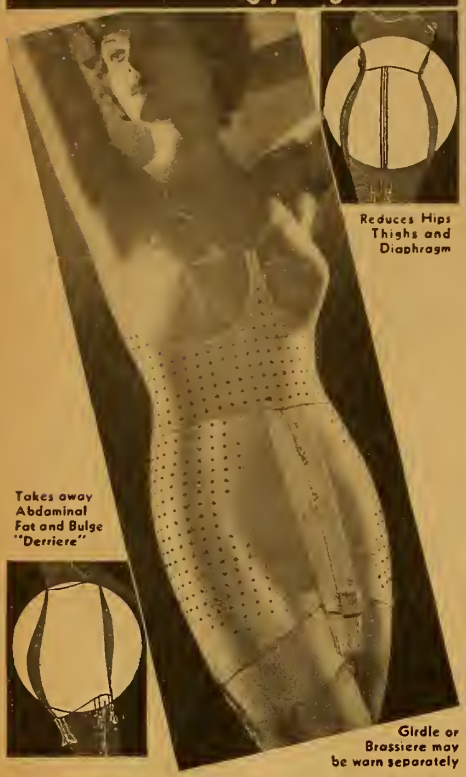
Laden with copious "finery" Barbara Stanwyck has to watch her step on the set of *Stella Dallas* in which she plays the title role



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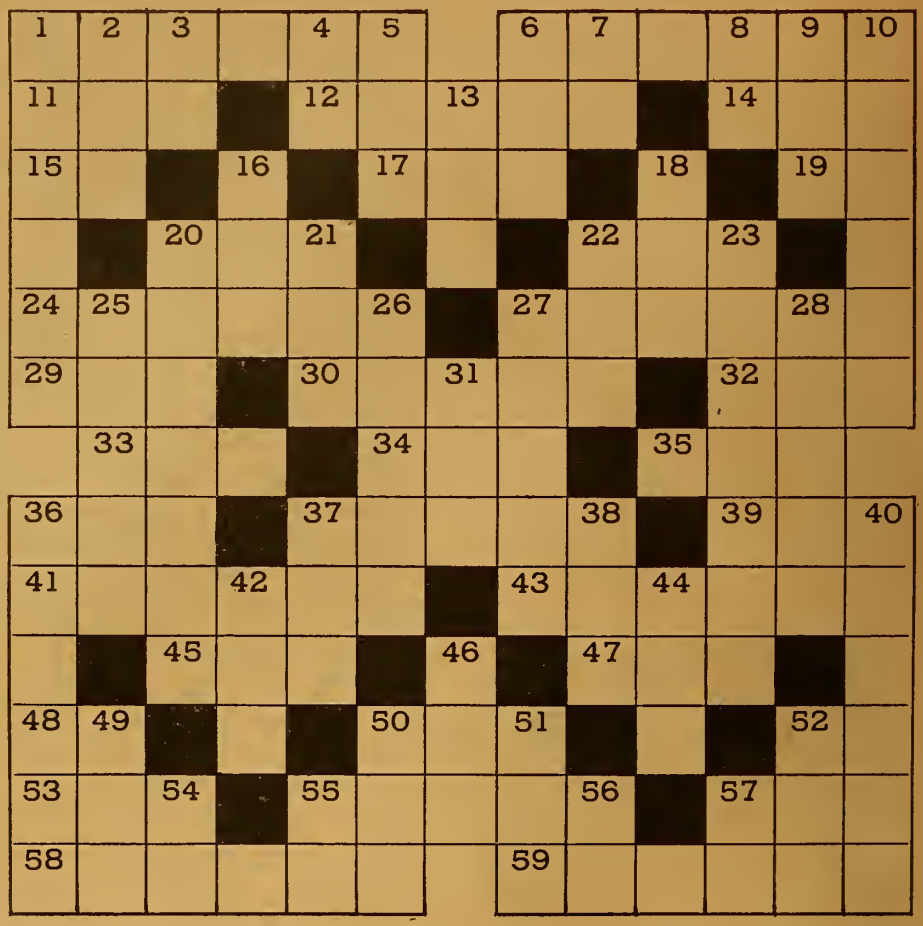
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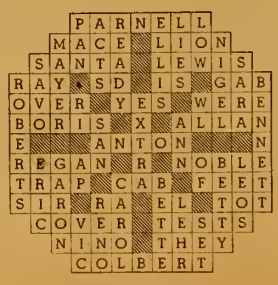
ACROSS

1 Star of PERSONAL PROPERTY
6 Another star of that film
11 WEEK ——— MILLIONAIRE
12 ——— MUST FALL
14 Jack La———
15 Miss Nagel's initials
17 Ex-wife of Nick Stuart
19 Initials of Mr. Vallee
20 Leo Carrillo was born in ——— Angeles
22 Initials of wide-mouthed comedian
24 Feminine lead in RACKETEERS IN EXILE
27 A star of THE EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS
29 MEN ARE ——— GODS
30 DIANA BORDEN in TOP OF THE TOWN
32 It is used in tennis scenes
33 ——— A GREAT LIFE
34 ———Chaney, Jr.
35 NELLIE in THE GOOD OLD SOAK
36 High card in gambling scenes
37 Metro-Goldwyn———
39 You'll see her in OH, DOCTOR
41 Bing but not Crosby
43 Sonja Henie is one
45 ——— OF CHILDREN (sing.)
47 Month in which Sally O'Neill was born (abbr.)
48 Initials of Miss Roland, ex-serial star
50 You saw the —— Toe Girls in THE HIT PARADE
52 George Ernest (initials)
53 THE TOAST OF ——— YORK
55 PETE GARLAND in THE HIT PARADE
57 Al Jolson's birthplace (abbr.)
58 He had lead in UNDER COVER OF NIGHT
59 Gargan's leading lady in FURY AND THE WOMAN

DOWN

1 SEVENTH ———
2 Veda Borg's middle name
3 Initials of Mr. Dix
4 ———THE AVENUE
5 State in which Spencer Tracy was born (abbr.)
6 Word used in many film titles
7 HISTORY IS MADE ——— NIGHT
8 Initials of a star of THE GOOD EARTH
9 WE HAVE ——— MOMENTS
10 TWO IN ———
13 DOC. BARNARD in MOUNTAIN JUSTICE
16 Title given to Tim McCoy (abbr.)
18 Hero of THE CRIME NOBODY SAW
20 Polly Rowles had lead in LOVE ——— OF A STAR
21 Remember ——— Chaplin, Charlie's brother?
22 First name of Mr. Calleia (abbr.)
23 A star of TOPPER
25 THE ——— OF BUGLE ANN
26 Last name of 30 Across
27 TRAIL OF THE LONESOME ——— (pl.)
28 TWENTY-THREE-AND-A-HALF HOURS' ———
31 His last name is D'Arcy
36 DENNIS RIORDAN in BELOVED ENEMY
37 THE —— WHO FOUND HIMSELF
38 SHALL WE DANCE was made at this studio
40 First name of Mr. Truex, comedian
42 He has starred in many westerns
44 To perform in a motion picture
46 Porky of the animated cartoons is one
49 Color of Grace Bradley's hair
50 AL SIMMONS in THE GOOD OLD SOAK
51 Craig Reynolds was born in Anaheim in this state (abbr.)
52 THEY GAVE HIM A ——
54 First name of 27 Across (abbr.)
55 Initials of Mr. Novarro
56 Hollywood is on this continent (abbr.)
57 He portrays brother of 6 Across in PERSONAL PROPERTY (initials)

Last Month's Solution





RUBY KEELER

Al Jolson feels as proud of his Ruby ("yassah, my Ruby") as he does of his Mammy (still sings it) in the way she has danced to stardom. Who can resist the lilt of her Irish eyes—or that smile as she gives you the old "come on"



MARGUERITE CHURCHILL

The new Hollywood glamour girl is no sudden New York "discovery," nor any European sensation. She is Marguerite Churchill, who, with her new coiffure, streamline figure, dash and verve, is now being re-discovered as an actress deserving of the better things since she made a hit in the Broadway play, *And Now Goodby*. She's one of Columbia's best bets

Portrait by Harrell

FRED MacMURRAY

This exclusive portrait of Fred is in order since going *Exclusive* (his next picture) on us and co-starring with Frances Farmer. Time was when you (all six foot three inches) were perched on a podium leading a band and tootin' a sax. But sure as tootin', you're now sittin' pretty on the soft berth of stardom—with a large fan public all your own



Portrait by Paul Hansen

No Mortgage On Ginger's Heart

The smartest girl in Hollywood is Ginger Rogers. She's not only protecting her heart from a beating it took, but she's also salting her money away for a rainy day

By DAN CAMP

IN YEARS of watching Hollywood's wheels go 'round, from the inside, I've naturally heard dozens of nominations for the title of "the smartest darn' so-and-so in the movies" . . .

I've heard the title wished on plenty of stars—Harlow, Garbo, Lombard, Gaynor, others. Up to now, I've been content to let others do the nominating, while I did the picking-to-pieces. I said "it wasn't Harlow; it was her press-agents!" I protested "it's not Garbo; it's a habit!" Gaynor?—"thank her producers," I objected.





Jimmy Stewart is as near as anyone to having a mortgage on Ginger's affections now

Each time, I was howled down with: "All right, then. Who IS the smartest dame in Hollywood, if y'know so much!?!"

Fine! I'll answer that. I'll stand up on my hind legs right now, and point to Ginger Rogers (that red-haired, green-eyed, lovely-legged honey!) and tell the world that there, bar none, is *the smartest gal in pictures.* What's more, I'll even tell you why:

It's because of what you can call the All-For-Ginger-Rogers, Hundred-Per-Cent Self-Insurance Closed Corporation! It's the keenest-brained, most armor-clad system for taking care of one's own little itsy-bitsy self that I've ever seen. Smart-headed Rogers has taken a crafty look at Hollywood's people, at herself, and at her past record (including the blotches), and she's worked out a plan whereby she has insured herself against just about anything that can happen to knock a movie-star into blazes. . . .

Maybe Lombard's laying herself wide open to grief with her one-man all-for-Gable setup, but li'l Ginger has *her* heart doubly protected against being busted again. Maybe Alice Faye is letting herself be typed into future obscurity as nothing but a hey-hey-hotcha mama, but Ginger has a definite system against that sort of thing for Ginger. And so on—she's got her own insurance plan worked out against poverty; against the boredom of shallowness and emptiness when stardom eventually fades; against the uncertainty of the future; against, even, the unpredictable but never-impossible catastrophe that may in one fell swoop destroy stardom at its height. . . .

And if you want a closer look at the inside workings of Ginger Rogers' All-For-Ginger Self-Insurance Company, come on and see:





Ginger is building a hilltop home which will have a tennis court and a big swimming-pool

FIRST of all, her HEART: Ginger's pretty darn careful about that. She's had her heart shattered once; she doesn't want any more of it. I don't think it's quite healed, even yet, from the beating it took when her "ideal romance" with Lew Ayres went wham! Ginger idealized Lew; Ginger believed, with all her heart and soul, and with no trace of that cynical skepticism that underlies so many Hollywood marriages, that her marriage to Lew would be one of those forever things. But it crashed. No use rehashing the details. But I know that never in all her life had Ginger suffered as she did when the smash came. I know that she never intends to suffer like that again. So what? So Ginger has insured herself against that possibility.

In the first place, you see, Ginger isn't divorced from Lew. What's more, there isn't even a divorce action in the wind. It's a legal separation. From what I know, that's okeh with Lew, too. He feels pretty much as Ginger does. And so, undivorced but still legally separated and free to enjoy the company of other Hollywood folk, Ginger and Lew can go their way. Ginger can step out with any Hollywood lad on the list; the gossipers can point and say there's romance in the twosome. BUT—don't forget that Ginger is still tied, legally and morally. Even if she should, by some combination of circumstances, lose control and want to plunge headlong into matrimony again, she *couldn't.* She's insured against it. It'd take weeks, months, maybe a year, to get a [*Continued on page 76*]

Hollywood's Mad Hatter

You'll go for this story of the Don Ameches (the Mad Hatters of Hollywood)—and how they get a kick out of everything. Some fun!

By MARY DECKER



IN THE first place Ameche's monicker isn't Don at all. It's Dom. Short for Dominic. And in the second place, it isn't exactly just marriage. It's a riot. Short for riotous.

In speaking of the collective events that go to make up the marital state of the Don Ameches, some one aptly termed them the *Thin Man* couple of Hollywood. Certainly *Nick* and *Nora* in their wildest moments never lived such a casually informal existence as the Dominic Felix Ameches.

Strangely enough, the Ameche lad could have chosen the "Nick" end of his name just as easily as "Dom," misinterpreted by young and old as D-o-n. And the "Honore" of Mrs. Ameche could just as easily be translated to "Nora." I'm almost certain it is in certain localities.

All they lack, these two, to complete the *Thin Man* idea is a good murder mystery, and even at that I'm not sure they won't have one soon. Without the mystery. For Mrs. Ameche has blithely and openly threatened to commit mayhem on the auto-driving mailman whose carburetor chokes twice every day directly in front of their house. As a result, he keeps honking the horn while both Ameche children howl, Sheila the dog goes mad, and the Belgium house boy bursts a spleen.

"Shut off the horn. Quit honking," Honore calls. "Can't, lady," the rural postal individual yells back, "My carburetor sticks."

This occurrence interrupts other various explosions of varying degrees of violence, just twice each day. Which should give you a small idea of what goes on in a valley called San Fernando—in a house of the Ameches.

The surrounding shrubbery undoubtedly thought it had seen everything when Bill Fields formerly lived within this same secluded house. But Bill and his little chickadees were nothing compared to the Ameches and their little peccadillos.

Don's lack of memory contributes greatly to the confusion. He forgets to answer phones, return calls, send wires, change his shirt, and never under any circumstances remembers appointments. Which made it anything but cozy when the Ameches woke up at eleven one morning last week to find studio photographers neatly grouped about their bed. Don opened one brown eye very reluctantly and gazed at the boys. Mrs. Ameche's blue eyes opened wide with some semblance [*Continued on page 78*]



Don may be taking it easy now but wait till other Ameches join him. It'll be a madhouse

TALA BIRELL

No type is Tala Birell. She can do a Theda Bara as well as a Mary Pickford and without having to effect the dimities of one or the slinky, clinging models of the other. Tala, the beautiful, does it from inside and that is why all Europe toasted her. And we toast her for her role in *As Good As Married*





JEAN ROGERS

A winner, she! Jean Rogers' first victory was when she was selected the winner of a beauty contest. Then she won the admiration of Universal who made her a feature picture star. And now she is winning us all with her splendid performance in *Night Key*. Her latest victory is the lead in *The Wildcatter*

Six Things a Movie

If you're a tycoon's wife or just the helpmate of a humble worker don't envy movie stars' wives. Pat Paterson reveals that they have problems, too

By

DOROTHY SPENSLEY



Wife Must Forgive

IF YOU are the wife of a big business tycoon or merely the helpmate of a humble bank teller, don't envy the wife of a film star. She has just as many problems as you have. More, perhaps. The lush sub-tropical climate of California which produces out-sized vegetation, works the same miracle on marital difficulties. Small flaws become Gargantuan in size. Big enough to become problems. Big enough to forgive. Thus our theme for today, you avid readers.

Hardly the spokesman for all of Hollywood's forgiving wives because her marriage of three years-plus to eloquent-eyed Charles Boyer is still ecstatically perfect (and why not?), Scotch "Pat" Paterson is nevertheless canny enough to see the danger signs that flicker on Matrimony Road. And to avoid them. You have to hand it to these small, slim, five-feet-two girls, with honey-colored hair, green eyes, and sense of humor.

"Monotony is one of the greatest things to overcome in film marriages," stated little Miss Paterson, soon to appear in Walter Wanger's *52nd Street*. "You may think that monotony flourishes only in non-professional marriages where the husband is in trade and his wife manages the household, but that's before you stop and think that even glamour, if it's continuously served, can become so tiresome that you would like to scream.

"Glamour in small doses is all right Every life can stand a little enchantment. But theatrical people, particularly film people, are by necessity thrust up to their chins in glamour. To be beautiful, unbelievably lovely, is a part of the business of selling film entertainment. But to have to live drenched in glamour for twenty-four hours of the day . . . well, that's a different thing. Did you ever try living on squab and truffles and all the richest, rarest foods? You soon lose taste for them. It's the same way with glamour," says this wifely realist.

Then how to avoid monotony? "Oh, that's easy," answered Pat in her crisp British voice. "Try for a laugh. Surprises. Once you get a good laugh started, get back to the good old fundamentals that make for perfect companionship—I mean fun and common interests and that sort of thing—then you are saved. For a while, at least.

"YOU ask me to be specific about surprises. All right, here's one. My husband is about to enter into a 'mood.' I daresay in ordinary life all husbands have 'moods.' The wife of a business man probably calls her husband's silences 'the blues,' figures that the grosses of this month's business have not been big enough, and let's it go at that. The movie wife, because her husband is an artist, has 'moods,' not the 'blues,' with which to contend and to forgive.

"I'd rather do something about them than to let them run their courses," continued Mrs. Boyer. "But first I must be [*Continued on page 70*]



The 3 year marriage of Pat Paterson and Charles Boyer is on the even keel of happiness because they avoid all the danger signs that flicker on Matrimony Road



Bill doesn't know whether he will marry again but Hollywood is betting that he'll marry Jean Harlow

From Now On I Want to LIVE—BILL POWELL

If Bill could live his life over again he wouldn't be a movie star for all the money in the world. It isn't worth it. And as for marrying again, Bill can't make up his mind

By LEON SURMELIAN

THE other day I approached Bill Powell with what I thought to be a new "angle" for a hot story about him. He has made a reputation for himself as the screen's perfect romantic husband. Well, couldn't he tell us a few things about his many screen wives? Give us his personal opinions on the charms and merits of such lovely peaches as Myrna Loy, Carole Lombard, Luise Rainer, Jean Harlow Joan Crawford, Kay Francis, Ginger Rogers, Jean Arthur, Rosalind Russell, with perhaps a few anecdotes and fond reminiscences thrown in. Tell us exactly what makes them click as displayers of movie glamor.

Bill smiled wearily. "I value their friendship too much," he said, "to talk about them for publication. Either I must say exactly the same thing about every one of them, in exactly the same words, or not say anything. I prefer not to say anything."

To find a new angle in the case of a screen veteran like Bill, who has been asked all the questions and whose life story is an open book to cinemaddicts, is a stroke of pure genius, no less. And as such strokes have escaped me all my life as a reporter, I gave up my mental struggle and confessed my inability to think up another angle about him, something that hasn't been done before. Could he help me?

He smiled again his weary smile. "I wish I could. But let's forget about angles and let me talk as one man to another, say anything that comes to my mind, without any forethought. That's my idea of a pleasant and real interview. This is a freakish business I am in. Because there is a world-wide market for motion pictures, actors get big money—although by no means as much as the publicity department would have you believe.

"The old law of supply and demand," he continued, "operates in this as in any other business. Being well paid for their work, actors lead so-called glamorous lives. They have mansions, yachts, go to expensive nightclubs. They are put on pedestals, made superhuman creatures, gods and goddesses, paragons of virtues, oracles of wisdom. A constant barrage of publicity keeps them constantly in the public limelight. I am supposed to be at Arrowhead Springs when as a matter of fact I am resting in bed reading a book. Interviewers seek the opinions of movie stars on every conceivable subject. They learn the intricate game of 'angles' and are quoted on things they don't know a damn thing about. It's all so phoney.

"Frankly, I don't sub- [*Continued on page 72*]

Just a Grown-Up Shirley Temple

There's something about Sonja Henie that reminds you of La Temple. She has the same disposition and mannerisms. And like Shirley she knows what she wants and how to get it

By MOLLY CASTLE

TWO little baby-faced girls arrived at Twentieth Century-Fox from Europe about the same time. While Americans were learning to pronounce their names, they were learning to pronounce American.

After a while we got so we could say Sonja Henie and Simone Simon as if we were born to it. They learned things, too. Both of them continued to look ten years old, but there was nothing juvenile about their European shrewdness.

They had different ways of expressing it, though. Simone thought up a plan to stamp her foot and open her mouth and get ready to scream. She learned how to say: "Get me out of this picture!" They got her out.

What Sonja learned was something different; or maybe she had known it all along; maybe it was the technique she had discovered when appearing before a bunch of judges who all spoke different languages and were out of earshot, anyway. What Sonja knew was to put her head on one side and smile and then show them. She wanted to be a champion on skates—so she showed those judges she could do it. Now she wants to be a champion off skates, and she's proved her ability there, too.

No need for her to go into a tantrum and crack the ice and shout "Take me off skates, I want to act!" She said it in such a low, sweet voice it was almost a whisper. She said it by proving first that she could act and act well. Then they forgot that giving her more and bigger dramatic parts hadn't been their idea in the first place. The result was the same: it was just a question of method.

You can't judge a thing by appearances. If you think that way you can take one look, or two, or as many as you like, at Sonja and see what there is about the little grown-up Shirley Temple that puts her in the championship class and keeps her there.

WATCH her as she is sitting at the head of a lunch party given in her honor. It is a long table and she looks first down one side and then down the other and back to me again. I am sitting [*Continued on page* 66]



MELVYN DOUGLAS

If Melvyn Douglas is wearing the look of the cat that swallowed the mouse it's because in *Captains Courageous* he fairly ate up the role of Freddie Bartholomew's dad and turned in the performance of his career





CHESTER MORRIS

There are actors who pick out spotlights—and spotlights that pick out ACTORS. Chester Morris is one who is spotlighted because of one fine performance after another. And the spot shines on him anew in *Depths Below*

Like the Kid Next Door

Stardom rests lightly on Freddie Bartholomew. Being neither precocious or spoiled he's like the favorite boy in YOUR street

By IDA ZEITLIN

THERE was a knock at the dressing-room door, but when I went to open it, the knob had turned prankish and refused to budge.

"That's Freddie gamboling," said his aunt Myllicent—more than his aunt now, for a few weeks ago Freddie became, with his parents' approval, her son by adoption.

The knob was stealthily released. Outside stood a pleasant-faced young man. The twinkle behind his glasses indicated that he wasn't above playing tricks, but a sidelong glance betrayed the fact that he'd merely connived at this one. The glance brought a small head peering round from the shelter of the wall.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," apologized the treble voice. "I thought it was Cis. She's used to my ungodly ways. I hope you didn't mind."

Freddie's smile revealed teeth clamped in braces which, if they added nothing to his beauty, gave him that comically engaging appeal of all small boys in the same plight. His soft brown hair tumbled free. His hands were on the grimy side, his knees criss-crossed with scratches, and one leg above the knee was decorated by a large patch of mercurochrome which disappeared under the brief brown knickers.

So colorful was the patch that your eyes were inevitably drawn to it. "I see you're looking at my badge of honor," said Freddie, having seated himself on the arm of his aunt's chair. "Horse. Rabbit-hole. This. Also this." He extended a black and blue thumb. "That, sir, is not dirt." He was addressing Mr. Van Scoyk, the young American with the twinkle behind his lenses, who is Freddie's tutor. Freddie's blue eyes beam on him affectionately, much as a father's might on a favorite son.

From his aunt rose a murmur of doubt as to his latest statement. "It's *not* dirt, Cis. This time it's not. I challenge you. I'll go wash it off and prove it. On second thought, why bother?" He started rubbing it ferociously.

"Darling!" Cis protested. "It's sprained. You'll hurt it."

"Well, do you surrender?" Cis surrendered. "O. K., my love. I'll desist. But I won't desist riding, Cis. I warn you. Rabbit-holes or no rabbit-holes, Buck Bartholomew rides again. It's absolutely necessary for me to learn how to leap astride a galloping horse and then swing down under. I'll probably have to drive a few nails in his spine to hang onto. I saw Errol Flynn do it in *The Charge of the Light Brigade*. He's taller than I am, of course. Which might make a difference."

"That's just it," wailed Cis. "If you'd only ride like a normal child. You remember how it was with your bicycle. You always had to ride standing up, or your feet had to be perched on the handlebars. It's going to be the same way with horses."

"Well," reasoned Freddie, "I don't see why anyone should want to ride who couldn't do tricks. [*Continued on page 74*]



Freddie, like every boy, has his pets. And two of them are his cocker spaniels, Concol and Toby. They recently recovered from mange



Freddie gives the performance of his young life in *Captains Courageous*, acting his role with magnificent feeling. Next is *Kim*



If this were a bathing beauty contest we would expect to see Laurie Douglas, way over, wearing a sash across her bathing suit inscribed as "Miss Come-Hither"



On the other hand, Jane Hamilton, left, can be called "Miss Streamliner." Her figure is so curvaceous that she puts most girls in the shade of her shadow

Miss HOLLYWOOD—by-the-Sea (EIGHT of 'EM)



Janice Jarratt displays *two* reasons why she is one of the most photographed beauties in the world. The Honolulu hat keeps the sun from a face it would love to touch up with freckles. She's "Miss Look - Me - Over"







Be brief and comfy says Betty Grable, left, displaying scrumptuous curves as "Miss Neat Trick"

The last word in minimum protection from the sun is worn by Emily Lane, who becomes EXHIBIT "A" in Hollywood's beach evidence. We hope she never has to hide her lovely figure. Oh, "Miss Summer Dream!"



June Travis turns her back on the sun so it can do its dirty work in the spinal region. You have to give "Miss Sunny Disposish" credit for getting *back* to nature

Take note that Simone Simon, above, has good table manners. She keeps off the warm sand that has a way of getting wet and nasty. Simone is "Miss Ummph-Ummph"



Apparently, Carole Lombard teases Old Man Sun to do his stuff and give her a veneer of mahogany. Take it easy, Carole. Tag her "Miss S. A."





Relaxing on the set of *Vogues of 1938* are five of the most photographed models in the world

The "Model"

In the search for new faces the studios are fast signing the country's leading models

By CYRIL VANDOUR

HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD is becoming a model city. The country's most eye-fetching models are swinging their stuff before motion picture cameras. In their frantic search for new faces and figures that spell Box Office, the big boys of Beverly Hills are raiding dress and millinery shops and the morgues of commercial photographers, and recently several models have been put under contract and are being groomed for stardom.

Walter Wanger is producing the first edition of his *Vogues*, a lavish Technicolor picture featuring 14 models from New York. Paramount is shooting *Artists and Models*, with the intention of making it an annual feast for the eyes. The philosophic Charles Boyer is slated to produce *The Man with Twelve Models*, which he wrote himself, and in which, of course, he will be the man. Other model pictures are coming up.

Remember that Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer and Jean Arthur used to be models. Among the new players, Paramount has Marsha Hunt, Dorothy Lamour and Terry Walker, M-G-M—

Betty Wyman (left) of Kansas City and *Vogues* is the ace model of the U. S. A.



Famous models who become *Voguettes*—Libby Harben, Olive Cawley, Mary Oakes



Harold Curlman coaches thirteen eye-filling models in drama and diction

Way to Hollywood



Terry Walker, famous as a magazine cover model, appears in *Mountain Music*

Betty Furness, Columbia-Joan Perry, 20th Century-Fox—Delma Byron, the Brethren Warner—Veda Ann Borg, Universal—Lynn Gilbert—all models. B. P. Schulberg, independent producer for Paramount, who has discovered no less than 20 stars, thinks he has two new features for his cap—Orien Heyward and Judith Ford, both models. Neither has had any dramatic experience, but they are getting more money than many established players. Orien is a blonde of alabaster loveliness, while Judith is a dark Southern beauty. Unquestionably, we'd have had another cinemactress if Lillian Lamont hadn't preferred to be Fred MacMurray's model wife. She was in *Roberta* with Delma Byron.

Be the girl on the magazine cover or in the pages of the feminine class publications, and you are sure to get a break in Hollywood! We can't think of a better way of crashing the studios without dramatic or radio experience than modeling.

WALTER WANGER thinks he has four or five potential stars in his Voguettes. In a special classroom at the United Artists Studios the Voguettes are taking dramatic lessons every day, their teacher being Harold Curlman of the famed New York Theatre Group, which gave Franchot Tone to the movies. The other day we attended the Voguette class as a guest of Teacher Curlman, to get acquainted with the girls. "I am trying to teach them the fundamentals of acting," he told us. "None of them has had any experience on the stage or screen, with the exception of a few who have appeared in musical [*Continued on page* 86]



Orien Heyward, famous style model, will appear for Schulberg-Paramount

FRED ASTAIRE



A white tie, top hat and tails—and Fred Astaire are synonymous. Not forgetting the boutonniere and walking-stick. With the Duke of Windsor out of the sartorial sweepstakes Fred is NOW the world's best-dressed man. With the highlights setting off his clubfellow finery he assumes a typical Astaire expression as he ponders over aiding a *Damsel in Distress*, the picture that follows *Shall We Dance* in which he steps his *steppingest* with Ginger as partner

Portrait by Paul Hansen

Everything Is Rosy Now for ANNA STEN

Still more passionate than glamorous, Anna Sten, the Soviet Cinderella, returns to start a new film career

By MAUDE CHEATHAM



EVERYTHING is rosy for Anna Sten. Following a lull in her American screen career, the glamorous Soviet star is resuming it by starting a gay comedy-drama, appropriately entitled, *Gorgeous,* in which she will sing, dance, wear beautiful costumes, and—*laugh!* It is the laughter that pleases her most. She is weary of the intense, emotional roles she has been playing and hopes that in *Gorgeous* and the picture, *Two Who Dared,* which she recently made in London and soon to be shown over here, she will establish a new screen personality. Anyway, she insists on versatility, and now that her husband, Eugene Frenke, is her manager and producer, each picture will be carefully chosen to suit her personality and particular talents.

Anna should play comedy for she is irresistibly, irrepressibly gay and happy. That there has been a break in her career, that the Hollywood plans did not turn out as brightly as they promised, have never overshadowed her happiness. Perhaps this is because she was reared amid the tragedy, the terrific hardships of war-torn Russia and experienced its unspeakable miseries. Nothing can matter much after that.



Film fans will recall the spectacular story of Anna's coming to Hollywood several years ago. She was already famous throughout Europe because of her Russian, German and French films when Samuel Goldwyn suddenly decided she had the fire and color, the passionate glamour that he wanted in a star to play with Ronald Colman in an English version of *The Brothers Karamazov.*

Within twenty-four hours the Goldwyn scouts had located Anna Sten in Berlin, and within a couple of weeks, she and her husband, who laid aside his own business, that of architecture, to accompany her, arrived in the movie capital amid the greatest publicity fanfare of recent years. But the radiantly beautiful girl and skilled actress [*Continued on page* 68]

BUCK BENNY Rides Again

By BETTY HARLAN

This story tells why in 5 years of radio Jack Benny has shot to the top and STAYED THERE. And been voted tops 3 years in a row



JACK BENNY has just celebrated his fifth anniversary on the air. For three years he has been voted tops by a national radio poll. What's more, he's the highest paid entertainer in the business today. And that's the guy who upset a whole nation with his everlasting business of Buck Benny rides again.

The question of whether Buck Benny rides again has become a national issue. Smart diners in the smartest restaurants, Congressmen in the Senate, men at work in sewers, children on playgrounds, women in beauty parlors, today are all interested in the one vital question: Will Buck Benny ride again?

It has become more than a national issue really. It has become an epidemic. It has spread like measles over the face of the radio world and people love it. Him and his six delicious flavors!

When a man has a way of creeping into the hearts of the nation the way this Benny has, there must be a darned good reason for it beside the fact he's funny. There are other funny men the world laughs over and then promptly forgets until the next time.

But this Benny now! We went to several representative men in Hollywood who know the man well and put it to them plainly. "Why does the world of America love this clown so devoutly?"

And here's the answer each and every one of them gave me. "Because Benny has a simpleness and kindliness of heart that's seldom found in so successful a man today. He's human before he's anything else. He's never gotten away from the simple, the true, the real, and people sense it and love him for it."

"Of course you know a guy with a reputation like that isn't exactly good copy, Mr. Benny," I told him as we sat on the set of *Artists and Models.*

He sat and pulled his left ear. "Oh, now, see here," he said, "There must be some rat in me."

"All right, let's have it," we urged.

He thought a moment: "Well, I played the violin in vaudeville once."

To begin with we may not have had any Benny at all if some individual, blessed be his unknown name, hadn't walked into his father's clothing store in Waukegan, Illinois, some thirty years ago and tried to buy a pair of shoes from young Jack without having changed his socks since the sinking of the Maine.

"Why make my living this hard way, Father?" he protested. "There must be some less trying [*Continued on page* 81]

On the screen, as on the air, Jack always plays the underdog. After finishing *Artists and Models* the Bennys will vacation abroad





CLOTHES THE SUN SHINES ON



And faces, too. Keep your head covered till six, but let the sun play on your face. Hollywood stars do and they are not only fashion leaders, but beauty wise as well. To check, let's go around the sun dial with Hollywood's younger set, starting at the highest point with Betty Furness. By the way, Betty has a reputation built on hats. The mad hatter wears a rolled-brim printed crepe hat to match her wood-green frock. A green ribbon is laced through the brim and tied at the back. Alice Faye dons a sporty panama plaided in brown and turns the brim up. That accounts for her sunny disposition



Jean Parker's naivete is emphasized by her heart-shaped leghorn trimmed with blue and red field flowers interspersed with natural straw daisies. And if you want to feel *sixteen* wear streamers down your back like little Miss Parker. Martha O'Driscoll goes formal and selects a lacquered straw toque with a coquettish veil. Color is added by a cluster of rosebuds at the side. While Shirley Ross professes to be no angel, she prefers a halo hat for sport. It's made from two crepe kerchiefs, pleated and tied in a knot over the forehead





1. Orien Heyward starts the day in a printed linen coat dress of her own design. Blue, yellow and green are the predominating colors. It's cool and crisp looking and it's *tub-able*. 2. Madge Evans' smart two-piece sports ensemble is in the new shade of summer tan. It's lightweight wool—and white pique trim adds dash. Her hat is white grosgrain with tan stripes. 3. Red and white or white and red are Betty Grable's favorite colors. So she uses both in a checked pattern. A short cape matches the skirt, collar and cuffs of the red background. 4. A dressier note is felt in this season's sport togs—witness Wendy Barrie. She wears the new high-waisted culottes of a new tropical fabric and she tucks in a gay printed cotton blouse. Over it she wears a skirt length robe







5. Black is chic around the clock and the calendar. Madge Evans selects it for the background of her bright print afternoon dress. Tiny pleats run all 'round the skirt. Black accessories complete the smart, but simple costume.
6. The peasant motif is subtly adapted for Betty Grable's black and white linen dress. Note the puffed sleeves which are cut on the bias. The short bolero is lined in white. The belt is black.
7. Jean Rogers feels as cool as a cucumber in her green sharkskin two-piece dress trimmed in white. The wide buttoned down lapels are white and fastened with novelty green buttons.
8. Another Orien Heyward creation is modeled by its designer. Orien's afternoon suit is of crisp black taffeta. A lace trimmed jabot with a black ribbon adds softness. She's one smart girl!









OLIVIA MAJORS in "HOLLYWOOD"

Having majored in Hollywood's "arts and sciences," Olivia de Havilland has learned more than she ever would in college

Olivia—when 17 years old—gave up a scholarship in college to sign a movie contract (she's only 20 now) and doesn't regret it. Her next is *It's Love I'm After*



By JAMES REID

"THE first year is the hardest. You're oppressed by what you *don't* know. The second year, you take yourself much too seriously. You're impressed by what you *do* know. The third year, you're past both of those phases. You're beginning to take life in stride, and enjoying it more. You're beginning to live more outside yourself."

Olivia de Havilland said that. And, having said it, she smiled, amused by an afterthought.

"That was intended to be a serious summing up, in a few words, of my three years in Hollywood," she added. "And so it is. But it's funny, too, in a way.

"Suppose I had gone to college, instead of into the movies. I might be saying the same thing now, just as seriously—about life in college."

The notion was not preposterous. After all, though Olivia may be a star, she is only twenty today. She was only seventeen when she signed her first movie contract. And she gave up a scholarship in college to do so.

I wondered—out loud—if she had ever been sorry.

"Yes," she said, and I hastily fumbled for paper and pencil, just in case Olivia, of all people, should be on the verge of making a blast against Hollywood.

"During my first year, I was sorry," she explained. "I'd get the most marvelous letters from girl-friends in college, girls I might have been with, telling me all that they were studying, the good times they were having—and I'd turn green with envy. I seemed to be missing so much. Stimulating friendships. Carefree good times. And—most important of all—an education."

"And now—?" I prodded.

"Now Olivia doesn't feel that way any more," she replied, with another smile—one that left no doubt about the matter. "I couldn't have found better friends anywhere than some I've found in Hollywood. I'm mad about my work; I'm happy. And as for education—I have even had that.

"Not the same sort of education. There's all the difference in the world; all the difference between the theoretical and the practical. There, I would have studied abstract things. Here, I've learned useful [*Continued on page* 89]



In less than six months Joan (Olivia de Havilland's sister) reaches stardom in RKO's *Curtain Call*

In Joan Fontaine, who gives her first interview for MOTION PICTURE, Hollywood has something. She's a born *natural!*

A Star is Born

JOAN FONTAINE

By CAROL CRAIG

WHEN Katharine Hepburn saw the first rough print of *Quality Street,* the best picture that she had made since *Alice Adams,* she came out of the projection room with a reaction that needed telling. And she lost no time getting to the Front Office, and telling it.

"I don't know whether this picture will be a hit or a dud," she said, "but I'm sure of one thing; you have something in Joan Fontaine. I hope you know it. I want her with me in *Stage Door*—in a role that will really give her a chance."

When a star goes out of her way to say something like that about a newcomer, an unknown—well, that newcomer bears watching. RKO executives made a mental note to be watchful. Meanwhile, they promised Katharine that Joan would be with her in *Stage Door.* It sounded like a generous promise—then.

That was less than six months ago.

Joan was so new to the studio that some of the executives had not yet met her, or even seen her. *Quality Street* had been her first picture. There were several things wrong with the first rough print of the picture. One thing was that Franchot Tone had a romance with another girl, neglecting Katharine the cruel way. It destroyed sympathy for Franchot, made him less likable. There was nothing to do but to leave that romance on the cutting-room floor.

That was, for a few days, a bitter blow to blonde, gray-eyed Joan Fontaine. She had played the role of the "other girl." She had tried hard, and what had her trying gained her? In the final print, she was seen for only a passing moment—not long enough for anyone to notice her or get an impression that she might be able to act. She had heard about the heart-break of Hollywood. And now, after one picture, she was encountering it in person.

The public *didn't* notice her in *Quality Street;* it didn't have a chance. But executives noticed her. They saw the first rough print. One of them, reacting as Hepburn had reacted, said that Joan might be a newcomer—but she was already of leading-lady calibre. He proved it by casting her opposite John Beal in *The Man Who Found Himself.* It was a minor production, but in it Joan made a major impression. She was immediately given another leading role—opposite Preston Foster in *You Can't Beat Love.*

This is being released only now, but M-G-M is already asking to borrow Joan as leading lady [*Continued on page* 91]

The TALK of Hollywood

Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings-on in that dear old Hollywood

DEAR MISS GARBO:
Beware of Jean Harlow. Insidiously, she's stealing your stuff! Know what? Why, Einer Nerman, the famous *Swedish* artist now in Hollywood, said this about Jean: "Miss Harlow most completely, of all Hollywood stars, exemplified the Swedish ideal of beauty!"

And that, Greta, from a fellow-M-G-M-er, too. And the artist didn't even say a thing about you. Honest, Greta, you ought to speak to Jean. If you *ever* speak, that is.

Mailbaggings

MOST Extraordinary Fan-Mail Request of the Month: To 5-year-old Baby Juanita Quigley, from her fans, 23 separate requests for her fallen-out baby teeth for bracelet charms. Dutifully, Juanita will send one to each asker, but is keeping for herself the first which came loose. She's got it set in gold, and hung on her bracelet.

Most Practical Fan-Mail of the Month: To Robert Taylor, from his fans who read of the ranch he is building and stocking, gifts that include over a dozen Rhode Island chickens, three bantam roosters, several ducks and one goose, a lot of rabbits which are more than a lot since he's got them because that's rabbits' habits, some doves and a brood of baby chicks. Bob wonders when the cows'll start arriving.

Strangest Fan-Mail of the Month: To J. Carrol Naish, letters from a firm of artificial limb manufacturers, offering to replace his fingers so perfectly that no one could tell they weren't real. Amazed, Naish wondered why the letters—until he recalled that in *Robin Hood of El Dorado* he'd played the role of three-Fingered Jack.

Most Particular Fan-Letter of the Month: To Leah Ray, from a man in Indianapolis, asking for her lip-prints on a napkin. But no ordinary napkin, no ordinary lip-print would do. It must be, he wrote, a Trocadaro napkin, and indelible lipstick!



—*Fawcett photo by Rhodes*

Sonja Henie "mothers" a child skater 'tween numbers during a recent skating exhibition at Hollywood's Polar Palace



Get a load of Loretta Young's cycling costume, made of multi-colored terry cloth—which she wore on her Bermuda vacation



Jean Parker isn't trying to imitate a seal by choosing rocks for a parking place. She prefers rocks to sand

Allan Jones' equine pal, Smoky, isn't going into a tap dance here. He crosses his legs like Allan to rest his aching "dogs"





Like kids on a city street, Billy and Bobby Mauch know their marbles—and take time out to play on all occasions

Cub Back And See Me Sometime

WHEN Radio's Barbara Pepper received a mountain lion cub from her uncle in Nevada, the studio bosses made her send it slappy right back!

Hats On In Front

PREVIEW tragedy for Joan. Wearing a new hat, Joan Crawford went to a preview, took it off so the people behind could see, laid it on the next seat, got interested in the picture. When she looked beside her again, a man was sitting in the seat. In the dark, he hadn't seen the hat. Beyond repair, the hat is a warning to Joan not to be so darned considerate of the people in back, hereafter.

Can He Press Pants?

NOT un-foresighted is Bob Taylor. Right now, at the height of his career, he's looking forward to its ebb, preparing himself for it. Regularly, he invites to his home studio cutters, technicians, all experts of production. Then he talks profoundly with them, learns avidly all they have to tell.

"When the time comes for me to retire from acting," he explains, "I want to be a producer."

Bob will have to learn to draw million-dollar figures on hotel table-cloths.



When the cameras stop grinding as they did on *Parnell*, Clark Gable scurries off on a hunting trip. When not bagging wild game he bags good yarns like *Saratoga*



Most girls take to the sand to acquire that tan, but Bette Davis flops on a springboard where she catches up on her beauty sleep if she doesn't roll off

Johnny (Piano Whiz) Green kids Betty (Hats) Furness over the posies in her hats by offering a new flowery decoration

Here are Jeanne Dante and Martha O'Driscoll. The object, center, is a water spaniel. Or don't you care?



—*Fawcett photo by Rhodes*



Can This Be Garbo?

GARBO-news of the Month: Is she going to become an American citizen? Because today, on the heels of her recent "ay tank ay go home" attitude, she has gone definitely American—building an American house in Hollywood, wearing modern American clothes, showing ungarboesque interest in U. S. news events and movies, even using American slang more and more. Looks as though she don't tank she'll go home any more.

And she's more and more giving up her aloof exclusiveness. On the set, she plays games, chats. Off the set, she goes out much more than she ever did before, doesn't seem to mind crowds. She even joined the Screen Actors' Guild. And most astounding of all, signed a youngster's autograph book. Can THIS be our Garbo?

Powellsy-Wowellsy

DARNED mad. That's what Eleanor Powell is. Because there are just too many Powells in Hollywood, and they get mixed up when they shouldn't. Wanta know the reason for her perturbation? The other day, she got a bill for something Mrs. Dick Powell had bought; next day got a suit Bill Powell had bought. She kept neither. And is thinking of changing her name to asafoetida, or something distinctive like that.

Meanwhile, she provides other good items for the gossip hounds (thank you).

Stunt: arriving just on time for a preview, she found a crowd of autograph hounds. Knowing she'd be late if she signed all their books, she asked: "Will a tap dance do instead?" They yelled it would. She danced a few hot and quick steps and right into the theatre—on time. And it all goes to show that a Hollywood premiere is an old story. They don't delay a showing just because autographers gang up on a star.

Naziland Giggle

THE Germans retitled the quints' film, *The Country Doctor* for showings over there. New Nazi title: *S O S 5*.

Tears From Kindness Later

IN NEW YORK, 4-year-old Joe Collins fell down an elevator shaft, went to hospital uncrying. Amazed reporters asked him why he didn't bawl. "Aw, Buck Jones wouldn't've cried," the lad replied. The news came to Buck. At once, the cowboy star sent Joe a cowboy suit and radio. Now there's a jar on Buck Jones' secretary's desk, into which everyone must drop a contribution for the kid. Then Buck'll send him that too, to do with as he pleases. He'll probably cry—from sheer happiness.

Out Of The Doghouse

SWEETEST gift of the month:—from Vic Orsatti to June Lang, whom he married after all, having made up their broken engagement. It was a tiny gold bracelet charm: a small doghouse, with a dog emerging saying "thanks." The marriage of Vic and June was the climax of a romance that began four years ago when they met at a dinner dance.



They're even wrapping up the girls in Cellophane. Here's a closeup of four "packages" in *Broadway Melody of 1938*



Irene Dunne and Bob Taylor dive into a plate of ham and eggs (at least Bob does) before bursting into their Lux radio dramatics

When Errol Flynn returned from London he brought back a Rhodesian ridgeback lion hunting dog



Dorothy Appleby is a downeaster from Maine. Her smile will win Stuart Erwin in *Small Town Boy*



Hollywhittlings

BECAUSE she wears out so many cars driving all over sightseeing, Luise Rainer has bought five new cars in two years . . . her last coupe showed an average of 4,000 miles per *month!* . . . when actors on Director John Ford's set show signs of temperament, dignified John breaks into a perfectly hellish hula; it stops the peeves, gets laughs and happiness again . . . Sonja Henie comes whirling into the long entrance street of 20th-Fox studio so fast in that glittering big car of hers, that studio cops have to jump for safety. Then Henie giggles . . . not that it matters at all, but Claudette knows of 274 babies that have been named after her . . . Alan Baxter plays gangster roles in movies: Alan Baxter is one of the few Phi Beta Kappas in movieland . . . Simone Simon spends four hours a day studying English, another four hours studying singing . . . Fernand Gravet, newcomer to Hollywood, is already in second place in fan mail on the Warner lot . . . Shirley Temple gets a tiny golden statuette of some famous composer from her teacher, every time she collects five stars for good grades in her school work on the set . . . Bill Powell says he's going to take a six-months rest from the screen, to cure his eye trouble . . . Ernst Lubitsch hates cheese; his wife hates cigars; so Lubitsch never smokes while close to Mrs. and Mrs. never offends Ernst with even the whiff of cheese . . . new game: Wendy Barrie and Sally Eilers play tennis on roller skates. . . .

—*Acme*



Sun Shines On Sophie

TO JOAN CRAWFORD, suntan is an old perennial story. To Sophie Tucker, who spent all her life up to now playing in theatres and sleeping through sunlit hours, it's an EXPERIENCE! She got a beautiful coat of it, sitting outside a stage at M-G-M waiting to be called for her takes in *Broadway Melody*. So excited is she that she actually hired a natural-color photographer to take pictures of it, so she could always see it and could send her friends pictures of it, too!

Water Is Still—Water

TALK of Hollywood now is Louis B. Mayer's new bathroom. It would turn a DeMille green with envy. It's said to have cost $60,000. The room's made of Italian marble. The fixtures are gold. Bet there are a lot of guys who could get clean for and with a lot less than that. Now someone can build platinum fixtures and outdo Louis B.

[*Continued on page* 60]

Flash! Orchids to Walter Winchell for pulling a gable with er—Carole Lombard while Clark pulls a winchell and takes it down for Mr.andMrs. America. W. W. was framed by the two—but wasn't flustered

Forward With



A bit of No Man's Land makes one of the vivid scenes in *The Road Back*



Jean Rouverol and John King, newcomers, provide the love interest

The sequel to *All Quiet on the Western Front* brings home vividly the utter futility of war

By DON BLACK

THIS is the Western Front . . . it is early November, 1918. Four years of war has made a shambles of the countryside and of the boys who have been taught to shoot—to kill men they had never seen before . . . they have been given bayonets, rifles, mustard gas . . . everything that was intended to kill and kill quickly.

Mercilessly real as this once was, it has been brought to life again at Universal studios where James Whale is directing the picturization of Erich Maria Remarque's World War novel, *The Road Back*. . . . The sequel to *All Quiet on the Western Front*.

Night has fallen and in the eerie shadows helmeted heads bob

"The Road Back"





Larry Blake gives a grand performance as a rebellious German soldier



War-weary soldiers home from the front stage a revolution for food

up and down . . . the trenches are full of German soldiers about to receive a command to go over the top. . . . Guns chatter out their staccato song. . . . A machine-gun nest in a farmhouse must be taken. . . . Churned up earth, a succession of shell holes and craters half filled with stagnant water in which from time to time is reflected the soft glare of lights and cannon flashes as they rise and fall near the front line trenches, lends further atmosphere to the scene. Suddenly all is quiet and the command is given to charge. . . .

The men who crawled out of those trenches on that charge have attained their manhood in the filth-infested trenches. Four years ago they were boys living peacefully, harming no one. Take Ernst for instance. He has the face and soul of a poet and Albert would never harm anyone! Neither could Bethke or Geisicke, and certainly Willy never would.

The story of *The Road Back* concerns the experiences of a group of German boys who are suddenly thrown into the [*Continued on page* 96]

Up From the BOTTOM

You can't tell Walter Brennan how to become a star. He knows all about the work-your-way-up-the-ladder business as he's one extra who reached the top

DIRECTOR HAL MOHR pointed to a rather elderly man wearing eyeglasses and a rather bushy moustache. "See that fellow over there joking with the soda jerk? There's one guy who hasn't forgotten how big ten bucks can look."

I didn't recognize the man the director was talking about, and he looked like an Iowa dirt farmer on his first trip to the Hollywood studios. We were sitting in the Universal Pictures commissary watching the passing parade of stars and extras, directors and producers.

"That's Walter Brennan," the director continued, "the one man who knows Hollywood from every angle—including top *and* bottom. And believe me, even if the Academy did throw an award at him, he's still the same unaffected, honest Walt that used to cry like a baby and bray like a jackass."

And between those two sounds—baby and jackass—lies one of the most human and poignant stories Hollywood has to offer. Every picture star has been written about from the "down-to-earth" angle. All players like to believe they have it; few really have. But Walter Brennan is one Hollywood actor who has retained his earthiness and simplicity above all others. He's just the same as when in boyhood he swept out the Swampscott, Mass., classrooms for spending money.

LIKE many another star Walter got his earliest theatrical training in the army during the war. He got the acting bug at barrack amateur shows. A young man by the name of Osgood Perkins, now one of Broadway's leading luminaries, was his associate in these earliest theatrical enterprises.

After the war Walter found his way to Guatemala in search of work, opened a pineapple farm, prospered, and made money so fast he couldn't spend it. After raking in enough money to retire for the rest of his life—though a young man in his early thirties—he came to Hollywood.

At the time Los Angeles was enjoying a wave of land speculation and Walter invested his money hoping to ride high on the crest. Unfortunately, he had to sit by and see the backwash of the bubble that burst drain off the fruit of many years' work.

The money dwindled fast. With a wife and three children to support Walt decided that something had to be done and done fast. Aside from growing pineapples in Central America and soldiering in France the young man had little qualification for any sort of labor. Then he recalled his career as an actor in the trenches. After [*Continued on page* 94]



Walter Brennan, top, as "Old Atrocity" in *Barbary Coast*. Center, in *Come and Get It*, the award winner. At right, as he looks off screen

By ROBERT JOSEPH



Sylvia Sidney's next emotional role will be in Goldwyn's *Dead End*

While Old Sol toasts Sylvia golden brown, we offer a toast to the little lady for her fine acting

Accent On Beauty

Down beauty by-paths with heart-faced Sylvia Sidney

By DENISE CAINE

THE scene is Sylvia Sidney's New York apartment. When the curtain rises there sits your beauty editor, thinking up questions to put to the actress when she appears. Door at left opens and in comes a small, vital person with dewy skin and starry eyes.

"And whose little girl are you?" the beauty editor starts to ask, when she realizes that it's Sylvia herself! This was no illusion created by a determinedly teen-age dress or one of those off-the-face baby bonnets. Sylvia was wearing a simple tailored suit, checked blouse and a casual felt hat, which could be worn convincingly by a 40-year-old or a 16-year-old. It was the amazing freshness of her skin, the restraint of her make-up, the directness of her clear gaze that did the trick.

Other qualities that contributed to the general effect were a soft and natural looking coiffure, a rather shy smile and small stature. Sylvia weighs only 104 pounds and is five feet two inches tall, so she has several definite ideas about dressing to appear taller. When I asked her about her wardrobe, she beckoned me over to her clothes closet and said, "See?" There in a neat row, was one of the simplest array of frocks, in material, design and number—that I have seen in any woman's closet, movie star or no. It was easy to deduce that Sylvia prefers dark colors—black, navy and brown leading — and hard-surface crepe materials rather than nubbly wools, flaring taffetas or billowy chiffons. She knows that tailored, clinging fabrics accent height, while the others are inclined to accent width. Her theory of line was sound, too.

"I love tailored suits, but always have them made in a solid-color material," Sylvia explained. "No pronounced checks or plaids, no skirts and jackets of contrasting colors or patterns. . . . They're very smart and becoming for the tall girl, but not for me. I think any accents of width or fluffiness should be at the shoulders, but never at the bottom of the skirt or at the hips—and certainly not at all three points!"

Probably, not many of you have as perfectly a heart-shaped face as Sylvia's famous one, but even so, her theories of make-up and hairstyling may prove interesting. She always wears her hair off the forehead, to accentuate its width, then draws it slightly off the lobes of the ears and away from the cheeks, so that the line from broad forehead to pointed chin is not obscured. I noticed that the only jewelry she wore was a microscopic pair of earrings that seemed perfect for her tininess and the shape of her face. I commented on this and was told, with a grin, that earrings—but small ones!—are one of her passions.

"I found that most modern earrings, fastening in the usual way, are too heavy and large for me," she said, "so I had my ears pierced! Now I can wear very small, inconspicuous earrings that are much more suitable. And I don't have to worry about losing them, either!"

A splendid idea, it seemed to me. At least it works [*Continued on page 93*]

Have you checked up on your looks lately? Hair getting dull and dry? Pores enlarging? Nails splitting? Or are you tired of the same old hair-do, the same face powder? If these or other beauty problems are bothering you, write to Denise Caine. She'll gladly help you and give your problem individual attention. Write to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE Magazine 1501 Broadway, New York City, and don't forget, please, to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.



For special treats serve ice cream in luxurious parfait form. Looks more "elegant"

Ice cream is the children's delight and la Temple loves it as much as the average child. Mmmm

Let's Have Some Ice Cream!

Luscious recipes for delicious ice cream desserts

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

AMERICA makes the best ice cream in the world, and probably that is why it is the favorite national dessert of young and old alike. History tells that during the Revolution some enterprising young Italian set up a store and advertised "cream ices" which became the rage and which set the fashion for all the delicious frozen desserts that followed. In other countries, this chill refreshing dish is sometimes called a "frozen custard," or "ices," but in no case do they approach the richness and smooth velvety texture of our own good ice cream.

To crank, or not to crank, that is the question! In the crank type of freezer, as the dasher revolves in the turning can, the contents are continually subjected to the chill of salted ice—and thus ice cream is born! Today the crank freezer has been especially improved, and it now takes far less time to make up a delicious can of home-made cream. Let the children "crank their own"—and let the family share the delights of good old-fashioned frozen desserts.

The automatic refrigerator also makes ice cream an easy, every-day dish. In making ice cream or any similar frozen mixture, a preliminary beating of ingredients replaces beating during freezing, as in the crank type of freezer. Use rotary beater and beat and blend mix thoroughly before pouring into freezing tray.

Again, after the mix is partially frozen, it must be scraped from the bottom and sides of the tray, beaten again and replaced to finish freezing. The third point in connection with this automatic process is that in order to gain creamy texture, a large proportion of whipped cream must be added. In general, the cream is whipped stiff and then lightly folded into the mixture in order to secure the greatest sponginess.

"BUT when I make desserts in my refrigerator, the mixture comes out full of icy particles which make unpleasant eating. How can I secure the velvety texture you speak of?" True, probably the one difficulty to guard against is this same splintery icy result. But to prevent this involves a knowledge of a little chemistry and household physics. Briefly, the more sugar in any mixture, the less danger of it breaking up into icy particles. And further, the faster the mixture is frozen, the less likely this undesirable result.

Hence, we make all such mixtures exceedingly sweet by cooking the sugar and some of the liquid down to a syrup before freezing. This must be done if the mix is to be prevented from going back into a granular or sugary state. We may also add a small amount of glucose or corn syrup, or cornstarch, or white of egg, or gelatin to act as a stabilizer of the mixture. When such [*Continued on page* 84]



Fay Wray is caught off her dignity on the set of *Once a Hero*

Clark Gable flees from dignity when he goes on hunting trips





There's no putting on the dog when Ida Lupino plays quoits

Warner's new eye-filler, Jane Bryan, roughs it in the rough



A hot dog—not mumps—causes John Boles' face to look swollen



Include Dignity Out



Grace Moore and husband, Valentin Parera, include dignity out whenever a camera becomes candid. It's the "gypsy" in them

Ted Healey, Dick Powell and Rosemary Lane chuck the dignity stuff when they step like collegians on *Varsity Show* campus



PICTURE



KID GALAHAD —AAA½—

Kid Galahad has all the earmarks of being one of the best fight pictures ever made. New York sports writers call it the best. It has human appeal, romance, laughter, action . . . everything that goes to make a picture highly entertaining. Fight fans will love it. The fight sequences are staged in the most realistic way possible. Wayne Morris, a comparative newcomer, crashes through with a performance that will surely lead him to quick stardom. Wayne is a fighter who is discovered when he is a bell-hop by Edward G. Robinson. Wayne's rapid rise to the championship of the world, combined with his love for Robinson's sister (Jane Bryan) gives the picture all it needs. Bette Davis, as Robinson's girl, turns in a sympathetic, grand performance. Humphrey Bogart, as gangster manager of the rival boxing faction, is swell and gives the picture the suspense such an action picture needs. Keep your eye on Wayne Morris for his performance in this picture proves he has what it takes.—*Warner Bros.*



I MET HIM IN PARIS —AAA½—

Claudette Colbert's best picture since *It Happened One Night* and *Imitation of Life* has come at a time when this likeable star needed it most. *I Met Him in Paris* is, frankly, a honey. There are brief moments when it moves a bit slow but for the most part it goes rollicking along and the tobogganing scenes have more than one gaspy thrill in them. The story concerns an American department store buyer who goes to Paris wildly excited only to find it rather lonesome until Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young enter the picture. Young is amorous but not too sincere; Douglas is reserved, critical and dependable. Douglas appoints himself chaperon of the other two on a trip to Switzerland, gets himself generally disliked. But, when Young's wife suddenly appears upon the scene Claudette realizes a lot of things, returns to Paris in a huff and finally realizes that Douglas is the man she really loves. *I Met Him in Paris* has entertainment magnetism and you'll be the loser if you resist it.—*Paramount.*



THEY GAVE HIM A GUN —AAA½—

A powerful and dramatic indictment against war—picturizing the transition of carefree youths into ruthless men. The film moves at a steady, relentless pace, relieved by brief humorous episodes, leaving you breathless and tense at the fadeout. Spencer Tracy gives the most superb performance of his career as the circus barker who takes his war activities as a necessary evil; falls in love with Gladys George while in France; gives her up to his buddy, Franchot Tone, only to try and win her back after returning to his circus life in the States. This picture introduces a *new* Franchot Tone—a skilled, dramatic actor who performs like a veteran in the exemplary role of the cowardly youth who depends upon the power of a gun in his hand for courage. His activities as a gangster leads to imprisonment, eventual escape, and a gripping denouement that will stick in the memory of every person who views the picture. Gladys George gives a beautifully sincere portrayal of the war nurse. See this!—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

PARADE



THIS IS MY AFFAIR

—AAA—

The historical background of the infant years of the Twentieth Century lends color and glamour to this detective melodrama, based on a true story, then known as *The McKinley Case*. It is strong in suspense and intensely romantic. And the costuming, sets and direction by William A. Seiter warrant encomiums. The balance is perfect, being interspersed with the gaiety of the music-halls of the period, the reserve of Washington and the thrill of war on crime. It deals with a gang of bank robbers, supposedly led by an important government official, who terrorized the country. The President interferes and sends Robert Taylor, a young naval officer, on a secret mission to uncover the gang leader. He meets Barbara Stanwyck, the sister of gangster Brian Donlevy and the sweetheart of gangster Victor McLaglen, in a music-hall, where she entertains with songs, and falls desperately in love. Robert Taylor is very satisfying in his role and Miss Stanwyck pleases in her usual style.—*20th Century-Fox.*



WINGS OVER HONOLULU

—AAA—

One of the smartest, most entertaining films seen in a long, long while is *Wings Over Honolulu*. From its "love at first sight" beginning to its clever conclusion, the action races along at a terrific pace and never once does it lapse into the ordinary, over-worked situations frequently seen on the screen. The story isn't so much, but it's handled so well that it adds up to a slap-bang hit. It is injected with delightful bits of business and rip-roaring comedy sequences. H. C. Potter's direction is commend-able, and Wendy Barrie and Ray Milland give the best perform-ances of their careers. Both will gain many admirers as a result of their appearances in this as neither has appeared to such ad-vantage before. And Kent Taylor, William Gargan and Polly Rowles also give excellent accounts of themselves. The support-ing cast upholds the tempo set by the leading players. Rest assured. It keeps you interested and you'll enjoy every minute of it.—*Universal.*

THERE GOES MY GIRL

—AAA—

Keyed for summer entertainment, *There Goes My Girl* hits the spot. It is light and breezy and the brisk performances of Gene Raymond and Ann Sothern give it zest. The story of the rivalry of newspaper reporters of opposite sex is rather frayed at the edges, but this is injected with some grand situations and gags. The dialogue is sparkling and lively and you can clock plenty of laughs. It's pleasing to the eye for in addition to the comely Miss Sothern there is Marla Shelton, a delightful de-lovely, and Joan Woodbury. And the girls will be intrigued with the attractive costumes worn by their sex. Gene Raymond and Ann Sothern, reporters, are about to marry, but Ann's manag-ing editor has different ideas and is determnied to prevent the ceremony. He fakes a murder just when they are about to be pronounced mrandmrs and disrupts the nuptials. But if you don't take your murders seriously, but enjoy the nonsense of this farce, you'll be amused.—*RKO-Radio.*



THE LATEST MOVIES



Robert Barrat, Josephine Hutchinson and Marcia Mae Jones in a tense scene from *Mountain Justice*, reviewed here

Tip-Offs on the Talkies

Brief Reviews of the Recent Releases

AAAA—EXCELLENT; AAA—GOOD; AA—FAIR; A—MEDIOCRE



Helping and loving mates in 20th Century-Fox's *That I May Live* are Rochelle Hudson and Robert Kent

That I May Live—AAA—A human interest drama appealing strongly to the emotions. About a young boy who got in with the wrong company and his struggle to go straight. Moral support is lent him by his young bride, Rochelle Hudson. Robert Kent is sincere as the young lad and J. Edward Bromberg scores as the sympathetic friend of the young couple.—*20th Century-Fox.*

Mountain Justice—AAA—This is kind of hard to take, but if you like your meat red, don't miss it. Another one of Warners' productions based on yesterday's headlines. This one brings to mind the Edith Maxwell patricide case. It is a shocking drama, but it is skilfully executed and has an excellent cast, headed by Josephine Hutchinson, George Brent, Robert Barrat and Guy Kibbee.—*Warner Bros.*

Turn Off the Moon—AAA—Our stars are being ruled by the stars in their films, now that astrology is the latest plague to hit Hollywood producers. The story is inconsequential, but you will enjoy the musical-comedy-romance injected in it. Eleanore Whitney and Johnny Downs will delight you with their song and dance numbers. And Charlie Ruggles is as funny as usual, being a victim of the stars.—*Paramount.*

The Thirteenth Chair—AAA—A spooky mystery with a splendid cast consisting of Dame May Whitty, Madge Evans, Lewis Stone, Elissa Landi and others. It's full of suspense—one scene, in particular, in which Dame May Whitty presides at a seance to uncover the murderer. If you thrill to thrillers, see this.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Behind the Headlines—AAA—Depicts the rivalry between newspaper reporters, one in particular, and a radio news broadcaster—Lee Tracy. The freshness of the subject, its excellent direction, plus Lee Tracy's fine performance add up to an interesting melodrama. And Diana Gibson, a newcomer, clicks, although her part is less sympathetic than Tracy's.—*RKO-Radio.*

Hotel Haywire—AAA—A delightful farce, packed with laughs and a talented cast. The subject is astrology again, with Leo Carrillo as the seer, turban and all. But it's all done in fun and doesn't go serious once from beginning to end. Lynne Overman and Spring Byington are swell as the couple who find themselves in trouble and consult the seer only to add to their troubles. Others in the capable cast are Mary Carlisle, Benny Baker, Porter Hall and George Barbier.—*Paramount.*

It Happened Out West—AA½—An outdoorsy film with loads of action and plenty of humor. And, romance, of course. The quality cast is headed by Paul Kelly and Judith Allen. Beautiful scenic backgrounds add color to this better-than-average western.—*20th Century-Fox.*

Border Cafe—AA½—The talents of Harry Carey, John Beal, Armida and J. Carrol Naish distinguish this western from others. There is the usual gunplay, romance and comedy, plus some old Mexican ballads and dances by the vivacious Armida.—*RKO-Radio.*

Killers of the Sea—AA½—If you go for films of the adventure type, go and see this with Captain Bob Caswell, who fights sharks, whales and octopuses. There are some fine shots of undersea battles. This is just what it was intended to be, an adventure film without a story, but Lowell Thomas narrates in his usual interesting style. It packs a thrill.—*Grand National.*

Hollywood Cowboy—AA½—Summer's here and you can roam outdoors in Hollywood's output of seasonal westerns. This is a novel one, as the cowhoys *ain't* cowhoys at all. They're just moom pitcher stars on a vacation. You'll enjoy this even if you're not a wild west addict. George O'Brien is our hero and Cecilia Parker his heroine.—*RKO-Radio.*

Night of Mystery—AA½—A rather weak mystery that doesn't credit S. S. Van Dine's successful story, *The Green Murder Case*. Grant Richards is an earnest *Philo Vance*, but he is handicapped by having to fit into a role made screen famous by William Powell. However, he's a personable young man and labors hard to overcome the weak spots. Other members of the cast are Roscoe Karns, Helen Burgess, Ruth Coleman, Elizabeth Patterson, *et al.*—*Paramount.*

The Frameup—AA½—An expose of another one of the rackets infesting the country. This one "shows up" the illegitimate bookies and the gangsters that invade the race tracks. Paul Kelly represents the law and Jacqueline Wells acts as his secretary and heart.—*Columbia.*

Come On, Cowboys—AA—Just what the title suggests—another western. The story is interesting and as it is deftly handled you will find yourself entertained. Robert Livingston, Ray Corrigan and Max Terhune, *The Three Mesquiteers*, head the cast. Maxine Doyle supplies the romantic interest.—*Republic.*

Motor Madness—AA—A sporty, romantic film with a boat race background. An outboard regatta furnishes some exciting sequences. It's colorful and diverting and has its happy ending when boy wins race and girl. Allen Brook and Rosalind Keith are pleasing in the leading roles.—*Columbia.*

Michael O'Halloran—AA—A sympathetic, sentimental Gene Stratton Porter story of domestic life set in modern dress. Sidney Blackmer plays the part of the husband and Wynne Gibson, the erring wife. Warren Hull is the humanitarian doctor and the children are played by Jackie Moran and Charlene Wyatt.—*Republic.*

Law of the Ranger—AA—Another western for the consumption of those who like the wide open spaces. It is well made and contains plenty of action. Bob Allen is at his best and Elaine Shepard is pleasing to the eye.—*Columbia.*

Jim Hanvey, Detective—AA—Doesn't do justice to Octavus Roy Cohen's original mystery story. However, the cast lifts it with their talents. Guy Kibbee has the title role and Tom Brown and Lucie Kaye supply the romance. In case you haven't read the story, it revolves around the loss of a precious emerald necklace.—*Republic.*

California Straight Ahead—AA—Beautiful photography and lots of action are the virtues of this melodrama with John Wayne and Louise Latimer. A race between motor trucks and a train supply a thrilling climax and a personal victory for John Wayne. Of course, he wins—the girl, too. It has human interest appeal.—*Universal.*

Guns in the Dark—AA—Johnny Mack Brown rides the plains again for his western fans in a lively saga of the colorful Rio Grande country. There's gun-totin', ridin', romance and comedy to please you all. The story is interesting and the film was ably directed. Claire Rochelle adds the feminine touch.—*Republic.*

Vacation Days

Will be made all the more enjoyable if you've got a copy of the August Movie Story Magazine, with its choice assortment of breezy story versions of the most important new films.

You'll find the complete story of Robert Taylor's new starring picture, *Broadway Melody of 1938*, with Eleanor Powell opposite; *Exclusive*, with Fred MacMurray and Frances Farmer; *It's Love I'm After*, with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis and Olivia de Havilland in gay comedy roles; *Topper*, with Cary Grant and Constance Bennett, and *You Can't Have Everything*, with Alice Faye and Don Ameche.

Buy a copy of Movie Story Magazine at your favorite newsstand for the best summer reading of all—and remember, it's only ten cents!

MUSTS

If you haven't seen the following important pictures, previously reviewed in this magazine, put these down among your "must do". You'll be sorry, if you miss any of them! *A Star Is Born*—A gorgeous Technicolor film that is superb in every sense. And Janet Gaynor and Fredric March are elegantly eloquent in their roles . . . *Shall We Dance*—You can't possibly pack in more fun in two hours than you do when seeing Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Eddie Horton and Eric Blore in their latest opus with music and lyrics by George and Ira Gershwin . . . *Dreaming Lips*—Drama so genuinely done that one finds oneself slightly embarrassed by the depth of their emotions. Elisabeth Bergner is the star supreme . . . *Woman Chases Man*—Let yourself "go"—we promise you a wonderful time. Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea and Charles Winninger let themselves "go" and consequently, you have one of the funniest, most riotous, screwiest comedies of the season . . . *Captains Courageous*—An exciting and stirring film adapted from Rudyard Kipling's salty tale of the sea. Freddie Bartholomew, Spencer Tracy and Lionel Barrymore earn plaudits for their excellent emoting . . . *Call It a Day*—Warner Bros. have taken a good play and turned out a better movie. It's tops in every sense with a fine cast including Anita Louise, Olivia de Havilland, Ian Hunter, Frieda Inescort and Bonita Granville . . . *The Good Earth*—Probably one of the greatest films ever produced with Academy Award winners Luise Rainer and Paul Muni . . . *Lost Horizon*—A beautiful photoplay adapted from James Hilton's famous novel. Actor Ronald Colman, director Frank Capra and Robert Riskin rate raves.

Prize Letters
HOW READERS RATE THEM!

SO, HE HAS IT IN HIM

$15 Prize Letter

NO ONE can top Robert Montgomery when it comes to handling the smart-aleck, sophisticated comedy roles. But it seems a shame to keep him ball-and-chained to this sort of role when *Night Must Fall* showed us a new and brilliant actor—an actor who is capable of portraying deep characters who possess more than an engaging personality. I still find it difficult to believe that wise-cracking, playboy Montgomery is *Danny*, the murderer. *Danny* is a difficult character—a genial, self-satisfied four-flusher who is an accomplished liar of superlative imagination; a creature who is a little mad, perhaps, but who covers his criminality with a veneer of light good humor and taking ways; a creature who might be akin to *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde*. His facial expression and pantomime add subtle detail to a portraiture that no spoken word could impart. *Night Must Fall* is a macabre story with spooky situations, but the chief thrill is the one which Robert Montgomery hands us. Surely he is deserving of plenty of curtain calls for succeeding in his attempt to give us something new.—*Mary F. Doner, 6220 37th N. W., Seattle, Wash.*



Robert Montgomery

JUST A BOWL OF GOLDFISH

$10 Prize Letter

IN THE June issue of MOTION PICTURE, a sigh in the form of a letter appears. It is breathed by a reader who seems to think very highly of the dear old days and the dear old ways and the dear departed silent pictures. That anyone living could actually prefer to look at actors who move their lips, like goldfish in a bowl, emitting no sound, instead of listening to dialogue by Will Shakespeare, Hugh Walpole, James Hilton and scores of other brilliant, if less well-known writers, presents a psychological enigma of the first water and makes me realize that there will always be Die Hards. No, no—a thousand times no! Sound added to pictures is as great a step forward as the train over the stage coach. Well do I remember the jog trot of those silent films; times when the trot slowed to a walk and we yawned and wished we were dead. Even at their best, how handicapped they were! How the actors had to struggle to overcome the fact that they were goldfishes and couldn't do a thing about it. Those uninspired subtitles—necessarily mediocre and terse—and the over-emphasized and exaggerated acting. Granted that there were some great, dramatic silent pictures—but, they were great drama in spite of their silence, not because of it.—*Diana Eden, care Mrs. A. M. Evans, 8311 16th St., Silver Spring, Md.*

GRANTED

$5 Prize Letter

SUPERLATIVES are usually permitted usage by motion picture critics only, but as an ordinary fan I should like to borrow a few in praise of *A Star Is Born*. To me it was one of the most surprising and entertaining pictures of the year. As a story it had everything—all the sentiment, human interest and heartaches of success stories placed in an ever fascinating locale. But the addition of color made it pulsate and glow with life. The lines of Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell delivered by Lionel Stander gave it scorchingly savage irony and laughter. And Janet Gaynor and Fredric March contributed two of the most amazingly brilliant and unexpected performances the screen has ever known. From beginning to its superb finale *A Star Is Born* gave us a human, understanding portrait of Hollywood in an intelligent, adult manner—a portrait of which it can be very proud.—*Floyd Miller, 149 Guys Run Rd., Harmarville, Pa.*



Janet Gaynor

HATE AKIN TO LOVE?

$1 Prize Letter

IN DEFENSE and praise of Joan Crawford. How anyone can dislike Joan Crawford has always been a matter of wonder to me. But, such is the case, for criticism we do hear and often. But, just as often, praise. No one seems to be indifferent to her, either they like her tremendously or they can't stand her at all. It surely places her far above the mediocre to be able to create in others such strong likes and dislikes. Does some emotional quality of her personality strike discordant notes in many others? I have never been able to answer this even to my own satisfaction. But, I do believe that most of the criticism directed at her is unfair, undeserved, and prompted by jealousy. I can think of no star of today who deserves as much credit as Joan. She has come a long way, stayed with us a long time, and improved herself and her acting every step of the way. My hat's off to you, Joan, and my heart warms to you.—*Elizabeth Hantzmon, 110 Glendale Ave., Alexandria, Va.*



Joan Crawford

LAUGH, AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU

$1 Prize Letter

PERHAPS you Americans are interested in a Dutchman's opinion of American films. Well, I just made up my mind what pictures I liked best among the few I saw in my life, and finally selected seventeen of them. Eight were of Hollywood origin, two were English, four French and three German. And still, I think, we Europeans under-rate the American people in an artistic respect. Your pictures become better and better and often have something to say. However, it's not in drama that the American film excels so much, for some European things attain the same height as your best dramas, but when it comes to comedy, hurrah for the Capra school! Nothing's comparable to that. Good stuff in itself, superlative scenarios, swell actors and invaluable directors who spread the whole with that unique touch of warmth, sincerity and humanity we find almost exclusively in American comedies. So, here's to you, Hollywoodians!—*J. van Gelder, 67' Waalstraat, Amsterdam-South, Holland.*

A BOOST

$1 Prize Letter

SCREEN comedians may come and go, but W. C. Fields still rates as a top-ranking performer. The older he grows the funnier he seems to get. His presence saves a poor picture and adds distinction to a good one. W. C. Fields' understanding of life is profound and as a result his humor runs deep. A laugh with him is a laugh close to the heart. Though no mere pie-thrower, he can trip on a rug and we chuckle—not with the guffaws of ordinary slapstick, but with full understanding of man's frustrated existence. —*A. B. Oliver, 1133 3rd St., N., Fargo, N. D.*



W. C. Fields

PRIZES FOR LETTERS!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over *one hundred and fifty* words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

[*Continued from page* 15]



—*Wide World*

Sir Harry Lauder, who is on a world cruise, stopped off in Hollywood to meet Shirley Temple. After she sang *Auld Lang Syne* he called her a "braw, bonnie lassie"



Lynn Gilbert, besides walking a pogo-stick, plays a mean game of badminton



Wayne Morris, who used his "dukes" so well in *Kid Galahad*, enjoys aqua-planing

AMONG the most unpredictable off-again-on-again couples in Hollywood are Isabel Jewell and Owen Crump. Maybe you're tired of reading about 'em. But anyway, after having patched up one spat, they've spatted again—or anyway, agreed to disagree again. The very night they said good-bye, Owen was with another girl at a nite club. Later they both announced they'd decided to call off their engagement and just be good friends. Oh, that phrase, "good friends." The words must be positively in a state of collapse from overwork in Hollywood.

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Dorothy Day and Allen Lane,
Dancin' to heaven with might and main!

● ● ●

STARS of the silent days are giving the boys and gals a treat at the niteries. Betty Compson, looking as gorgeous as in her heyday, was at the Cinnabar with a boy friend; Madge Bellamy, just as lovely, with ditto at the Brown Derby.

● ● ●

ROMANSWERS to your questions: Sylvia Sidney, although she's been going out with quite a few Hollywoodsmen, really left her heart in New York on the last trip . . . they insist that Howard Hughes is still asking Katie Hepburn to be the Missus, but all the same he was stepping out with honeychile Pat Wilder the other night . . . Noah Beery, Jr., is going the rounds with Barbara Read, who was one of the Smart Girls . . . while Loretta Young was sending funny postcards from Bermuda to Tyrone Power, her ex-flame, Eddie Sutherland, was earnestly beauing Mary Brian around and still is . . . when will Miriam Hopkins marry Director Anatole Litvak? . . . Dick Purcell didn't know how expensive love was until he got a $275 phone bill for the calls he made to June Travis at Palm Springs, and since that is only an 85-cent call distance in the first place—well, draw your own conclusions . . . nobody at all was surprised when Bob Burns quaintly announced he was going to marry his secretary, Harriet Foster; everybody in Hollywood knew it weeks and weeks ago . . . Busby Berkeley is going to rush right from the divorce court to the marriage judge with Bonnie Bannon, it's reported . . . when Cary Grant left on the same plane with party-loving Countess Dorothy Frasso, everybody suspected another romance, but as usual, they were just "good friends," ho hum . . . Herbert Marshall (Gloria Swanson's big ex-moment) and Lee Russell are still twosoming . . . Tommy Warner is in South America, but Suzanne Kaaren gets at least two cables a week to remind her he's on earth . . . they say Jack Coogan's having mama-trouble in his aims to become the hubby of Betty Grable . . . there's no limit to what Elaine Barrie Barrymore'll do—she even showed up with TWO escorts at a nite club recently . . . but maybe she figured it'd take two to make up for one John B . . . !

[*Continued on page* 97]

WINDPROOF LEKTRO-LITES!

The cigarette lighters that make cigarettes taste better—and do not yellow teeth or fingers!

THOUSANDS buy Lektrolite cigarette lighters because they're smart, small, light and windproof—and then discover they make cigarettes *taste better*, too. The scientific reason is that Lektrolites have no flame. A platinum heater screen does the work, and it's 400 degrees *cooler* than a flame. No tars or oils are released to taint cigarette flavor or stain fingers or teeth. Priced from $1 up. Get one today at your favorite dealer. If he cannot supply you, order direct from Progress Corp., 521 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

HAVE A LIGHT!



ROCHELLE HUDSON
Star of "SHE HAD TO EAT," a 20th Century-Fox Production

WATERPROOF, TOO!

You can carry the Midget Glolite or the Dynamique in your bathing belt. They're waterproof!



LEKTROCASE . . . a smart cigarette case topped with built-in Lektrolite (fills only four times a year — Chrome, **$10.00** — Rhadium engine-turn, **$12.50** — Chrome and enamel, **$15.00.**

THE DYNAMIQUE . . . Fills once every three months. No larger than a book of matches. Nickel, **$5.00;** Engine-turn— rhadium, **$7.50;** Chrome and enamel. **$10.00.**

MIDGET GLOLITE . . . Compact and inexpensive. In all colors. Packaged with bottle of fluid in attractive box, **$1.25.**



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NO WATER
NO DANGER

U. S. Patent 1,970,518

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instead of dangerous blades or harsh depilatories

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The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page 47*]

Tiger-Hiss-Boom-Rug

NOW it's tiger-hunting the movie biggies are aiming at. Planning one, in Sumatra, are Gilbert Roland, Doug Fairbanks, Sr., and Darryl Zanuck. Also to be included in the party will probably be Mrs. Fairbanks, Mrs. Zanuck, Constance Bennett, the Countess Di Frasso. A tiger'd probably just beg to be shot by an aggregation of importance like that. A chance like that comes to so few tigers. And later to have his "rug" stepped on by Hollywood nobility.

Lupe—Button Switcher

NO GLUTTON for extra work is Lupe Velez. When she found it took a lot of punishment to turn on different radios in different rooms, she devised another system—she had installed a complete system of loudspeakers in the various rooms, even around the grounds. They're hooked up to the central, big radio in the living room—a combination which can be tuned in on a favorite program or set going with two dozen records for non-stop playing. Then, anywhere in the house or grounds she may want to hear it, all Lupe (or Johnny, one supposes) need do is switch a button—and *presto,* out comes the program.

More Hollywhittlings

YEARS ago, down to his last dollars, Buddy Ebsen spent 'em to buy a pair of white shoes in order to apply for a chorus boy job. He got the job. Now his one superstition is these same old white shoes. He still has 'em, still insists on wearing them now and then, believes as long as he does, he'll stay up toward the top . . . to reduce, Michael Bartlett hired a trainer to put him through rigorous exercises. After he had, Michael weighed five pounds more. He has stopped exercising . . . because they hate so to be bothered, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Astaire make it a monthly habit to duck out of Hollywood for at least three days without telling anyone, even the studio bosses, where they're going . . . interesting note on how things change is that the new honeymoon home of Buddy Rogers and Mary Pickford will be on Santa Monica Beach, three doors from the home of Mary's ex-hubby Doug, Sr. . . . ah, these whimsies the stars have; like Nelson Eddy's when he forgets his lines; then he starts to sing (to the tune of the Star Spangled Banner), "Oh Say Can You See What Is Happening To Me?" Ducky, isn't it? . . . another whimsy: because Charles Gorin, the featured singer in MGM's *Broadway Melody* thinks the salt air is good for his lungs, he insists on parading the beach, practicing his airs; and how jealous the sea-gulls must get! . . . Bruce Cabot is arranging to turn his 300 acres of desert land over to a charitable outfit for a tuberculosis sanitarium for poor people . . . Ann Dvorak is just nuts about lectures; she goes to as many as she can—from the most interesting to some of the driest, and loves 'em all . . . The Madras Film League of Southern India has just taken its annual popularity ballot, finds that in ALL the 16 cinema theatres there, Shirley Temple leads females in popularity, Freddie March is the most popular male. Thank heaven that's settled . . . Stuart Erwin's idea of a grand joke is to go into a movie biggie's office, switch the receivers of all his phones (they all have at least two) and then stand outside and hear what happens when he tries to call someone up . . . brave is Leah Ray; she fell on the street bound for a radio broadcast, broke her ankle; despite the excruciating pain, completed the broadcast before hospitalizing—another illustration of the good trouper's creed, "The show must go on!" . . . such a golf nut is Bing Crosby that he had his tailor come out to the links with him to show his new samples of cloths . . .

Us Fans—So Forgetful!

ONE of those things that just burn stars up happened to easy-to-burn Nancy Carroll. A fan stopped her on the street and said: "Oh, Miss *Sidney,* I think you were just grand in your last picture. Please sign my autograph book. Nancy signed it. She signed "Mary Pickford."

Repaid For Not Holding Trunk

JUST found out a nice thing about Bruce Cabot. When he was down on his luck, he lived in the back room of an old lady's house. She had no extra cash—yet when Bruce (as frequently) couldn't pay the rent, faced hunger, the old lady came through not only with the free room, but free eats. Bruce never forgot. He vowed that when "some day" came, he'd square accounts. Now he does—

There's a standing order at his bank for a monthly draft of $100 to go to the old lady. That's all. But we thought you'd like to know. The moral here is, if you're a landlady, be kind to your tenants. You never can tell . . .

What! A Horse-Blanket?

LUPE again. Lupe and Johnny. Always cards! Lupe knitted him a sweater. As a knitter, she's a good actress. Done, it came down to Johnny's knees. But Johnny's got to wear it because Lupe says so. And when Lupe says so, Johnny'd better do it. Fights are worse.

Truth Dodgers

RUMOR-MONGERS of accidents have been busy in Hollywood again. Every once in a while they break loose—misguided fools who think it's funny or clever to shoot out a report that Such and Such a star is dead, or hurt, or deathly ill—

Latest victims: Monte Blue, who was reported to have died suddenly in a report that came by phone to a newspaper. Monte wasn't dead. He



Pogo-sticks are back in style after fading for a few years. The fad has been taken up by pogo-stickers (l. to r.) Dorothea Kent, Fay Cotton, Lynn Gilbert, Catherine Hughes



Mary Howard, *Broadway Melody* dancer, goes in for mental gymnastics by reading French

was just down to the store, shopping for his wife.

Joan and Franchot Tone. They were sitting listening to their radio when they heard a broadcast announce that an unverified report had come in about their being seriously hurt in a car crash. They called the station and said they hadn't really heard about it.

Still More Hollywhittlings

NORMA TALMADGE is returning to movies—but as a story editor for David Selznick, not before the cameras... was Simone Simon surprised when a troop of seven uniformed motorcycle boys arrived in front of her house, went through a series of semi-military maneuvers, and then rang her front door and brought her flowers from Raquel Torres, who originated the gag . . . when Anita Louise lost her dog, she asked a neighborhood tot to find it for her. An hour later, seven neighborhood tots were at her door with dogs. None was Anita's—but she treated them all to ice-cream cones just the same . . . Rubinoff has a "standin" for the $150,000 violin he plays at 20th-Fox; it's just a cheap $15,000 Testori! . . . Binnie Barnes is a first rate billiard player . . . Bette Davis knows all the Psalms by heart, and now can you say Hollywood is a wicked, wicked city? . . . because she likes to hear them tick, Josephine Hutchinson has her home filled with scores of clocks . . . Tom Brown owns scores of pipes. But they make him ill, so he doesn't smoke them. He smokes cigarettes . . . Flash! Big News: Pat Ellis can balance a full glass of water on her head. Ah, these clever, clever movie maids!... because she once had the porch of a house destroyed by ants, Irene Dunne went into a huddle with experts before building her new one. Result: under it, there's a miniature moat, completely around the foundation, which is continually filled with ant poison . . . because she can't forget when, as a child in Russia, they rarely had enough to eat in the house, Anna Sten has fitted a room in her basement as a storehouse; keeps therein almost a whole grocery store-stock of foods—enough for several months . . . Director John Stahl's little daughter uses a photo of Clark Gable as a dress-up doll, like those you used to cut out of the Sunday papers, remember? . . .



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Most popular flavor of gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor!

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You can taste the difference Quality makes



SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!
A mechanical marvel, 3 rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.



ALL BLONDES USE

New Light Hair Shampoo to Keep Hair Golden, Lustrous

Bring out the full radiant loveliness of blonde or brown hair with New Blondex, the Shampoo and Special Golden Rinse that washes it 2 to 4 shades lighter and brings out the natural lustrous golden sheen, the alluring highlights that can make hair so attractive. New Blondex keeps hair and scalp healthy and is absolutely safe for it contains no harsh bleaches or dyes. Try it today. New combination package—SHAMPOO WITH FREE RINSE for sale at all stores. New size at all 10c counters.

New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE

SKINNY

WATCH OUT!

DON'T BE A BEACH SCARECROW IN A BATHING SUIT!

NO EXCUSE NOW FOR SCRAWNY GIRLS NOT TRYING THE NEW WAY THOUSANDS HAVE FOUND ADDS 5 TO 15 LBS. QUICK!



Posed by Professional Models

ADD WEIGHT—FEEL GREAT! With Kelpamalt

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Results Guaranteed or No Cost!

Don't resign yourself to being a skinny, scrawny physical wreck—a sight in a bathing suit. Kelpamalt, the new mineral concentrate from the sea, has put husky flattering lbs. on thousands who never before could gain an ounce. That's because it contributes to the supply of natural minerals, often deficient in the daily diet, and needed for the body's chemical processes which change food into flesh, strength and energy. Kelpamalt's assimilable iron, copper, phosphorus, calcium and other minerals, together with its natural plant iodine, help your system get the real good out of food. Try it. Thousands are amazed at quick gains of 5 to 15 lbs. often in few weeks. They look better, sleep better, feel better, too. Results guaranteed, or it doesn't cost you a penny. Kelpamalt costs but little to use. Sold at all good drug stores. Send for fascinating instructive 50 page booklet on your Strength and Weight FREE to Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 1252, 27 West 20th St., New York City.

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Kelpamalt Tablets

On the SETS with the STARS



In this scene from *Broadway Melody of 1938* the camera crew is adjusting lights and lenses on Eleanor Powell and her bubbly background. Bob Taylor is in this picture

ON M-G-M'S *Countess Walewska* set Garbo, daily, has broth made of spinach, carrot, celery, parsley juice! . . . she's giving dancing lessons—teaching Charles Boyer the mazurka! . . . Reginald Owen got chilblains because he wore oxfords during the "retreat from Moscow"—learned from a cutter on the set that banana oil would cure it. It did . . . George Givot got a new title—the "man who makes Garbo giggle"—with Greek dialect monologues and Hollywood's famed "double talk."

ON 20TH-FOX'S *Love Under Fire* the troupe chipped in three cents apiece for Loretta Young—to buy her a new pair of blue slippers, because they were tired of seeing her prehistoric pink ones! . . . Don Ameche is a hellofa husband!—because when he had to button Loretta up the back (I mean her dress, you sillies!), it took four takes before the much-really-married Ameche could do it quick enough to satisfy Director George Marshall.

FOR A PERMANENT souvenir of Goldwyn's *Stella Dallas*, a stand-in and an electrician are collaborating on writing a diary of daily doings on the set, using a canvas scroll 100 yards long . . . Barbara Stanwyck refused to wear a wig for the film, because, she said then she couldn't do any of the "natural" things a gal does with her own locks—like running her hands through, and getting them realistically mussed. So she bleached her own, will unbleach it again post-dallas.

KISSING HANK FONDA (by Bette Davis) raised rumpuses on *That Certain Woman* set—first, when director Eddie Goulding called for the take, Bette said she wouldn't do the real kiss in rehearsals but would in the take—and when the take came, she blushed so furiously through her make-up it had to be recamera-ed—but she got used to it—so used to it that it made her laugh and Hank wanted to know why—Bette explained that when she was in school she made a bet and as a result had to kiss a fullback eight times because he made eight touchdowns.

ON COLUMBIA'S *White Heat* never did a star's many-thousand dollar costume cause as much production woe as Don Terry's costume of an ancient pair of pants and a dirty leather jacket—because after two days' shooting with them, Don's Negro valet got conscientious, sent them out to be cleaned—and the real trouble was they had to be specially dirtied up later to "match up" with previous takes.

IT COST PLENTY ON Paramount's *Angel* because Melvyn Douglas only brought one shirt to the studio for takes of torrid close-ups with Marlene the Dietrich. Every time he went into the close-up with Marlene his shirt got so mussed (wrinkled, you dopes!) that it took a half hour wait to press it out again for the next takes.

ON UNIVERSAL'S *Armored Car* gophers on the north bank of what Los Angeles quaintly calls its river wish the Universal troupe, shooting on location nearby, would finish soon—on account of there being high-powered rifles used in the picture—and the cast, including Bob Wilcox, Cesar Romero, Irving Pichel, Judith Barrett, think they're marksmen—on the gophers.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!

FOR M-G-M'S *Broadway Melody* they used whipped cream for the prop sweat George Murphy rubs off the winning horse in the hoss-race. They ribbed Bob Taylor when he walked on the set and found no portable dressing-room, a star's prerogative. But Buddy Ebsen and George Murphy had one between them. A good guy, Bob didn't protest—and didn't learn until the second day's shooting that Buddy and George had appropriated his star dressing-room. Now they're out, Bob's in. For a big scene they built an all-glass curtain 100 feet wide, 120 feet high, weighing nine tons—it's in the form of steps, and as it swings open, Eleanor Powell taps on it with George Murphy and 100 dancers.

20TH-FOX'S *You Can't Have Everything* found opening scenes calling for Alice Faye, hungry, to eat three plates of spaghetti in an Italian restaurant. Gallantly she ate her way through a lot of real spaghetti for two days' shooting—then swore she was off spaghetti until 1939. Next day, they gave her a birthday party in the studio cafe—*piece de resistance* was a gorgeous white birthday cake—thrilled, Alice cut into it, found that the studio publicity gang had had it filled with spaghetti—now she's off publicity. Oh, yeah?

ON WARNERS' *Ever Since Eve* Patsy Kelly doesn't think they do things in the right sequence—one day she had to brush her teeth for takes most of the day—next day, she had to eat lots of popcorn—well, you know popcorn!

ON SOL LESSER'S *Make a Wish* Bobby Breen is a good singer, but a slightly addled trouper. After a few days' shooting as a long-haired boy singer, Bobby calmly went out, got a hair-cut, forced a one week's postponement in shooting schedules.

FOR FIFTEEN YEARS Irving Sindler, property man, helped construct streets for movie sets—on each street he built, he added a personal touch, put the sign "Sindler and Co." unobtrusively on some store window or sign on the street—in *Dead End* he again built a street—this time, on a delicatessen store window, appears the legend "Sindler & SON"—inquirers learned that just recently, there came to the Sindler domicile, a son.

ON 20TH-FOX'S *She Had to Eat* just before the noon recess for lunch—they shot a scene in which Jack Haley and Rochelle Hudson are arrested, handcuffed—then Director Mal St. Clair called lunch—they couldn't find the key to the handcuffs (anyway, that's the property man's story)—and so Jack and Rochelle had to go to the studio cafe, struggle through two one-arm lunches.



NEW-TYPE CREAM DEODORANT

Leaves no grease on skin or clothes —checks perspiration 1 to 3 days

UNTIL now you just had to put up with them. Cream deodorants were greasy, sticky, ruinous to clothes—no wonder women complained!

But here at last is deodorant perfection—Odorono Ice—a cream as easy and pleasant to use as your vanishing cream. And unlike ordinary cream deodorants, it really does check perspiration!

You've never known anything like the new Odorono Ice! It's like magic! You smooth this fluffy, dainty cream on . . . and presto! It's gone! And both dampness and odor are gone, too!

In two seconds your clothes are safe, your mind at rest about perspiration embarrassment for 1 to 3 days. No ruined dresses, no extra cleaners' bills. Get some! Work this miracle for yourself.

Odorono Ice has no strange odor to turn musty after a while. There's only the clean, fresh smell of alcohol that evaporates completely the minute it's on. It's so pleasant, so effective, that 80% of the women who have tried it prefer it to any other deodorant.

Don't mess about with smelly, greasy, ineffective creams another day. Save your clothes, your time, your temper with this newest scientific advance in deodorants.

The wonderful new Odorono Ice is only 35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments. Buy a jar tomorrow!



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SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

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I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

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"I WANT AN ANSWER YES OR NO?"



"It's yes, of course! You know I go for this Beeman's flavor. I like the neat and nifty airtight package that keeps it so absolutely fresh-tasting. And of course everybody knows Beeman's is good for digestion."



Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...



MEN behind the STARS



RICHARD THORPE

Director of *Night Must Fall*

RICHARD THORPE is one of Hollywood's youngest and one of its most versatile directors. If an interviewer were to ask him "What have you done in the movies?" he could truthfully answer "Everything."

Having passed his thirtieth birthday not so very long ago, Thorpe has directed thirty-five feature pictures since the advent of sound. And he found time, in his rapidly sprouting career, to precede this activity as director with about twenty other kinds of jobs around the studios. He has been everything from extra man to studio manager.

Born in Hutchinson, Kansas, Thorpe went to school in Wichita. He received early theatrical training with stock companies, musical comedies and vaudeville. During the World War he served overseas in the Headquarters Intelligence Detachment of the 88th Division. After the war he remained in Paris to enter a musical show at the Theatre Champs Elysees.

Returning to the United States, he began his picture training as an extra in the New York studios, graduating to bits and parts. Then he worked into the writing department and became a scenarist and "gag man." He was with Johnny Hines during the entire *Torchy* series, working variously as actor, gag man, assistant director, cutter and studio manager. He remained with Hines in a number of feature-length pictures and then embarked on a career as a leading man. He appeared with Doris Kenyon, Dorothy Gish and Constance Binney, making *Three O'Clock in the Morning*, and other successful pictures.

California beckoned him, and he came West to play the lead in *Flames of Desire*. An opportunity to direct suddenly opened to him, and he seized it. In the ensuing years he made seventy-five feature westerns for Pathe, several serials, and a number of other silent features, among them *College Days*, *Jocelyn's Wife* with Pauline Frederick, and *The First Night* with Bert Lytell.

Since the advent of sound he has directed thirty-five features. They include *Probation, Love Is Like That, Escapade, Last of the Pagans, The Voice of Bugle Ann* and *Tarzan Escapes*.

THORPE enjoys golf and swimming, both of which he does well, and likes horses and dogs. His greatest ambition, he says, is to "continue making good pictures." The two most interesting pictures he has ever handled, Thorpe will tell anyone without any hesitation, are *Last of the Pagans* and *Night Must Fall*, both for M-G-M.

The former was produced on location in the South Seas, with native players as extras, and Mala (hero of *Eskimo*) in the male lead. It involved months of arduous and ingenious effort to capture the full beauty of native backgrounds, tribal rites and adventurous exploits. It is particularly to the young director's credit that not one member of the big location troupe incurred any injury or serious ailment during the entire expedition.

Night Must Fall, an adaptation of the London and New York stage thriller of the same name, constituted a milestone in Thorpe's directorial career in that it marked a completely new and divergent role for Robert Montgomery. The suave, sophisticated, bantering star of *No More Ladies*, *Petticoat Fever* and *Piccadilly Jim*, appears in this new production as a homicidal maniac.



Dame May Whitty, Roz Russell, Bob Montgomery and the back of Director Thorpe's head on the set of grisly *Night Must Fall*

It was when making *Last of the Pagans* in the tropics that Thorpe developed an amazingly adroit flair for candid camera photography. He made hundreds of snapshots in the South Pacific, put most of them away in his album and forgot about it. Then one of his assistants enlarged some of the shots, showed them to an art dealer. The next day Thorpe received a visit from the dealer, who begged to be permitted to handle all of his photographs. Many of them, subsequently, were nationally exhibited. Since then Thorpe has made an equally attractive series of group shots dealing with early California mission homes. If he ever decides to retire from directorial work, the candid camera magazines will deluge him with offers.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!

We'll Be Seein' You!

[*Continued from page 6*]

Monday, one of Hollywood's most famous studios, Paramount, throws all formality to the winds and invites you to lunch and a tour of the lot . . . right behind those "hard to crash" studio gates . . . and, better still, they have invited you to attend a preview that evening in their own private projection rooms, that is, after you have attended your second cocktail party Fay Wray has arranged for you that afternoon, attended, of course, by her close friends.

Tuesday, you have been invited by Max Factor to go through his plant where he will present some lucky person with one of his especially prepared make-up kits.

Tuesday night is your grand finale night, for we have made it possible for all of you to attend one grand dinner party at the Wilshire Bowl where Mr. Warren Hull will be Master of Ceremonies. We can assure you that all the stars will be there, and our entertainment committee has planned some special features that will really surprise you.

And oh, yes! We almost forgot to tell you that special busses await you to whisk you away on a complete tour of the stars' homes the first day you get here.

The rest of this story remains to be seen by those of you who are lucky enough to make it this summer.

CUT COUPON OUT THIS MINUTE AND MAIL IT OR YOU WILL BE TOO LATE! WE'LL BE SEEIN' YOU!



Two potential opera stars are Bobby Breen and Deanna Durbin. You may hear them at the Met in ten years



Janet Gaynor as she appears in "A Star is Born"

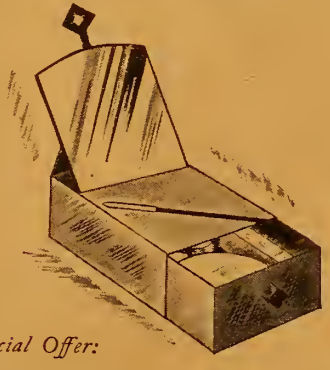
"It Could Happen to YOU!"

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Elizabeth Arden has used her Screen and Stage Make-Up in David O. Selznick's revealing story of "A Star is Born" to dramatize truly the transformation of grey Esther Blodgett (Janet Gaynor) into glamorous Vicki Lester (Janet Gaynor).

Most Importantly . . . . .

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Every star . . . every movie fan . . . *every woman* who ever dreamed to possess glamour, may share in the discovery of Screen and Stage Make-Up by Elizabeth Arden . . . that they may find, thrill and believe in their own beauty, and like the people of stage and screen, live the days and nights of their private lives in rich fulfillment.

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Foundations . . Nos. 1 to 10 (Screen); 1x to 20x (Stage) $1.00

Lipsticks . . convenient swivel top . . $1.00

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SCREEN and STAGE MAKE-UP

by

Elizabeth Arden



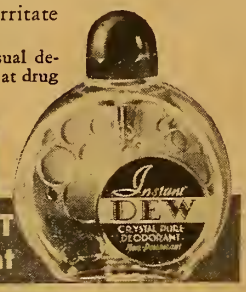
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AUGUST SCREEN BOOK



10c

Just A Grown-up Shirley Temple

[*Continued from page 29*]

beside her. I think: "Grown-up Shirley Temple" did I say? On the whole she looks less grown-up than Shirley." She wears a sophisticated hat with a diamond-studded figurine on skates pinned to the front. On her dress she wears a great big diamond brooch, and an even bigger diamond bracelet is clasped round her small wrist.

All this glitter makes her look like a little girl at a masquerade. She has dimples and curls and chubby hands. When you look the second time you see that she is really very, very slender, but at first impression she seems to be the plump little thing she might easily become if she didn't take so much exercise, so much care with her diet.

That's what she looks like. But here is no little girl with a cute manner and a malleable disposition and a disarming smile. Or rather that's just what there is—on the surface. Underneath there is a determined woman of the world—a woman who is an experienced showman and organizer, who knows what she wants and how to get it.

Here is a woman who has never sat back and waited for the world to come to her feet, but one who has gone out and grabbed it by the short hairs and laid it down there herself; and put one small boot, with a shiny skate attached, on its neck to keep it there. Here is a woman who knows how to win. Whether she knows how to lose neither she nor anyone else has ever found out.

"How does it feel to be beaten?" asked the sports writers at the 1932 Olympic Games.

"I have never been beaten," said the dignified, you-may-kiss-my-hand voice of the 19-year-old champ. And she never has yet.

I EXPECT you know how she got her start. They say about Hollywood that you only have to sit on a pole in Afghanistan long enough, and all the movie moguls in the business will be clamoring for you to climb down and sign a long-term contract. It's a libel. Year after year Sonja climbed to the top pole of the world's skating championships and not one film producer begged her to climb down.

So down she came herself, declared herself a professional and set out for Hollywood. It wasn't a new whim on her part. It was something she had planned for years. With the showmanship she'd been proving she possessed since she went in for her first competition, aged nine years old, dressed in glittering white, she landed in the film capital.

If she had been a Miss Barnum she could scarcely have planned the thing better. No press photographers met her at the train but she lost little time in giving the press what they can always use—a story. She rented a house, white inside and out. She bought a white car and swept 'round the town behind its streamlined nose. She hired a hall and planned an exhibition, getting herself enough advance publicity to ensure the presence, at the exhibition, of the cinemagnates, themselves.

Sonja hadn't learned ballet dancing all her life, she hadn't studied under Karsavina for nothing. She hadn't won world championships without years of rigorous training. So for this night she could combine her ballet dancing with her skating ability, her determination with her showmanship. She knew what she was after and how to go after it. Remember, she had never been beaten.

SHE got her contract. She was to make two pictures a year for five years at a fabulous sum (from $125,000 to $300,000 a picture are said to be the high and low probabilities). It was the sort of contract which every film aspirant who has ever done a two night stand in the local dramatic club's Christmas pantomime plans to sign. It was the sort of contract stars, who have been tops at the box office for years, never hope to achieve. It was the sort of contract that no executive would dream of offering if he could get away with less. But film executives recognize a champion when they meet one. Sonja was it.

So then she started in to make her first picture. Twentieth Century-Fox had paid big money for her and they put her in a picture with a big story and a big supporting cast. To make her glamorous they decreed a special make-up which took an hour-and-a-half to apply. They made her an ice rink out of milk and gave her an English teacher—and they made her work.

"Never," she lisped to me in that now-almost English accent, "never had I worked so hard for any championship. Once I had to do one spin 39 times and at the end it was no good. They wanted me to stop the spin right in front of the camera and it couldn't be done."

"Why 39?" I asked. "Why not 49 or 29 or an even 40?"

Sonja shrugged her shoulders. Directors are like that, said the shrug. No wonder she will be glad to take off those skates.

"The worst of it was," Miss Henie continued, "they cut out all my best figures, the ones that are hardest to do. I would like just to put *them* into my next picture. And other things, too." she added.

SOMEONE asked if she meant to stay in America and she told about the house she is building: a large Colonial-type mansion with a swimming-pool and a tennis court (because in spite of her present slimness, the hereditary curves would be all ready to pop out if Miss Henie gave them a chance). I asked if she would miss her family and she said: "My mother is in America, but I miss my brother who is still in Norway. It was my brother who first taught me to skate. He's good at skating, but he skis better." (Brother has joined her.—**Editor.**)

(Sonja's father, Wilhelm Henie, died recently in Hollywood. He was a native of Norway and had taken out his first citizenship papers. **Editor.**)

"And you," I asked, "do you like skiing as much as skating?"

"It's a very good sport," she said in a tone that implied that after all she is something a little less than world championship form at skiing.

But being a world champion at one thing gives a person a little something that the others haven't got at everything else: a little extra poise, a little more self-confidence, an added ability to overcome obstacles. Take Sonja and the candid camera. Where other actresses wept and fainted, went into nunneries, stormed publicity departments, Sonja remained calm. "Those photographs," she said almost gleefully, "they're terrible. You should see the way I look—all out here and here . . ." and she blew out her cheeks and described curves with sweeping gestures.

"They were the most awful things you have ever seen and the studio is mad about



Sonja Henie loves white and Tyrone Power loves Sonja. So when Tyrone dates Sonja he wears a white dinner coat. Now Sonja loves Tyrone

them. I spent a whole day at my home while they took the pictures—and not one of them did they use. But when I was having a holiday at Palm Springs, they came again with their cameras and they put them at very funny angles when I was playing a game, and the pictures have come out so strange."

"Don't you mind?" I asked.

"Perhaps it is a pity," she said in much the tone of voice she might have used when she found that she had drawn the worst position in the Olympic Games, when, out of 16 competitors, she had to go on first.

"WHAT'S your ambition now?" I asked. "Do you want to play in Shakespeare?" (They almost always do.)

"No, I just want to be a star," she said. The best is good enough for Sonja.

"On or off the skates?" I asked.

"It is all right if there are some skating sequences in my pictures—I have a skating troupe you know—as long as they do not keep me on skates the rest of the time, as long as I have plenty of opportunity to do some big dramatic scenes."

Sonja is willing to play ball, or rather to turn pirouettes on skates. Her skates brought her to Hollywood and she's not going to throw them out of the window straight away. But someday . . .

Meanwhile the name of her next picture is *Thin Ice*. If you get a title like that with Sonja Henie's name above it you can safely stake your phoney dollar there's going to be some skating somewhere. But as Sonja says there'll be other things, too. They've taken her off her skates all right, they've put her on skis.



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Everything Is Rosy Now For Anna Sten

[*Continued from page 37*]

who had captured Europe, couldn't speak a word of English!

So, Goldwyn and his plans had to wait until she learned a new language and discarded a few excessive pounds. Months passed. Ronald Colman left the Goldwyn studio, *Karamazov* was laid aside, and at last, Anna came to the screen in three elaborately produced pictures, *Nana, We Live Today*, and *The Wedding Night*. All revealed her beauty but not her talents, and in the course of readjustments, Goldwyn and Anna parted.

I HAVE no quarrel with anyone, she told me as we talked in the shady patio of her Beverly Hills home. "I am grateful that I could come to Hollywood and everybody was very kind, but I felt that the material of those pictures was too heavy, and also, did not carry the right quality of sympathy. I was crushed, subdued under their weight. Now, with our new plans, all this will be changed. I want very much to become a popular American actress because I belong here; my husband and I will receive our United States citizenship papers soon. Always now, this will be *our* country, *our* home.

"We are overjoyed with the privilege of living under the Stars and Stripes and, in my new happiness, comedy seems to be the right outlet. I want to contribute some laughter to the life of today. The one thing that keeps the world moving is the universal desire for happiness, so why delay this realization with make-believe tears?

"I feel I am fortunate to be a woman at this period of the world's progress for I enjoy all the feminine privileges along with a man's opportunity of developing any talent. This is a beautiful America, with such a glorious future. Oh, I hope that it will never get into war!"

Hollywood has done much for Anna. It has given her polish, a new pliancy, a finer taste, while it has not changed her appeal. She's still more passionate than glamorous; she's vibrant and earthy. Her mouth is full and sensuous, her eyes are wide and very clear and through them are mirrored emotions that run riot or are restrained, as she pleases.

She still has a Russian accent, which is an intriguing asset, and she's acquired an amazingly colorful vocabulary. She's fairly tall, being about five feet, five-and-a-half-inches, and, today, there are no extra pounds for she weighs but a hundred-and-fifteen. She thinks she is too slim, but she looked graceful in a clinging white frock, with a scarlet sash that matched her lips and finger nails.

IT WAS at Kiev, in the very heart of Russia, that Anna was born in 1910. Her father, a carefree, strolling dancer, whose laughter was silenced by a bullet during the Revolution, gave her the heritage of imagination, dramatic talent, and a love of color and movement. Perhaps, from the Swedish mother comes the spirit that has carried her up and out from among thousands of other young Russian girls, to screen fame.

"I'm a natural gambler," explained Anna. "I am never afraid to take a chance because I feel I can always throw the dice for another try. Too, I have Cossack blood in my veins; my grandfather belonged to that fighting race that knows no fear. I never look back.

"So many heartbreaking experiences crowded my early years, yet, because of a youthful optimism, they have slipped from me and left no bitterness. Odd, how certain memories stand out. One day when I was about four, I was playing in our garden at home, and in a sudden flash I knew I wanted to be an actress more than anything else in the world. Never once since then, have I wavered from that determination and the goal has always blotted out the obstacles.

"My father taught me to sing and dance, but he died when I was twelve. Then came those cruel years of trying to take care of my mother and little sister. I didn't understand the full tragedy of the situation but the primitive call for food and clothes concerned me deeply. Yet always, even during this terrifying plight, I kept feeling I must get to Moscow and start acting.

"When I was fifteen a neighbor gave me a train ticket to the city and my chance arrived. I had no money but I remember thinking that it was Spring and I could sleep in the park, and I didn't need to eat—I had gone without eating before.

"I reached Moscow at seven in the morning after a two days' journey and the first thing I did was to go to the theatre and walk all around it as if it were a shrine. There was a sign on the stage door saying they wanted an actress, so I waited. Soon other girls began arriving, many of them, all laughing and talking together while I stood apart, alone, but I wasn't daunted and marched right along with them when the doors were thrown open. When the audition was over it was I, who had been selected.

"Only a few hours after reaching Moscow—it sounds fantastic, yet at the time, it seemed perfectly natural and right, and exactly what I had childishly expected. There is always a bit of pathos with every joy. When the excitement was over I realized I was very hungry but had no money for food, so it was not until the next day that I ate."

UNDER Stanislavsky's direction at the Moscow theatre, Anna was drilled in Ibsen, Maeterlinck and Pirandello dramas, then was tested by the Soviet cinema studio, and her very first picture was a foolish comedy, called *The Girl With the Bandbox*. Fresh from tragedy, paradoxically, she understood comedy and played it with a lilt that flooded the screen with a gaiety that swept her to sudden fame. Then, the Moscow studio decided to film *The Yellow Ticket*, with Anna as the star. She wept over this because the woman was older, and the drama sordid and emotional. But one doesn't choose roles in Russia. Anyway, after she saw how the make-up man had added years to her young face she determined to show what a mature dramatic performance she could give, and the picture emerged a Soviet cinema triumph that was given a world release.

"I should be most grateful to *The Yellow Ticket*," said Anna, "for it sent me to Berlin to make pictures, among them being the German and French versions of *The Brothers Karamazov* which, in turn, brought me to Hollywood. But I still hold a grudge against it because it typed me for heavy dramatic roles and I've never escaped them, never had another fling at comedy until the London-made *Two Who Dared* and *Gorgeous*.

"From now on I shall play both comedy and drama. Pictures should be like life, full of surprises. You can't repeat the same emotion too many times and still give it the thrill of reality—the spontaniety dies out. Too, I never wish to sign for more than one picture at a time. In this way, each stands on its own. Naturally, if it is good, other pictures will follow, a contract may merely prolong an uncongenial association."

A WILD bark from *Druska*, Anna's pet dog, heralded the arrival of Mr. Frenke and there was a demonstrative reunion between the three. Mr. Frenke was also born in Russia though educated in Germany, and their romance is a drama of true love—they were married in Berlin during the autumn of 1930, following a year's courtship. It is easy to see it is her husband who guides and leads Anna, as she leans on his strength.

He is tremendously interested in her career though he hastened to tell me: "I am not producing her pictures solely from sentiment and because she is my wife and I adore her; it is because I consider her a great artist. She has a tremendous following in Europe, and I believe with the right stories she will take her place among Hollywood's foremost actresses. Her art blazes through even mediocre material; she has intelligence, ability, excellent training and natural beauty.

The Frenkes are in perfect accord. Putting business aside, they told me about selling their Santa Monica house to the Ian Hunters, and all about the rambling home they are now building on three acres in the Brentwood Hills. They have their own little group of congenial friends and frequently entertain, though they seldom go out.

"We are to be very gay tonight, just by ourselves," said Anna. "I've invited my husband to dine and dance as my guest, this being one of our special, secret anniversaries. We'll dress up and go to the Cocoanut Grove, where the music and dancing is always good. Eugene has taught me ballroom dancing and I love it."

Then, she added, quietly, "Life is too short, too precious to sell it merely for fame. Or even money. To *love*, to *work*, to *play*—this is Life's happy formula. Nothing else really counts!"



Recently returned from Europe are Anna Sten and her husband, Dr. Eugene Frenke. He will guide her pictures



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Six Things a Movie Wife Must Forgive

[*Continued from page 27*]

sure that my husband really wants to be gay. Sometimes he is happiest when he is silent and meditative. Again, he may be thinking about his next characterization. Those are not the times to be cajoling. Most film wives, because many of them are also professionals, realize this. But there are moments when my husband needs his spirits raised. A wife can usually sense them.

"The surprise I have for him at this time is silly. He knows it. So do I. That's why it brings an instant laugh and the 'mood' is gone. It's a box of French confections, the chocolates that I know he loves. It's absurd, of course, that an artist should be lured from a Gorki mood by having a box of sweets waved under his nose, but it's the absurdity that does the trick."

Life, full of *bon bons* and good times, seems to be a perpetual honeymoon as lived by the Charles Boyers. Their Italian villa, high on a Hollywood hillside, is the scene of as an idyllic a union as the film colony has ever witnessed. Being intolerably curious, the colony forever ponders upon the success secret of the Boyer marriage. It is no secret. It is formulated on the old-fashioned principles of an Old World union. Charles Boyer is the head of the household, as it has been for thousands of French years. His Scotch wife is content to be ultra-feminine and wifely. "And the French and the Scotch get along notoriously well," says the descendant of the Clan MacDonald. "History proves it."

TO FIGHT the deadly monotony germ one needs more than history. One needs intelligence and ingenuity. Pat, the Scotch *burd* born in Kirkcaldy on an April 7th, fortunately has both. "Never forget always to be the kind of girl that he fell in love with and married," she cautions. "It's too easy for a woman to be lax about herself. In too short a time all the things that delighted a husband in the girl he courted are gone, and in her place is a stranger who does not interest him."

At about this period in any marriage comes the famous bugaboo, infidelity . . . the most important thing a wife must forgive, if she can. You know all the Hollywood reasons for it. Proximity of one lush stellar attraction to another ditto. Propinquity. They are thrust together in emotional sequences under the strong arc lights. How can they help it if some of the emotion spills over into off-screen hours? And Monsieur Boyer has appeared, filmatically, with the potent Dietrich, charmers Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Loretta Young, Merle Oberon, Jean Arthur, and now as *Napoleon* to Garbo's *Countess Walewska*.

"No, there's not a chance to 'forgive' anything like that because, really, it so rarely exists," said Pat, decisively. "You forget the important thing. Making films is a business. The preservation of a career is stronger than mere romance—with exceptions, of course. A real artist is usually too preoccupied with giving a faithful characterization to have time for romantic passages. Another thought takes it beyond personalities. I am always glad when a talented, responsive actor is cast with me in a film because I know his presence is going to add just that much prestige to the finished film, and give it that much more assurance of success. An actor's work is always better in the glow of working with a person who is particularly gifted.

"WHAT is much more vital in the married life of professionals is the terrific fear that overtakes them when confronted by a new characterization. That's one thing that the wife of a business man seldom has to meet. A business man has decisions to make, yes, but seldom does he have to make a decision that may make or break his career as often as does an actor. And that is sometimes five or six times a year depending upon the number of films he makes every twelve months. It's stage fright I'm talking about.

"Every time an actor undertakes a new part," explained Boyer's petite wife, smaller than ever in gray slacks, mannish checked coat, "he runs the risk of ruining his career. A bad part can kill an actor. Two bad parts can bury him. So when Mr. Boyer is silent and preoccupied before he commences a new film, I know well enough that it is no time to whisk a box of chocolates under his nose. He is going through the ordeal that every sensitive artist goes through every time he undertakes a new role.

"What is sometimes hard to forgive, and yet I do, gladly, because it is no one's fault but that of our chosen profession, is going out in the evenings without my husband. I do it, and he wants me to, but often I do it with keen regret that Mr. Boyer is not an ordinary business man, managing a farm implement factory in southeastern France as his forefathers did. Then we could enjoy the parties we are invited to. This way I often leave him at home to study his lines for tomorrow's shooting, when I am not working in a film and learning lines, too."

And on these occasions, please understand, no handsome Hollywood male is Mrs. Boyer's escort. She attends festivities (in Schiaparelli originals) with a married couple or two. The John Neville Villiers Farrows (Maureen O'Sullivan) are their great friends. So, too, in the small clique that Charles Boyer and his wife call their "intimates," are grouped the French Jacques Deval (author of *Tovarich*), Jacques Thery, Anatole Litvak, Simone Simon, Fernand Gravet and his wife, when in Hollywood. Into this Gallic group Pat has introduced a few of her English colony friends.

"One of the things that I made up my mind to do when I married was to try and like all of my husband's friends," Pat went on to say. "I would 'forgive' him friendship with men and women that I didn't like because I knew that they must have traits that he admired. It's an important feature in the married life of any woman, film wife or not. Perhaps I am particularly lucky because I haven't had to exert any generosity of spirit over my husband's friends. They happen to be rare persons whose friendships I, too, would try to win and keep."

A WORKABLE marriage code between professionals is the last thing that Pat (christened Patricia Elizabeth) should have had time to mull over during her tornado-like courtship by the French star. Even in Hollywood's storm-swept annals the Paterson-Boyer romance set a new high for tempestuousness. Two days after they met, Charles Boyer wanted to marry her, but refrained because they didn't think it "quite proper." Three weeks later, on St. Valentine's Day 1935, failing to secure seats at a local theatre, he suggested a better scheme. Marriage. They were wed a few hours later at Yuma, Arizona.

If the marriage hinges, as elsewhere indicated, on Old World tradition, it also functions smoothly because of the natures of the participants. Boyer, a decade older than his young, twenty-ish bride, has a mature outlook on this, his first, marriage. He brings to it education, culture, everything that his upper *bourgeoisie* family could give him. He has a Sorbonne degree in philosophy. Pat, reared in London, touring the provinces at fifteen, brings good spirits, wit, vitality, to the union.

Nothing could speak more eloquently of the success of the marriage than to say that Boyer's French cook, with him since his bachelor days, remains in the Boyer kitchen today, despite the advent of a wife. At noon, with Boyer at the studios (both Pat and her husband are under Walter Wanger contract) Madame Boyer indulges her appetite in her favorite English puddings, Yorkshire and haggis, and roast beef, frequently preparing the dishes herself. Otherwise the cuisine is entirely French.

"Inattentiveness is another thing that a film wife will meet," declared Madame Boyer, breaking into our musing. "Every wife has that, I daresay, but it is intensified in our world. No new frock or hairdress is going to be seen by a husband when he is learning lines or orienting himself in a new role. And film wives have long ago learned to accept such lack of interest with good humor. Those of us who are professionals accord the same treatment to our husband's new putting irons when we, in turn, are learning our lines."

It would seem, then, that in the dizzy sphere that is the movie world a film husband has a few things to forgive, too.



The Boyers—Charles and Pat Paterson Boyer—played hookey from line studying and were present at the Hollywood premiere of *A Star is Born.* Charles should have been studying for M-G-M's *Countess Walewska* and Pat for Wanger's *52nd Street*





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From Now On I Want to Live—Bill Powell

[*Continued from page* 28]

scribe to the idea that personal publicity is necessary to make a player popular with the public. My every instinct is against giving the kind of interviews I am asked to give.

"There isn't an actor who doesn't want to be popular. We all need the public's good will. But I'd rather be popular and gain that good will by my work on the screen, and not by any publicity ballyhoo.

"If my pictures," he said, "can't stand on their own merits then I have no business being a star and drawing the salary I do. I shall be perfectly content if my pictures are announced to the public through paid advertisements, and I am not asked to give my opinions on subjects I know nothing about in order to create interest in the picture and in me. Garbo's popularity has not suffered by her persistent refusal to play Hollywood's publicity game."

NEVER in all my years of interviewing the movie great, have I heard such frank and sane words from the lips of a top-ranking star. The Travelers Aid Society of Los Angeles will tell you that Bill Powell is the chief reason why most girls leave home and hitch-hike to Hollywood. These girls prefer Bill to Bob Taylor.

Bill reigns supreme like an emperor in the biggest and richest studio in the world. Yet he remains a regular guy in all the grand meaning of that term. What's more, he has the courage of his convictions, which few have in this town. He is too honest and sophisticated to indulge in false modesty, and here is what he thinks of his success:

"Time and again I've asked myself the question: 'Why I am a star and so-and-so isn't? What's the difference between me and a number of other actors who are only featured players, although I have neither their looks nor their acting ability? Of course, I can readily see why a markedly bad actor isn't a great success. But there are many splendid players who are always relegated to the supporting cast. It's a mystery I can't explain.

"Sometimes I think that perhaps I manage to get my name up there because I have a stubborn streak in me to stick to my principles and convictions. I get myself into many arguments over my productions, and some people think I am a very difficult person to get along with. But how can I sell something in which I don't believe? How can I make the public buy something I don't know how to sell?"

YES, indeed, he knows what he can do and should do and what he can't and shouldn't do. His screen personality is neither that of a pretty boy hero nor of a bad man, and he packs his roles with conviction because he remains a real human being, and not a movie tin-type. That is the reason why stars come and go, like Old Man River and the well-known brook, but Bill Powell goes on forever. More than in the case of any other player it is the man-behind-the-actor that makes Bill Powell such a tremendous socko on the screen. In other words, he is a definite individuality, and has succeeded in preserving his personality on the screen—a man of smooth, devilish urbanity commanding a devastating supply of precisely enunciated and hard-hitting words; a good man with a slightly villainous exterior. That is the secret of his charm.

As I met him in his dressing-room he was superbly tailored after the fashion of Continental fops of 30 years ago for his role in *The Emperor's Candlesticks,* in which he chases Luise Rainer all over Europe—through Vienna—Warsaw—Petrograd—Paris—London. It has always seemed to me that the term "dressed to kill" was especially invented for describing the sartorial manner of Mr. Powell. There is romantic menace in his clothes, in the way he jerks his arm. There is something like a sharp steel about him, but his blue eyes are as gentle and quiet as a thoughtful boy's.

He takes his acting seriously. You rarely see him in nightclubs. "It isn't much fun leaving a nightclub at 9 o'clock," he added, "I have to get up at six or seven in the morning. My visits to nightclubs are accidental. I don't have the avidity for them I used to. I stay in at nights and memorize my lines for the following day. I have a poor memory, and plugging away at lines night after night is no fun."

Hardly less trying is the daily battle of the waistline. "I weigh myself every morning to keep the needle at 162 lbs. My breakfast consists of one glass of orange juice, a cup of coffee without cream and half a slice of dry toast. Then at 10 o'clock at the studio I drink another cup of coffee and eat a small roll.

"No lunch, although I might be starving. At lunch-time I rest in my dressing-room and memorize my lines for the afternoon. I don't eat anything again until I go home in the evening, at 7:30 or later. Dinner is my only full meal of the day. The movie public likes to see players always look the same." Long-legged and lean, he looks the same as he did five years ago, when I first saw him.

MR. POWELL is eagerly looking forward to the time when he can afford a slight expansion of the waistline and take things easy. "I was born to be the laziest man on earth," he smiled. "I keep in physical trim by thinking a lot about tennis and talking a good game of golf. In the garden of my mansion which I sold recently I had a magnificent swimming-pool. Every morning I dashed to my swimming-pool and gave it a long piercing look."

He thinks he is the most overworked actor in Hollywood, which he certainly is. "I haven't had a vacation in seven years. Mind you, seven years! I haven't seen New York since 1930! During the past seven years the Colorado River is the farthest east I have been.

"I'm dying to see what modern Manhattan looks like. From now on, for business as well as personal reasons I'll make definitely fewer pictures. I think the market is glutted with my films. People are tired of my face. Lately my eyes have been bothering me—an inevitable result of my long association with studio lights. By making fewer pictures I'll be healthier and have a chance to enjoy the real things of life, which I have missed.

"I haven't the faintest desire to live my life over again—I mean my life on the stage and screen. Today I am what you might call a 'success.' But what's the use of being successful if you can't live like a real human being? At one time I had to work very hard to take care of my obligations. I thought a screen actor's life was very short and I might as well make hay while the sun shines. But now I don't have that early incentive.

"There is no financial gain anyhow in

making too many pictures," he added, "because of the heavy income taxes we have to pay. I have worked hard enough, and from now on I want to *live*. If I could live my life over again, I wouldn't care to be a movie star for all the money in the world. The price I've had to pay to be where I am today was too big. No professional success of any kind is worth so much sacrifice and grief."

SUCH is the irony of success in Hollywood.

Does Bill Powell's new scheme of life include a wife? His first marriage lasted ten years, which speaks mighty well of the man, Bill Powell. Bill Jr. is the apple of Bill Sr.'s eyes. Temperamental differences ended that marriage, and he let himself be divorced in 1930, went to Europe to loaf a few months on the Riviera, rest and forget. On returning to Hollywood he met, wooed and married Carole Lombard, this second marital venture lasting only two years. Will he marry the delectable Jean Harlow?

I asked him, indirectly, if he intended to marry again. "Frankly, I don't know," he said. "I might marry again, and then I may not. I know no more about it than you do."

Ten, fifteen, twenty years ago Mr. Powell was an authority on feminine charms, love, romance, marriage. Today, he has the skepticism of true wisdom and sophistication about those intriguing topics.

"The more I live the less I know what kind of woman I'd like to marry, what kind of woman makes the ideal wife."

Which should be considered an adequate answer to the question: Will Bill Powell marry Jean Harlow?



A surprise party was tendered Lionel Barrymore on his 59th birthday and present were Clark Gable, Myrna Loy and Jean Harlow. The ladies presented Lionel with kisses. Oh, if we were only 59. The party took place on the set of *Saratoga*



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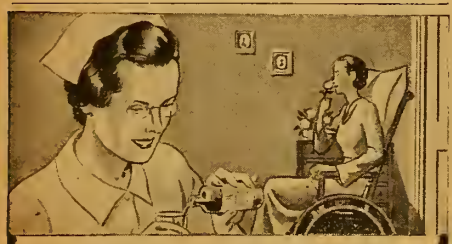
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Like the Kid Next Door

[*Continued from page* 31]

It's grandpa coming out in me, Cis. You said so youself, and you can't go back on that. It's grandpa," he explained. "He still gets headaches on rainy days. He was in the Boer war cavalry and a horse kicked him in the center of the fore-head. Is it fore-head or forehead, sir?—thank you, center of the forehead. That's why I'm so proud about this." He eyed his paw again. "On rainy days I'll probably have a thumbache when I see a horse."

IT was on the donkeys in *David Copperfield* that Freddie got his first taste of riding, and took to it like the grandson of the cavalryman he is. "But I don't remember much about it," he says. "I was a young boy then. Only that they have very sharp spines when ridden bareback. Anyway, donkeys aren't the thing for a real equestrian. For the higher type of equestrian, as yours truly," he gave us a modest bow, "a horse, a horse, his kingdom for a horse."

And if you've any critical notion that Freddie was bragging, put it out of your head. He was effervescing, that's all. Humor bubbles in him, like gas in champagne. No child in the world is simpler or less self-conscious. I have known him for two years. I have yet to detect him in word or gesture which remotely hints that he knows what it means to show off. Like all his friends, I have faced the skeptics who scoff: "G'wan! No kid could be that good." A meeting would convince them. Words are no use. As Mr. Van Scoyk, level-headed and steady with the steadiness of his Dutch ancestry, says: "You've got to know him to realize that it's possible for any human being to skip from peak to peak as he does, and never touch the valleys."

"I used to ride every Sunday," Freddie prattled on. "It was a crime to miss. But then *Captains Couragcous* came on, and you want to stay home and learn script, you know, or play with granny and grandpa who were there at the time. But now Mr. Van and I have been doing it regularly since last Saturday. Our ambition is to ride a bucking broncho, isn't it, sir?"

"Mine is not," said Mr. Van firmly. "I do quite enough groaning after a plain horse."

"Oh, but sir, I'm sure in another three weeks when you ride, you won't feel any effects. Cis did some groaning, too, but it wears off with the years. Oh, yes, Cissy, darling, I distinctly heard you say that you did do some groaning, so be brave and admit it. And Mr. Van, sir, even though you did get oak poison, that was the fault of the oak, not the horse."

"I don't know, Freddie. I'm beginning to think I may be allergic to horses."

"What's that?" And having been informed, he promptly went off on his own tack.

"D'YOU know what they'll probably have in the 29th century? They'll probably have people who are lethargic—what is it, what is it, what is it?" he clamored, ignoring the laughter—"allergic—people who are allergic to enemies, another to a bayonet, another to an airplane, this, that and the other. Then they'll send out these different scouts, and when the scout breaks out in a rash, they'll know whether the enemy's near and whether he's weak or strong or tall or short, and war will be quite amusing."

Absorbed in this exposition, he had slipped down till his knee was digging into his aunt's anatomy. He removed it and brushed her cheek with a kiss. "Excuse me, my love," he apologized, "I forgive you."

"I'll make a bargain with you, Freddie," Cis volunteered. "You give up rough riding, and I'll give you that nickel raise you've been shouting for."

"Ix-nay," said Freddie, to whom American slang is what wonderland was to Alice. "I couldn't possibly do that. I'd rather ride under the horse's stomach. And besides, I've been trying to promote that raise so long that when it comes, I'll probably get heart failure and won't be able to use it. You see, Cis is a lady, and therefore thinks that because we had a mere small accident, I'm bound to be squashed any moment now.

"We were riding along, and the horse must have hit a rabbit-hole, because the only thing I saw was his head going down. His head was going down and the ground was coming up—I didn't really see it, it was more instinct, I suppose, and then I was under the horse. I sort of said a little prayer, I'm like my granny, granny always says a little prayer just from force of habit when she sees a car coming that might just possibly if it tried very hard hit us but actually wouldn't, and I think I said the same thing, I don't know. But the horse fell over and my leg was under him, of course, and he dragged me for about a few inches till I got my foot out of the stirrup. Mr. Van by that time was off his horse and he picked me up and put me beside the thing, the bank. And here we were out in the middle of the country and a yellow cab came fortunately along, and the very funny part of it was that when we arrived at the stables, that was just where he wanted to go, and he couldn't find it. So he did us a good turn, and we did him one, all unwittingly, and everyone was pleased."

"Except Cis."

"Well, if grandpa were here, he'd be on my side, you know he would, my lamb. Which makes another reason for sorrow at their departure. Grandpa gave me some lessons in carving. If Edward did the carving outside, grandpa would say: 'Aha, that's ragged'. Cis would rather be a receiver, so Mr. Van thinks it's my duty to learn to carve. I haven't learned much yet except that it's against the rules to put it on the floor and put your foot on it.

"Grandpa's a splendid old gentleman, though 75. He boxed and ran races with me and won. Yes, really he did, without any indulgence on my part. But I never could get him to ride the motor bike. After a half hour's sermon on how safe it was, grandpa would say: 'Mn-*mn*'. I think granny would have accepted, she's an adventurous soul, that's why I didn't sermonize her. I used to go in and tickle grandpa in the morning to waken him, and granny'd stand by like a bystander, and then tickle me when I wasn't looking, and then she'd laugh and laugh. She likes to laugh, and she dearly loves a pillow-fight with small pillows, and, of course, I never hit hard. And she laughs so much and gets so happy about it, doesn't she, Cis? I suppose you'd say Granny was just a romper at heart."

I ASKED after his dogs, Concol and Toby, and whether his activities allowed him much time for them. "*Their* activities don't allow much time for me," he laughed.

"They've been at the vet's three weeks with the mange. Do you have a dog? Well, I advise you not to let him have the mange under any circumstances, not that there's much you can do about it. They have to be shaved, you know, and clipped, and serums injected into them. It costs a lot, too. But that's all right. That gets paid out of Cis's allowance. I'll tell you something funny. When we visited them, they were both in the same cage, and I went past them, and I thought: 'What funny-looking dogs, I wonder where my two are'. And I went past them and I went up and down and they were whimpering but didn't rouse my suspicions, so I asked the man: 'Can you tell me where my dogs are?' and he said: 'Right there on your left', and I said, *'Those!'* Because they were quite bald and I didn't recognize them. Then they went wild, and I went wild, too, and there was quite a lot of noise. Cis, do you think you'd recognize me if I were clipped bald with the mange? Cis, may I take my airplane to Reginald Denny's to be fixed tomorrow? Thank you very much, bear witness to that, please, Mr. Van."

Mr. Van, being scrupulously fair, refused to be bamboozled. "I only heard her say: 'I suppose so'."



A young star who has equestrian abilities as well as thespian, is Freddie Bartholomew. Here he is astride *Smoky*

" 'I SUPPOSE SO' is yes to me," said Freddie, and hurried on, before the point could be argued. "I think I'll have just enough money left to pay for it. Cis owed me twenty-eight dollars in the first place, I made some money writing a story for a magazine, and I borrowed three, that leaves twenty-five, it's really my own money but the only way I can get it back is to borrow it, and fifteen dollars for a Mother's Day lamp, that leaves ten. New spark plug, two and a half, battery, a dollar, and a tail section and that'll probably cost the rest of it."

His face turned thoughtful. "Of course the last time I went down, Mr. Denny positively refused to take any money. If that should happen again—don't put that down, oh, please don't. You see, Mr. Denny gave me the airplane in the first place, it's a business he's in, and that was enough for any man to do, without the upkeep. Well—all right, if you're sure it won't estrange him against me. I don't know why I let myself go this way. I think I'm too easily persuaded. I should control myself. I should bare my teeth and say: 'G-r-r'. 'G-r-r'. It looks particularly ferocious with braces, doesn't it?

"I've grown quite fond of these braces, attached to them, you know, they're attached to me, too, that's a joke, pretty funny, isn't it? I'll rather miss them when we start *Kim* next month. D'you know, Cis, *Kim* will practically be *Captains Courageous* all over again, because of Mr. Lighton and Mr. Fleming and Spencer Tracy. Oh, yes, Spencer's going to be *Abdu*-something-or-other, and I shall be able to borrow nickels from you again to buy him candy.

"That reminds me. May I borrow another twenty cents that you owe me, Cis, darling? To buy nickel-size ice cream cones—one for auntie, one for a lady, one for a gentleman, one for a scholar."

Auntie and the lady begged off. The gentleman was about to. "Sir!" declaimed the scholar. "You'll eat an ice cream cone and die with me."

Next moment one eye was gleaming at us through a crack in the doorway. "I'll be seeing you," he called genially (British version, in case you don't recognize it of "Be seein' ya") and was off down the corridor, leaving behind him that special blend of warmth and laughter which is Freddie's gift to the world.



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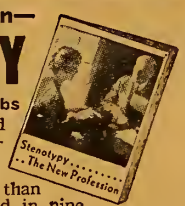


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No Mortgage On Ginger's Heart

[*Continued from page 23*]

divorce—and in that time, Ginger could know whether she was heading for disaster again. And she could save herself.

(It reminds me of the time Ginger, riding, suddenly felt the horse take the bit in its teeth, run away. Ginger loves riding; she'd trusted that horse; had trusted her safety to it. Now she found the trust suddenly misplaced. The horse headed for a cliff—blind in its runaway frenzy, it was going to jump off the cliff. Ginger could either stay on its back, take a chance in the crash—or throw herself off. She had time, even though a split second, to weigh the chances, decide. Ginger flung herself off, suffered scratches and bruises. The horse went on, plunged to death. That's a true story. I tell it here because it's a parallel—if ever sudden romance comes to Ginger, she's going to have time to decide whether to ride it and chance another fall, or whether to step out while the stepping's good.)

ANYWAY, even with that not-yet-divorced insurance, Ginger's still not taking chances. She's pretty careful with that damaged heart. She's not giving what's left of it, all to one man, by a darned sight. Ginger, even though besieged by at least three men who want her all to themselves, is telling them all to take just their share. There's Alf Vanderbilt, who has more millions than even Ginger can ever hope to earn; there's Jimmy Stewart, whom she likes very—maybe too—much; there's Cary Grant, who'd give anything to have the other two guys in Timbuctoo or somewhere.

Personally, I believe Jimmy Stewart is as near to having a mortgage on Ginger's affections as anyone can hope to get, now. But Ginger knows it. And so Jimmy gets no more than a third of her available dating-time. That's self-insurance, isn't it?

Maybe, some day, Ginger will take that altar-walk again. I hope so. She's a girl who'd make a grand wife; who has a right to the loveliness of married happiness. It's probable that she'll find it. But—take this as definite and final!—after one crash, Ginger's going to be all-fired, hundred-per-cent sure before she tells any other man "yes." And she's insuring that, as I've told you. All right, that's her Heart-Insurance.

Now about her Career: Ginger knows that she's in a big danger—the danger of being typed as the other half of the Astaire dance team. Or, even, of being typed as just a dancing-and-musical gal.

Well, if anything happened to Fred Astaire's career—if, for example, he decided to retire, as he may and probably will, very soon—where would Ginger be if she was just half of his team? Why, she'd have to start from scratch again. She's done that—not once, but several times. She's had her career crumple after a good start, before. Ginger's not going to have it again.

SO GINGER stood up and hollered. She hollered definitely and firmly—and sensibly enough so that even movie producers could understand the words as well as the music. The result?—why, the result is that before she goes into any more pictures as "that gal who dances with Fred Astaire," Ginger will make two other pictures. And she won't tap a step in 'em.

The first will be *Vivacious Lady*, in which Jimmy Stewart was to have played opposite her. But illness interfered, laid Jimmy up in bed (which irked Jimmy no end, because he'd been looking forward to playing all day long with his lady-love!). Currently, Radio studio is looking for a top-rank leading man to cast in Jimmy's place. Anyway, after *Vivacious Lady*, Ginger goes into *Stage Door*, wherein she shares headline honors with Katharine Hepburn. These two films will definitely divorce Ginger from the hey-hey-and-hoofing stuff for the time. And then—but not until then—does she team with Astaire again, for a story based on the life of Vernon and Irene Castle.

In short, Ginger is going to show RKO and the whole world that she can do anything and everything else on the screen besides being just the echo of Astaire's pedal rat-a-tat-tat. And then, when either Astaire quits screening or the dance-and-song-film vogue passes (as it always has and will), Ginger will still be tops as a straight dramatic or comedy actress.

She's straightforward about it. There's no illusions in her mind that she's another Bernhardt. It's just plain business sense. One of the times that Ginger got worked up (she's got the kind of disposition that you can hardly ever rile!) was when a gushy interviewer asked her: "Do you want to play drah-mah-tic roles, Miss Rah-gers . . .?"

"Get me right," snapped Ginger. "I don't want to do high tragedy. I'm no clown-wants-to-be-*Hamlet* picture. I don't care whether I do drama or comedy, tragedy or slapstick, modern or costume, drawing-room or down-to-earth—I don't care what it is, *so long as it does not depend merely on my ability to dance!*"

Get it? All right; what else? We've seen her Heart-Insurance plot; her Career-Insurance Plan. Now look at her own life—

Her finances, of course, are insured. There isn't a top star in Hollywood today who hasn't that much sense. Ginger, like the others, is putting her earnings safely and smartly away. We know that, so let's go into deeper things—

Her own happiness; her brain:

NOW understand this, first—Ginger has had very little "formal" education. She quit schooling at 13, went to work. Always, Ginger has felt that. Well, many another actress has had the same sort of background. I've seen many of them—too many!—overlook it, and just go hogwild on Hollywood, live the hey-hey life, forget the other life. Not Ginger. Ginger hey-hey's with the hottest of them. BUT Ginger also remembers she has a brain, and she knows that some day, when she's ceased being that red-haired-and-green-eyed honey you know on the screen, she's going to have an awful lot of time and an awful lot of existence left over, to do something with. So Ginger is preparing.

Now of many stars it's said they study. Of many stars, that's just so much press-agent hoocy. But of Ginger Rogers, it's true. The girl spends unbelievable hours, reading heavy things. Ginger likes them; wants them; it's no affectation. She sometimes gets people's goats that way. A certain girl confided to me about how Ginger made her feel foolish one day. The girl was talking to Ginger about books; Ginger mentioned that she'd just read a certain 1,000-page tome that wasn't at all popular, but was brainy reading. Peevish-mooded, feeling a bit snippy, and suspecting that Movie-Star Ginger was trying to put on a front,

the girl (who chanced to have just finished reading that very book) decided to trip Ginger up. So she began to ask Ginger about certain very abstruse passages in it.

"And darned if Ginger hadn't actually read the dam' book!" the girl snorted to me later. "She made me feel like a *fool . . .!*"

When Ginger grows out of stardom, she'll have things to live with—things that nothing but death can ever take from her, because they'll be part of her, part of her mind, of her soul. That's pretty good self-insurance, isn't it?

Too, her hobbies. That's an old story, but behind it is the untold story of Ginger's realization that in hobbies and in learning what they teach, she is adding self-insurance, too. Right now, she is going heavy for sketching. Late at night, you'll see her dressing-room lights burning. You burst in on her, and there she is at her drawing-board, sketching away. And not badly—in fact, so well that a big national magazine has asked permission to reproduce Ginger's portrait of her mother as a *work of art,* not just as a Hollywood curiosity!



Whether Ginger Rogers and Jimmy Stewart will join Hollywood's young married set, like their friends, the Allan Jones', is speculative. Meanwhile, Jimmy is Ginger's favorite beau, with Cary Grant and Alf Vanderbilt giving him stiff competition

SO FAR, Ginger hasn't agreed. "It's not good enough," she says of her work. "Maybe, ten or twenty years from now, I'll be better."

Materially, as well as mentally, Ginger is insuring her future happiness. There's that home she's finishing, now. It's going to be *her* home—not a Hollywood architect's and Hollywood interior-decorator's idea of what a movie-star's home should be!

It's on a mountain top, between Hollywood and the great San Fernando Valley. Ginger, from its windows, can look on the magic town that gave her fame and fortune; she can look to the rich valley on the other side; she can look far off to the sea and its mystery—and then, without the distractions and dimmings of sun-arcs and neon signs and marquee-lights, she can look up—"all the way to God," she once told an intimate friend. Reverently, honestly, without a Hollywood smirk. . . .

Anyway, that's going to be Ginger's home. It's part of her All-For-Ginger Self-Insurance Plan. No matter what happens to her as Movie-Star Rogers, she can always go there as just plain Virginia Rogers, and live a full life—and never once go near a movie studio again, if needs be. Let accident, catastrophe of any kind, come. Ginger will have her future—enough money to live on, her own home, her mind, her heart (unless, by then, she shall have given it into the keeping of some man who, by the very safeguards she has thrown around it, will be *the* man to guard richly that heart) . . .

Then, if and when the time comes, Ginger Rogers' All-For-Ginger Hundred Per-Cent Self-Insurance Policy will be paying off, in full!

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Hollywood's Mad Hatter

[*Continued from page 24*]

of surprise. Nothing really daunts her too much.

"Friends of yours?" Honore inquired of Don.

"I forgot," Don moaned. "We're to have our pictures taken."

And with photographers setting up paraphernalia, children weaving in and out, the dog throwing a fit under the bed, Honore finally got into her house pajamas and Don into his make-up. A comparatively mild incident in a day of the mad hatters of Hollywood.

THEY were sweethearts at thirteen. Dominic, son of a prosperous saloonkeeper, had been sent to a boy's school in Dubuque, Iowa, and there Father Sheehy introduced him to the local family of Prendergasts. Honore Prendergast, bright red-yellow braids down her back, freckles on her cute nose, and attractiveness spilling out from her plain face, looked at thirteen year old Dominic, and dark-eyed, raven-haired Dominic looked at her.

"Love at thirteen?" you're probably hooting, "Rubbish!"

Okay, but how do you laugh off the fact that Don Ameche is the most devoted head-over-heels-in-love husband in Hollywood, and with that same little freckle face? Has been for years. And is also the proud papa of two boys? Explain it, go on.

The affair, hectic as Hector's pup, lasted several years. As long, in fact, as the Academy decided to put up with no good Ameche who wasted time and got nowhere. Except to the Prendergasts. So from Dubuque he was sent to other schools—to monkey around some more. But, oh, the memories of those teen years in love! I listened to the two of them out on the front lawn as they sat and talked.

"Don, remember the time you ditched the date with me, and—"

"I never ditched a date. You—"

"You did so, Don. And I went with Ed Miller for sodas and you walked in the drugstore and saw us. My heavens, Don, your eyes crossed, you tried to be that nonchalant."

Don leaned back in his chair and roared. "Dommie," one year old and a miniature Man Mountain Dean, stopped stuffing the dog's ear in his mouth to listen.

"And Don, yesterday I came across the letter you wrote me the next day. 'It isn't any other girl or any other boy of yours', you wrote. 'It's just that my *care* for you is dying out.'"

With a yell Ameche went clear back over the chair onto the lawn and lay roaring. Honore howled, the dog barked, Dommie screamed and the mailman drew up and choked his carburetor. Memories!

IT WAS seven years after Don had left Dubuque forever that Honore, who was a dietician in a Dubuque hospital, went into Chicago to have that offending molar extracted. Stepping from a train she ran into Ed Miller. "Say," he said, "remember Don Ameche?"

Remember Dom Ameche? Remember him? As if she could forget him, ever. In those seven years the letters had somehow just died out. And there were years she had heard only through mutual friends that Dom had been merrily sent forth from another school. And yet another. That he had joined a summer stock company.

Remember him? Dark eyes, Italian eyes of his Italian father. The sweet boyishness of his smile. Remember him? She wondered with some surprise as she stood there if even for a single moment she had really forgotten him?

"Yes, yes, I remember Dom," she said.

"Well, say, he's broadcasting here in Chicago. Belongs to a radio cast called *First Nighters*. Come on, we'll call him on the phone."

"Come over to the Drake," Ed phoned to Don. "Got someone I want you to meet."

He came after the broadcast. The little skit from life that followed should really be called *Just Seven Years Later*. Honore's red-yellow braids were still there. Only wound closely around her head. No attempt had been made to cover the freckles. The same Dubuque freckles. Don had changed. He was a man now. But the eyes were the same. The mouth. The smile.

"You will marry me?" he said as they danced that night. And, of course, she did.

"I had to in order to get some sleep," she explains. "I spent practically all my time from then on riding on trains from Dubuque to Chicago."

BUT you see what makes the Ameches different is that from marriage on, the fun and the romance only began. Life is a gay, young adventure for Dominic and Honore. It's the life you and Joe or you and Jim way off from Hollywood once dreamed about, touched once or twice in passing and then lost, forever, in cares and troubles that reduced the dreams to ashes.

And they come to the Ameches, too, those cares and troubles, but it's the spirit of them, the way the two approach things together that makes marriage for Don and Honore so gloriously different.

Honore's babies must be born. Desperate illness in between, illness that meant Honore must be bedridden for weeks, was never dreamed of as a calamity because she and Don were taking it in high. It was life. And they were living it together. That was enough.

Relatives, droves of them, to aid. That, too, is fun. To be able to give. The shine in Don's eyes as he tells of his father's little chicken ranch. The saloon business went smash after prohibition and the fiery-tempered little Italian was left stranded. Until Don, oldest son, hit the bull's-eye of radio and movies.

From then on, Felix Ameche was taken care of. And let me tell you this. Young Don Ameche owns not a single acre of land or even a two-room shack of his own. But Dad does. Dad and Mother and any of the seven brothers and sisters who care to make it their home. Don Ameche bought that ranch home in the valley for his parents with all the money he had.

Less than half a mile from Don's home lives Dad and Mother. And twice each day, the little Italian makes his way to Don's house. Beets clutched in one hand, broccoli in the other. And the pride in Don's eyes, the love in Honore's, as they introduce Felix, the beets and the broccoli, to their guests.

WHO was that misguided soul who once said happiness in marriage depended on a smoothly run home? Well, he didn't know the Ameches. He couldn't have, anyway, for either they would be in bed till noon or at the Brown Derby for dinner or down

in the cellar hell bent for heaven on the family wash.

"Well," Honore will sigh, rolling down her sleeves, "thank heavens, I've got the wash out of the way for another week."

You see, they have theories about servants. They're against them. "Children," says Honore, "should never be shoved off on servants." So they have a life-long pal of Don's one Gabe, to take care of Ronnie, just three, and a little girl whom Honore has long befriended to look after Dommie. Honore does the housework including their family laundry.

"I can get done by noon easily," she says, "if I'm not interrupted too much." From noon on, then, it's "well, now what can we get into?" with the Ameches. And usually it's a poker game at a friend's house (Honore plays a swell game) or a tennis foursome, or a round of calls that ends at three in the morning.

Meals? Never, by the wildest stretch of a fever-ridden imagination can you picture the meal situation of the Ameches.

It's whoever gets to the store first that prepares the breakfasts and luncheons. It might be Gabe or Honore or Don. It's never the same person twice in a row, I promise you. The boys' meals are regular and perfectly balanced, but the adults—I'm gasping.

For one thing, Don refuses to eat dinner at home. "There's no romance, no fun to it," he explains. If you can accept that as an explanation, I mean. So along about three every afternoon Don begins mentally to prepare his dinner.

"I'm going to have something spicy tonight. Think I'll order chili," he'll say.

"Uh-huh," Honore will say, "that left-over feeling from last night, eh?"

So along about seven the Ameches will set out for the Derby for dinner and along about 10:30 they'll manage to get there, having paused en route to look in on friends. The excitement of setting out for dinner each evening together is there, you see. As Don explains, they often see Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, and once Gary Cooper and his wife, and "oh, boy, you know, gee, it's fun," he says.

THE only possible way Honore can keep Don at home on Sundays is to cook up a pot of spaghetti that would reach from here to Arrowhead. The sight, the smell, the very feel of spaghetti subdues the lad like a whip does a tiger.

"It's the wop in him," Honore explains. So the spaghetti feasts take place of a Sunday, but even they aren't normal. Anyone may come who chooses, only there aren't places for them at the table or cutlery enough to eat with if you do choose, but who cares? Certainly not the Ameches.

Spaghetti is consumed with spoons, butter-knives, baby-forks, and anything that happens to be lying about handy. Spaghetti plates of a Monday morning are found under beds, pepper trees, and bath tubs. Just wherever the guests choose to dispose of them, and that's all right, too. Honore can have the whole mess raked out by noon Monday, anyway.

They claim no possessions to weigh them down. Except, of course the half a can-opener to which they cling tenderly. Someone gave the Ameches that can-opener which promptly broke, for a wedding gift. It represents their sole shackle. If Don grows restless with a house in six months time, the Ameches simply grab up the babies, their clothes, and can-opener and they're off for fresher spots.

There is no clinging to possessions that hamper, hem in, and eventually become master, for the Ameches. They're free, young and deeply in love.

CATASTROPHES, of all sorts, however, are the order of the day. Dommie, the one-year-old, creates his share of confusion by walking up the bed slats and calmly disappearing. Once he was gone a half hour in which time the Ameche group went slightly madder than usual. It was Gabe who discovered a can of baked beans was also missing. Sheila, the dog, was brought into play and sure enough, far under the kitchen stove, calmly sitting like a little old man, with the can of beans intact, clutched tightly in his arms, sat the youngest of these surrealists of Hollywood—Dominic Felix Ameche, Jr., who says "No," to everything. Including Don's plea to say "Daddy."

They're prowlers. House prowlers who roam from room to room long after the clock has struck two of a morning. And even at three, Don will be aimlessly prowling from room to room. It's midnight before he can possibly tear himself away from the business of room roaming when busy on a picture.

So many things that happen to the Ameches happens wrong side to. For instance the entire kit and boodle of them decided to go to Arizona to escape the "flu" epidemic. Bags were packed, Dommie was scooped out from under the stove, Ronnie

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was brought in from the play yard, the laundry was run through in a rush and they were off.

They returned several weeks later, the "flu" having subsided in Hollywood, unpacked bags and boxes and each, in his own way, gradually settled down to the business of having the wretchedest dose of "flu" in town. Don and Honore had hysterics over it. "Imagine," Don would call in to Honore, who lay limp with "flu" and sniffles, "going all the way to Arizona to escape 'flu' and coming back with it. What's the matter with us, anyway?"

"I don't know," she'd call back, "but we're different anyway, aren't we?"

DON'S idea of hotcha entertainment is to take all visitors from back home to Ocean Park pier and send them through the Old Mill. And double up when cobwebby wisps of strings brush their faces, throwing the visiting firemen into semi-insanity. Young fun, you see, the prankish, gay young things of youth and the living of it, is the secret behind the Ameche door of happiness.

There was the time Don was away on *Ramona* location. Three days away and Indian Don began fretting for Honore.

"I'm going to wire my wife," he kept telling the boys. "To heck with this business of separation."

One half hour later, as if by some strange means of mental telepathy, Don, resplendent in his Indian fringes, heard a hail.

"Dom," it was Honore. There was wonder, wistfulness and even a certain mistiness in the eyes of actors, workers, builders as the plain-faced girl flew into the arms of the handsome Ameche.

That night, at midnight, a sudden crash, followed by a loud howl, rent the location camp. The movie crew flew toward the Ameche tent. There they lay, Don and Honore, in a bed that had literally given up the ghost. The entire thing had collapsed, leaving the Ameches flat on the ground and screaming with laughter. There was no more sleep that night for the *Ramona* crew. Leave it to the Ameches to disrupt order for dear life.

"Hi, Louie," Don called one day to a truck driver on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot. The writer who was walking with Don looked at him curiously.

"You know that truck driver?" he asked.

"Know him?" Don demanded, "why it's my brother. Hi, Louie, I want you to meet Mr. So-and-So."

There's another brother in college. Learning to be an architect. Don is seeing to that.

There are two girls away at boarding-school. Don is seeing to that. There is a little sister, just twelve, at home. Getting everything she wants. Don is seeing to that.

THE spirit of cheerful giving may be traced to a certain framed document that hangs in a conspicuous spot in the Ameche home. Quite simply and beautifully it states, for all to read, that the family of Dominic Felix Ameche is given over completely to the Lord's care.

It's the foundation, you see, firm and secure, on which the Ameches have built their house of love. A foundation of faith—so secure it permits freedom for happiness, joyousness, and fun. Another secret of their security in love, and then we leave the Ameches . . . They have, after five years, never ceased to feel the thrill of romance.

IT WAS early springtime when the two decided to make their first trip to the desert resort of Palm Springs. They sat there on their front lawn and told me about it. The boys chasing the dog in and out between our chairs as we talked.

"It was springtime," Don said, "and the first time I had ever smelled real orange blossoms. It filled the air, soft and, well, gee, it was just a grand smell. The breeze was gentle and the mountains had that twilighty look and—"

He had stopped talking and was looking over at Honore. She was looking at him. Brown eyes into blue. And there was something in the way they just looked at each other, something so doggone beautiful I just got up and went home. I don't think they even missed me.



While Honore and the little Ameches go gallivantin' around Don Ameche (Hollywood's mad hatter) takes advantage of peace and quiet and relaxes in the living room. The better to concentrate on his new picture, *You Can't Have Everything*, Don says

Buck Benny Rides Again

[Continued from page 38]

way of getting ahead in the world."

It was while his father was away on business and Jack had complete charge of the small town emporium, the fact that Jack was no Marshall Field was pretty well demonstrated. While one scalawag customer drew Jack's attention elsewhere, the long underwear department to be exact, his accomplice calmly walked off with three pairs of pants, all wool or I'm lying yet. So Jack took his violin and went on the stage.

HIS father, in Hollywood for a visit, and I sat on Jack's set and talked about those days. Talked and laughed and sometimes we were close to tears. We learned that Jack, a lad in his teens, came into his father's store one day after he had been invited by the teacher to get out of the school and get fast, and announced he was going on the stage.

"No, son," his father told him. "Not my boy. You'll get in bad company. You'll be a bad boy."

I can see the scene. The kindly parent and his only son, facing each other in that little shop. Outside the window familiar faces passed by. Inside was drama.

"All right, but you can't come home if you go," the father said.

"Well," Jack edged to the door, "if I've no home to come to, I'll just be a bum, I guess." That settled it. "You go then," his father consented, "and be a good boy."

For years he toured the little theatres, his violin under his chin. Every day of life a letter came to his father and mother from their boy. Whatever money was left when his expenses were paid was enclosed in a letter. If less money came one week than the other, detailed explanations of why and how followed.

The background of those small towns and of his own Waukegan, that understanding of all small towns and small town people, is the actual keynote behind the smooth sophistication of Benny's unsophisticated humor today. Sounds incongruous, doesn't it? But when Jack began broadcasting, he remembered the easy flow of banter among the gang down at Stub Wilbur's garage, of the keen wit and show-wise humor of this and that small town character, and he never made the mistake of playing down to them. He's played *up* to every hick in the country from the day he began. Probably because Jack Benny, himself, is the smallest town guy in the biggest dough business today.

Now you know why in five years of radio he's shot to the top *and stayed there*. And been voted by radio editors as tops three years in a row.

IT'S strange but I've never heard one person address him as Mr. Benny. He's "Jack" to extras, prop boys, and the president of Paramount. He'll sit next a moth-eaten old extra between shots and chat as easily and as comfortably as he will with a star. More so.

He's the one man (and I verified this) in show business that rates no envy, no jealousy, no brick-bats from his fellow-players. And we, outside show business, can hardly grasp the full meaning of that fact. Everyone in the business is for him. "Know Jack Benny?" they'll say. "Why, he's my most intimate friend." And although they may have met him but once or twice in their lives, they believe it.

Corny jokes (vaudeville for stale) upset his stomach. But even then he's kind. If someone suggests a pretty corny piece of business to Jack he'll say, "Yes, it's good, but there's only one thing the matter with it." Gently and easily he lets them down.

He dies laughing at other comedians. Just one hour with George Burns and Gracie Allen (his closest friends) and Benny is ready for a sanitarium. The drollery of Burns literally, and I mean it, rolls Jack on the floor.

Humor is his god. He worships at its shrine. If you're funny, it's all Benny asks. You can be a Negro maid, a Swedish gardener, or the president of a bank. If you're funny, you're all equals and all friends of Benny's.

He isn't crazy about money or what it stands for. Never has been. Never will be. To see him in that Dorothy (Countess) di Frasso place he rents out in Beverly Hills is—well, it's something, now I'm telling you. I mean you don't walk in the front door of a Beverly Hills mansion and yell, before you're even well in, "Doll, what you got for dessert tonight?"

I mean, what's the neighbor's butler going to think? Obviously, Benny doesn't care, for Benny goes right on yelling it. Every night, too.

"Doll" is his pet name for Mary Livingston, his wife. Her voice just naturally softens as she talks of him. "Ten years we've been married," she'll say, and pretends that smoke gets in her eyes. Jack's love for Joanie, adopted by the Bennys when she was just four months, is something to see. "Joanie Ben-neeee," he'll call, prolonging the last syllable and ending on a rising inflection.

Pit pat go the feet at the top of the stairs. A tiny blonde head peers through the bannister to Jack, below.

"Jackie Ben-neeee," she'll call back. Her little voice rising shrilly at the end.

He'll knock at her door of a morning. At the first tap she's off for one certain corner of a couch to hide while Jack must hunt. Kissing, laughing, teasing follows. And then comes the business of selecting the necktie for the day. Carefully baby Joanie goes over his ties. "Iss one, daddy," she'll finally cry and if Joanie selects a red tie for Jack to wear with a greenish tweed suit, let it be a lesson to you if you think Benny renegs. He wears it. All day, too.

Then he's off to the studio. But not down the front stairs. From the back stairs Joanie has discovered she can see him through the grill work as he drives out. He'll pause deliberately now and then on the way out to look back at her. It's the last thing he sees every morning as he leaves home. A wee golden head and two blue eyes peering after him.

"Jack Ben-neeee," her little voice carries out the driveway. "Jack Ben-neeee," and it will be lost in the whirr of traffic. But not in Jack Benny s heart.

ANOTHER secret to the success of Jack Benny is his consuming passion for work. He's miserable without it. Work, I mean. Gets to looking hang-doggish and even sour-pussy through vacation time. But give him work and he's happy. No sooner is one weekly broadcast finished than he gathers the gang about him to discuss next week's program. Suggestions are offered by the crew. Everything in life, all the natural



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happenings of the day become potential radio material. If Mary has had her tonsils removed, for instance, you can bet Jack will scize on that for broadcast material.

His mind is constantly at work. In the middle of the night he'll call over to Mary, "Doll, wake up. Listen, is this funny?"

Mary will rouse herself from sleep to listen. "It's a riot," she'll say.

"All right," Benny says, "remember it for me, will you?" And Mary remembers.

One night on a train from New York to Los Angeles Jack awakened in the night with a great idea. "Mary," he called and repeated the gag.

"Remember it, will you?"

"Nevah mind, Mr. Benny," the porter called back. "I'll tell you about it in the morning." And he did.

Gag writers Bill Morrow and Ed Beloin along with Jack's secretary, Harry Baldwin, and Harry Birnes, a friend from old vaudeville days, will gather with Jack each noontime in the actor's dressing-room for a gag session.

In a notebook, Baldwin writes down in shorthand every remark made by everybody there. Such quaint sayings as "How about Uncle Tom's Cabin?" or "No, let's put on a minstrel show" all go down in the little notebook.

Nights the group will move to Benny's home or to the home of one of the writers. More business goes down in the notebook. On Friday, the notes are transcribed into English, and the work really begins in earnest. Benny, a great editor, cuts and cuts and rewrites and cuts again.

The finished copy is then mimeographed and taken to the one radio rehearsal on Saturday afternoons. Again it's edited, cut, wept over, fondled over as choice lines come out. There must be that easy, natural flow of conversation. Many a grand gag lies buried in the Benny boneyard because it just didn't fit. Down, down, down, the script dwindles to sixteen minutes of continuity. Eleven is given to music and commercials. Three minutes are reserved for laughs.

THE behavior of Benny at a broadcast is something to see. The most fun goes on before they ever hit the air with Benny prancing across the stage. Kidding the audience. Getting them, as he terms it, relaxed. Kidding the players. And kidding himself. Benny never spares himself. Keeping the humor flowing and bubbling along.

For this he's paid the sum of $12,500 a week. Out of that sum he pays his writers, his secretary, and any extra talent he brings in. The sponsor pays the orchestra, the announcer, Mary Livingston and Kenny Baker, the singer.

"I don't want to be tops in my work," he explained to me, "it's too wearing trying to stay there. All I ask is to be among the ten best. It's all I ask."

Jack Benny can no more keep himself from the top of the heap than he can fly. People understand Benny. They feel the warmth and humaness of the man behind the quip, and a world, hungry for simple qualities such as these, laps it up.

"What do you like to do best, next to work?" we asked him.

"Travel," he answered in a flash, and we had visions of Monte Carlo, San Moritz or Shepherd's in Cairo. "Yes, sir," he went on, "I love to get behind the wheel of my car and drive from here to Chicago stopping at all the little towns, talking to the boys, and eating all the hot dogs I want at the lunch stands. Boy, that's the life!"

Hot dogs at a lunch stand, tch, tch, tch! The homecoming to Waukegan just recently of this radio and movie star testifies, as nothing else can, to the man Benny. The town opened up its heart and its arms to the lad who came home after thirty years wearing the same smile and the same sized hat, but with a deeper, kinder feeling for a world that had been so kind to him.

Two inch headlines in the local paper read "Welcome Home, Jack Benny." Bands played, confetti flew, a quartette sang—and Benny didn't even laugh. He grew misty-eyed as the bass zoomed against the tenor. He had gone to school with them and the other boys who stood and cheered. Jack Benny didn't have to get acquainted all over again with the home folk. You see, he had never forgotten them, never failed to write or wire his pals in Waukegan.

He visited the Great Lakes naval base where, during the war, he had enlisted in the band.

"What do you play?" the bandmaster finally got around to asking him.

"The violin," Jack smiled. Two marines held down the bandmaster. "And he wants to march in a band playing a fiddle," the bandmaster screamed. "As far as I'm concerned the war's over. I quit."

So Jack had to take to impromptu monologuing during the band concerts to keep his job. His bits of chatter delivered at the camp shows, made even the bandmaster smile. So Benny tried it out in vaudeville later and it eventually landed him in Earl Carroll's *Vanities,* where he constantly kept his chatter *clean.* A state of affairs so unusual it undoubtedly helped drive Carroll baldheaded.

FROM the stage it was an easy step to radio and movies where we find our hero today. Which brings us to the "Buck Benny rides again" thing. He began the gag play merely as a two or three weeks feature over the air. The public suddenly went mad over it. Letters, wires, messages swamped him. "Will Buck Benny ride again?" they demanded.

When he skipped a week or two, he wished he hadn't.

The deluge put him under. It became necessary for Buck Benny to ride again or get his doggoned head bashed in by a threatening public. So whether he likes it or not, he rides.

In direct contrast to the feverish preparations for his radio broadcast, is his approach to pictures. He goes about his movie making calmly, quietly doing as he's told. Only recently has he allowed his script writers to supply his movie dialogue as well. Their lines, he feels, suit him better. But on the screen, he's as he always is on the air, the underdog. The guy who can't win. He's made *The Broadway Melody of 1936* and *College Holiday, The Big Broadcast of 1937* and is now making *Artists and Models* for Paramount.

"How about this *Artists and Models?*" we asked him. "What sort of picture is it?"

"Well, I'll tell you," he said, "it's a picture *without* Burns and Allen." Which seemed to explain everything.

Benny is never the big noise anywhere. Sits quietly and absorbs. Or lets out a yell of laughter at something. But that's all. Jack is always the audience. His mannerisms off screen and radio are exactly those of the Benny that the air and movie audiences know. He's just that natural. He even sticks out that tongue in real life, too.

"Hah," he'll say to Mrs. Benny, "You thought I wouldn't eat asparagus fixed that way. Well, I did—ah—" and out goes the tongue. His spirit is young. And although it's a long road back to that boy in his teens



Claire Trevor and Billy Bakewell have fun at the Cocoanut Grove. Are their hearts going boom like the toy balloon?

who started out with his fiddle under his arm, he has always remembered the words of his father:— "You be a good boy, Jack."

Each winter he sends his father from Waukegan to Florida for the winter. "Now don't be stingy, Dad," he'll write including a large check, "Spend this on yourself and have a good time."

I know what his father, Meyer Kubelsky (Jack's real name) means to his son. For after each broadcast Jack receives dozens and dozens of wires from his sponsors, friends, and the admiring public. But there's one he waits for eagerly. When it finally comes, his smile broadens as he reads, "It was a good program, my boy." And it's signed "Your Father."

If the show is below par, the wire just doesn't come, that's all. And Benny works twice as hard next week just so he will be handed a wire from a very old man, exactly seventy-six years old, who means so much to Jack Benny.

NO STORY of Jack Benny is complete without Mary Livingston. It's Jack and Mary all the time. Theirs is a marriage that stands as an ideal to all Hollywood. They've been married ten years.

Now for the newest news on the Bennys. "I'm taking Mary to Europe this summer," he told me, "because I think she needs a complete rest and change. She's nervous and tired."

He didn't tell me, however, that before he even arranged for their vacation, he had financed a European trip for his two writers, Bill Morrow and Ed Beloin, just in appreciation. A typical Benny gesture. I had to find that out from other sources, however. When he returns, he'll again take up his broadcasting and movie making.

But here's the news—We hear from reliable sources that Mary has promised to appear in movies with him. Jack and Mary again.

And what do you mean do I know Benny? Why, I interviewed the man once and do I know him? Why, Jack Benny is my most intimate friend.

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Let's Have Some Ice Cream

[*Continued from page 52*]

additional ingredients are added to the syrup, it is made more stable and more inclined to give the much desired smooth even cream.

A word more about the faster freezing. Every automatic refrigerator, naturally, has its own special handling in regard to temperature control. But the owner should learn to understand it to secure best results. In most recipes involving the use of cream (as opposed to water ice), the mixture should be frozen at the coldest point, as fast as possible. This will be equivalent to the fast cranking in the crank freezer, or to the rapid beating of eggs or similar mixtures by hand.

AS EVERY homemaker knows, there are different types of frozen mixtures as follows:

1. *Ice Cream*—Mixture of cream, milk, sweetening, flavor and possibly fruits, stirred while freezing.
2. *Mousse*—Similar mixture to above, but frozen without stirring. (All automatic refrigerator ice cream.)
3. *Parfait*—Mixture of hot syrup poured over beaten egg whites with whipped cream added. Packed and frozen without stirring.
4. *Sherbet or Ice*—Mixture of sweetened fruit juices, stirred while freezing.
5. *Punch or Frappe*—Mixture like sherbet only partially frozen, and very granular in texture.
6. *Bisque or Biscuit*—Custard ice cream mixture to which minced nuts, cake crumbs, etc., are added, frozen without stirring.
7. *Frozen Pudding*—Custard ice cream mixture as above, with the addition of fruits.

In making any cream mixture, the milk or cream must first be scalded. The reason is the one mentioned a moment ago, namely to lessen the amount of liquid and to increase the body of the mix. Scalded cream is richer and less likely to separate than uncooked milk. The sugar or other sweetening should be cooked down to a syrup and allowed to cool. Fruit juices, flavors, etc., should be added last.

In making straight water ices, the same suggestions hold, that is to make a syrup of sugar and water, cool, and add fruit juices last. If you cook fruit juices, the flavor changes and the color fades. It may be necessary to add additional vegetable coloring to make the finished dish the right color.

RECENTLY many products of a premixed type or ready-to-use, have come to the housewife's aid. These may be bought in packaged form, or some come in a small tin. This mix contains sweetening, flavor and "body," and is usually very easily added to cream or to a cream and milk mixture. Whole fruits are featured in one brand of mix, packed in tins. These products make ice cream such a simple task that everyone may prepare it several times a week, especially when used in the automatic refrigerator.

Sweetened condensed milk also is a most helpful and time-saving kind of milk to use in all frozen milk desserts. The fact that it is in such a condensed form with sugar and milk already cooked during the manufacturing process, enables it to be rapidly blended with other ingredients to which it provides unusual body. Some of the most delectable creams have a condensed milk base, and a recipe for one of these appears below. Marshmallows are another form of pre-cooked sugar and syrup which provide extra creaminess to the finished dish.

Here is a very seasonable recipe in which they appear:

CANTALOUPE CREAM

27 marshmallows
½ cup hot water
2 cups ripe cantaloupe pulp
3 tablespoons lemon juice
Grains salt
3 drops oil of cinnamon
2 tablespoons powdered sugar
3 egg whites

Place marshmallows in top of double boiler. Add hot water, and heat until melted. Add melon pulp which has been forced through fine sieve. Add lemon juice, salt and cinnamon oil. Chill. Add sugar gradually to egg whites, beating until mixture stands in peaks. Fold into first mixture. Pour into freezing tray and freeze at coldest point. Stir once or twice during freezing. (Serves 6.)

OTHER frozen dishes not strictly desserts add much to the refreshment of the summer menu. Some of these are called salad-desserts, and have a cream base in which cut fruits, cream cheese, mayonnaise or whipped cream are incorporated. Tomato juice as well as strictly fruit juices may be frozen into a sherbet or ice. Whipped cream may be added to the tomato juice to make a most delicious tomato freeze to be cut in squares and served on lettuce. Chilled bouillon also is in this group of iced foods. And here is a suggestion: Use paper cups or small paper dishes which fit into the freezing tray. Or there is a special new set of glass refrigerator tray dishes made expressly for freezing creams, etc. Pour into mixture in these individual paper or glass units, and freeze without stirring. The complete, finished dish may then be served in the dish on which it was frozen. Frozen custards and Biscuit Tortoni are examples of creams always frozen in paper cups.

The crank freezer produces what is to many people an ideal home-made ice cream. There is now available a special small iceless freezer unit designed to operate in the ice chamber of any usual automatic refrigerator. To do so, one removes the ice cube trays and the dividing shelves so that there is a larger compartment. Into this compartment goes the freezer can. The refrigerator door closes on the connecting cord which may then be plugged in to any electric outlet. In from one to two hours, the mixture will be sufficiently frozen so that it no longer needs stirring, and the motor (of the device) will stop automatically!

THIS new iceless freezer is a smooth, small, narrow, cylindrical can, complete with tiny dasher. It fits easily into the refrigerator compartment and is a pleasure to use. Here's a novel but simple recipe which lends itself particularly to freezers using a dasher!

CHERRY CREAM SHERBET

1⅓ cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk
¼ cup maraschino cherry juice
¼ cup lemon juice
2 cups water
½ teaspoon lemon extract
Maraschino cherries

Combine milk, cherry and lemon juices, water and lemon extract, and blend thoroughly. Pour into freezer cylinder, and freeze. Remove dasher. Allow to ripen one hour or more before use. Garnish roll of cream with whole cherries. (Makes 1¼ quarts.)

Rum and coffee is a combination flavor which seems particularly festive in any food. And here it is featured in an ice cream, too good to just give the family! Better save it for your special guests!

RUM AND COFFEE ICE CREAM

½ cup confectioner's sugar
1½ tablespoons flour
2 cups milk
½ teaspoon salt
2 eggs, well beaten
1 teaspoon gelatin
1 tablespoon cold water
2 cups cream, whipped stiff
2 tablespoons rum and coffee extract
¼ cup macaroon crumbs

Combine sugar and flour with a little milk, to a thin paste, and add to remaining milk which has been scalded. Cook until thick. Add salt and eggs slowly to hot mixture, stirring constantly. Cook to consistency of thin custard. Add gelatin soaked in cold water and stir to dissolve. Cool. Fold in stiffly whipped cream, together with rum and coffee flavor. Pour into freezing tray and freeze at coldest point. Serve with macaroon crumbs dusted over top. (Serves 6.)

In hot weather, ice cream is often all that one wants or needs for lunch or supper. If made of pure fresh ingredients its cream, butter and sugar can replace the same ingredients in other foods. Ice cream thus is a genuine food, wholesome and nourishing, and not merely a sweet ending to a full meal.

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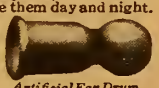
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The "Model" Way to Hollywood

[*Continued from page 35*]

comedies. Many people BELIEVE actors are born, not made. That's true to a certain extent. But it has been my experience as a stage director that talent can be developed by training. Modeling is excellent preparation for acting. These girls have poise, charm, and rhythm of movement. They know how to walk, what to do with their hands."

Teacher Curlman had written on the blackboard, "Relax and Concentrate, or else—" The 14 most photographed girls in the world impressed us as model pupils. We met them again the next morning, to gather intimate facts about them.

Half a million photographs were considered and all the successful models in New York were interviewed before these girls were selected. They are the cream of their crop. We'll try to describe them as soberly as we can.

BETTY WYMAN, is the No. 1 model of the country and gets more money for posing than any other girl, her rate being $25 an hour. She won the advertising model award for 1935. She was born in Kansas City and has been modeling for five years, costly furs being her specialty. She has designed the furs used in *Vogues*. Thousands of young girls collect Wyman pictures, and she has a public which many cinemactresses might well envy. A simple, natural manner is the keynote of her modeling technique. Asked what she likes best about Hollywood, she quipped, "The gold in the sunshine." Her measurements are: Height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 108; dress size, 14; bust, 34½; waist, 26½; hips, 36. She is a brunette.

Frances Joyce, a magazine front cover girl, who has popularized cigarettes on the back covers, has been repeatedly chosen as one of the ten most beautiful and best-dressed girls in America. Hers is a patrician beauty. How did she feel when she was picked to appear in *Vogues?* She was "astonished." Frances was in Earl Carroll's Vanities and has had a year's dramatic training at the Paramount studio in New York. But when her screen test was sent out to the coast, Paramount executives saw they had another Frances Farmer, and such resemblances don't spell movie contracts in the same studio. But other producers besides Walter Wanger are interested in her, and if she can act, she should give even Marlene Dietrich a run for her money.

We asked her what's the chief difficulty she has had to overcome. "Knowing what to do with my height when I started growing up," she laughed. "That was my greatest struggle. I started out as a toe-dancer, but my height prevented me from trying to realize my ambitions of becoming another Pavlowa." Her modeling rates are, $5 an hour when posing for photographs, $15 an hour in fashion work. Her hobby is reading. "I read three or four books every week." She is writing a book based on her experiences as a model. Born in Allentown, Pa. Measurements: Height, 5 feet 7 inches (without heels): weight, 125; dress size, 14; bust, 32; waist, 25½; hips, 35. Brown hair and brown eyes.

OLIVE CAWLEY is the daughter of a banker, her dad being connected with the Bankers Trust in New York. She made her debut in society a year ago. "I've been modeling for only seven months. After I made my debut, my mother wanted me to go to a fashionable school, but I wanted a job." Half in fun, half seriously, she went to the Powers Agency for Models, where most of the Voguettes were chosen. Mr. Powers hired her immediately, and the rest of her story is a matter of photographic record.

"It isn't much fun when they tell you to walk and show your dress off. Modeling taught me a great deal about myself, my good and bad points." She has no overwhelming ambition to be an actress. She wants to marry and have kids. "I'd like to marry a cave-man. I don't want to be pampered, bowed down to, allowed to have my way all the time. You know, we models make good wives. A lot of men are proud to be married to models. We are very domestic." Olive has brown hair and melting brown eyes. She looks the shyest, but is one of the most outspoken. Height, 5 feet 6; weight, 120; dress size, 12 to 14; bust, 34; waist, 25; hips, 35.

Elizabeth Harben, whose enchanting smile and healthy pink cheeks make you think of sea breezes and May Day fetes, has graced the covers of magazines for several seasons. "I did the cigarette posings, too." For a year she was secretary to an executive of a large corporation in New York, after which she sought work as a model. "Modeling is really hard work. You rush around from one studio or store to another carrying boxes of clothes. Except when wearing expensive furs and things like that, the model must supply her own wardrobe. I have seen a lot of pretty girls go into modeling, but failed to survive because they didn't have the required wardrobes. We models lead a hectic life in New York, but I've had a wonderful rest since we've been out here." Her hobby is sailing, which she does all the year round. Height, 5 feet 6½ inches; weight, 109; dress size, 12; bust, 33; waist, 24; hips, 34½. Light brown hair and brown eyes.

KATHERINE ALDRIDGE is "the girl with the perfect oval face." She has a vivid, virginal type of beauty. Her English is a delight. Brought up with three maiden aunts in Virginia, all three school teachers. Admits blushingly, "I have kissed only two boys in my life." Elizabeth Harben, who is a close friend of hers (all of them are quite chummy) said Katherine would like to marry a minister, whereupon Katherine snapped, "But I haven't met a minister I'd like to marry." Her first job was being secretary to a banker, and she has been modeling for only a year. Her face is considered ideal by editors of women's magazines.

Every dollar she can spare goes into repairs on the old family homestead in Lyells, Va. She comes from a family of aristocratic Virginians now no longer rich, but proud as ever. "I want to be the salvation of my family," she said with passionate earnestness. Katherine will make an exquisite heroine for a novel of the South. She is the youngest Voguette, and one of the tallest. Height, 5 feet 7½ inches; weight, 120; dress size, 12 to 14; bust, 32; waist, 23; hips, 35. Light brown hair, grey-blue eyes.

Dorothy Day, busiest model of millinery in the country, also famous for her hands, looks like Carole Lombard, and is full of fun and mischief. She is the main support of

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Libby Harben, one of the most photographed girls in the world, took the "Model" way to Hollywood and you'll be seein' her in Walter Wanger's *Vogues of 1938*. Sailing is Libby's hobby so she wears a cotton playsuit with a sailboat motif

her family. Her water color sketches have been extensively exhibited. She designs and makes all her clothes. She is a blonde, with large grey eyes. Height, 5 feet 6½ inches; weight, 109; dress size, 12; bust, 33; waist, 24; hips, 34½.

PHYLLIS GILMAN is recognized as the perfect lingerie model. Born in Philadelphia, attended a convent for two years in Florence, Italy, has lived in London, Paris, Vienna, speaks several languages. Was in *Transatlantic Rhythm* and *Monte Carlo Follies*, both produced in Europe. But this is the break she has been waiting for. Height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 118; dress size, 14; bust, 33; waist, 24; hips, 36. Blonde hair and dark blue eyes.

Betty Douglas, an Atlanta, Georgia, girl, is another cosmopolite; has lived in Paris and London. Was a teacher of telephone operators in Louisville before she became a model in New York department stores. Has been in Hollywood before, but had to go to New York to get a break. Height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 125; dress size, 14 to 16; bust, 35; waist, 25; hips, 36. Blonde with grey eyes.

Noreen Carr also has lived in Hollywood before, but didn't know what the inside of a studio looked like until she came back as a Voguette. She was in the Schubert musical review, *Life Begins at 8:40*. Has posed for cigarettes, toilet soap, and big New York stores. Co-ed type. Recently returned from Florida, where she posed for a cigarette ad with tropical backgrounds.

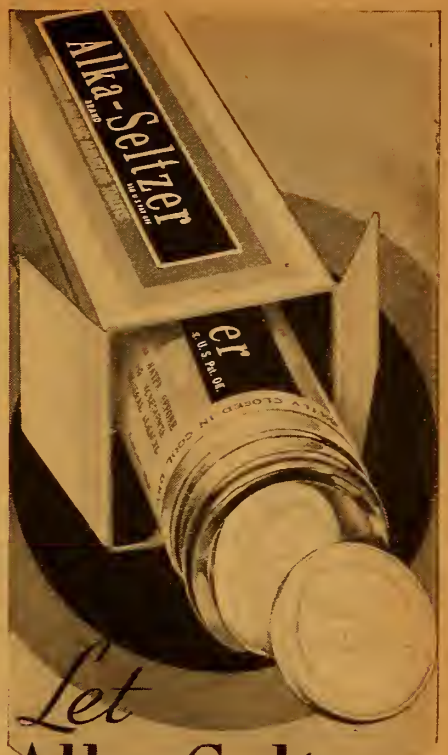
One of her most unusual experiences in modeling was posing for an insurance company ad which required that she hang upside down from a house. She was knitting while we interviewed her. Height, 5 feet 5½ inches; weight, 108; dress size, 11 to 13; bust, 32½; waist, 25; hips, 34. Blonde.

Another industrious knitter is Ruth Martin, one of the shapeliest and prettiest Voguettes. Has visited France, Belgium, Germany, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Hungary, Austria, etc. Society gal. Height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 110; dress size, 11 or 12; bust, 33; waist, 24; hips, 34. Ash blonde hair, blue eyes.

PEGGY CALVIN is the blondest of the blonde Voguettes. She is a Kansas City girl, descended from one of the First Families of Virginia. Charlotte Street and Campbell Street in Kansas City have been named after her mother, Charlotte Campbell. Many a lorgnette was lifted when she came to Hollywood to display her charms on the screen. (We seem to have lost her measurements).

Ida Vollmar is known as the tooth-paste girl; you have seen her smiling at you in countless ads and bill posters. She has been supporting her family ever since she graduated from high school. Is a native New Yorker. Active member of the YWCA, and had never been to a night club in her life until she came to Hollywood, where cavaliers aren't lacking to take these beauties to the Trocadero, Clover Club and other celebrated niteries. They go usually in a crowd. Jimmy Stewart tossed a party for all of them. Ida is a blonde. Height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 106; dress size, 11 or 12; bust, 32½; waist, 23½; hips, 34½.

Martha Haverin and Mary Oakes are strictly mannequins, and not photographic models. They said, apologetically, their faces have no photographic appeal. But what chawm! Martha is an omniverous reader, married. She modeled for high class stores in New York and Chicago. Of all the good things in the world, she values peace most, and says she has it. It shows, too, in her face. Height, 5 feet 6½ inches; weight, 120;



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dress size, 12 to 14; bust, 34; waist, 27; hips, 35. Brown hair, hazel eyes.

Mary Oakes has been married twice. Her second husband was killed in an aeroplane crash. She lived two years in Honolulu, spending most of her time in aeroplanes. "When I graduated from high school my father didn't have enough money to send me through college. I worked my way through the Art Institute in Chicago, selling ads, acting as hostess in a tea room, posing for evening classes at the Institute. I believe I was the poorest student there, and I got the biggest thrill in my life when they elected me queen of the Mardi Gras, an artists' ball. I had to count my pennies to save enough money to go to New York. I lost all my savings in the bank crash."

She is the staff model for editorials in a woman's magazine, an assignment which covers every possible kind of specialized modeling from stockings to millinery. "Modeling is a wonderful profession, you meet so many nice people, but you burn out sooner or later. However, some have been modeling for ten years and are still tops." Height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 116; dress size, 12 to 14; bust, 34; waist, 25; hips, 34. Brown hair, brown eyes.

MODELING is strictly business, according to the unanimous opinion of these girls. The model must know how to sell herself and cultivate pleasant relationships with the photographers and stores that employ them, but a reputation for moral laxity is fatal for success. The model must live a sensible life, retire early, avoid emotional storms and excesses of all kinds, always radiate vibrant well-being. Not every one of these girls is a beauty, but they all have real charm and intelligence. Our only regret is that there isn't a single redhead among them. And we earnestly hope that the ones who will click and develop into screen actresses will not lose their present fresh, unspoiled personalities.

Paramount has been selecting the models for *Artists and Models* from among Hollywood girls. Last night we sat with the three judges—Raoul Walsh, Leroy Prinz and Russell Patterson, the illustrator—to see how they pick 'em. The Leroy Prinz bungalow at the studio was crowded with girls, professional models or film dancers. A man snooped around taking candid camera shots. In a small room the girls walked across a stage, one by one, first in evening gowns or street clothes, then in bathing suits, and the judges graded them A, B, or C, the primary requirements being beauty, figure, and that elusive quality called "style." This was one of the preliminary try-outs, a process of elimination.

At least a thousand girls will be examined before the models for the picture are chosen. Leroy Prinz, who seems to know every one of them personally, told them what to do on the stage: "Turn around slowly, please;" "Swing your stuff a little bit;" "How tall are you, honey?" Some of the girls were obviously embarrassed, others took it in stride. The stage was flooded with lights and they couldn't see us. It was a grand show.

There is a models' club in Hollywood, with a clubhouse on Hollywood Boulevard. Here every Thursday night a review is held for studio casting and dance directors, commercial artists and photographers, manufacturers, jobbers and stores. Some of the most beautiful girls we have ever seen have belonged to this organization. These weekly reviews are conducted in exactly the same manner as we described above. Josephine Seymour, co-director of the Club (the other director being Doris "Ziegfeld" Lloyd) tells of their various qualifications to the assembled guests. The girls have merely numbers. Their names are not given.

The Club offers its members free booking service, classes in modeling, walking, dancing, singing, dramatics. Miss Seymour, who teaches the girls how to walk, was once a famous model herself, and conducted a school for models on Wilshire Boulevard. She is the mother of three children. Recently we attended her class in proper walking. She was teaching the "French walk," which is used for evening gowns only, or for lovely stage effects in a fashion review. It is done to the count of one—two—three.

Said Miss Seymour to her beauteous pupils: "Your evening personality is much more formal than the one you use in your regular walk. Your audience is not as important as the gown you are displaying. In an evening gown you are to be beautiful, languid, graceful. You are never the pursuer, but the lady at whose feet they gather to ask favors."

DORIS LLOYD was glorified by Ziegfeld for nine seasons, from 1917 to 1926. "I've never been a beautiful dame," she told us. "Ziggy thought I had a terrific personality. Well, I always feel as if I'm on the witness stand. I used to clown a lot, to hide my embarrassment on the stage. I've always been scared to death of people. When we first started this club I had to make a speech before the Kiwanis Club. I told 'em this is the first speech I've made in my life. I was as red as a beet. A newspaper mug who was hanging around the place told me, 'You are the first Ziegfeld Follies girl who blushes.' Scouting for talent has been a hobby of mine ever since I entered the show world. I see so much material here overlooked by the studios, girls who are potential screen stars."

The beautiful Brewster Twins, fashion and photographic models, now under contract to 20th Century-Fox, belonged to this club when we first met them. There are many Hollywood girls who supplement their earnings as models by working in pictures now and then. There is, for instance, Lynne Lamont, a statuesque beauty with blue eyes and reddish brown hair. She is a member of Vic McLaglen's Girls' Troupe, composed of expert riders. Like most successful models, she is versatile—and can dance, sing, design, wham a typewriter like nobody's business. She is a graduate of the Los Angeles Junior College, where she took a commercial course.

Pretty Virginia Dabney, who modeled in *Fashion Follies*, *Turn off the Moon*, *Stolen Holiday* and other pictures, is now in the cast of *Mountain Music*, as a full-fledged player. "I appear in several different scenes," she told us at Paramount, bubbling with enthusiasm. "I was two years with Warner Brothers as a show girl, but I didn't get anywhere until I started modeling. When they photograph an expensive gown, the girl who wears it is photographed along with it, and gets a chance to show her charm, beauty and personality. But in a chorus ensemble you are lost, one of fifty or seventy-five girls kicking their legs. Extra work is still worse."

There is an increasing demand for models in Hollywood. Russell Patterson estimates the demand 100% more than it was a year or two ago. Color photography has been a boon to models. So if you are thinking of breaking into pictures, consider the possibilities of modeling. It's an incomparably better way of gaining recognition than extra or chorus work.

Olivia Majors in "Hollywood"

[*Continued from page* 42]

things. I know more about life today than I would if I were a junior in college. I'm reasonably sure of that. And I have a feeling that that may mean more to me in the end—not just as an actress, but as a woman."

"What would you have studied if you had gone to college?"

"English—I would have majored in that—and speech arts. I was planning to be either an English teacher or an elocution teacher. I would have taken French. And history. Everything a general arts course has to offer."

"AND what have you been majoring in, in Hollywood?"

"Self-improvement, from every angle. That, and human relationships. Maybe you could call it Applied Psychology. I didn't know the first thing about it when I came to Hollywood. I had never had to get along with a variety of people; I had had the 'sheltered' kind of girlhood. In college, I still would have led a more or less 'sheltered' life. Here, I've had to meet all kinds of people, in all kinds of situations, and learn how to adapt myself."

"Then, too, hasn't Hollywood given you some pretty intensive instruction about greater glamor — which college wouldn't have?"

"If it has," she said, with her brown eyes teasing, "I'm afraid I forgot to take notes. You can see how much make-up I wear." She was wearing next-to-none. "You can see how I dress." She was wearing a simple frock, such as you might see on any chic collegienne. "I'm not a glamor girl. Glamor girls don't make costume pictures, and I haven't made anything else, except for these last two—*Call It a Day* and *It's Love I'm After*. And those two girls have hardly been exotic types. They've both been more like that-girl-next-door."

"If Hollywood hasn't remade your face or your wardrobe—how about your figure?"

"Diet and I are strangers. I have a ferocious appetite. Like a hockey player. Hockey, by the way, is something I'd probably be playing in college. I played in high school."

"Are we building up to an impression that Hollywood, as an educational institution, hasn't changed you outwardly, any more than college would have?"

"No. Not entirely. By the time I was in the junior year in college, I hope there would be *some* outward improvement. And I think I've undergone a little improvement in Hollywood. A little, you understand. I've certainly learned of ways I *could* improve. You'll never know, until you actually experience it, the shock of seeing yourself, and hearing yourself, on the screen, with all your faults hideously magnified. It's pretty dreadful. But for all of its agony, that still is one advantage of a Hollywood education: you *do* see yourself as others see you, and hear yourself as others hear you.

"YOU become conscious of faults that you hadn't been conscious of before. You get a course of self-criticism. Maybe you walk awkwardly, or you don't stand as straight as you might, or you do a lot of fussing about with your hands, or you talk like a nervous phonograph. Mother had been telling me about some of my shortcomings, and I hadn't done anything about them, particularly. Then I went to one of my own pictures—and I couldn't do something fast enough!

"Mother studied music six years in Paris, and worked with the King's music master in London. She sang beautifully. During the depression, she taught diction. But she never taught it to us—my sister and me. She encouraged us to read aloud, yes; and discouraged us from using slang. But she never schooled us, as it were. She wasn't a schooling mother.

"But Hollywood taught me things about diction. I discovered, for instance, that on a sound track my 's's' sounded like the explosions of a steam engine. I had never noticed before how harsh those 's's' of mine were—but that made me notice—and do something about it.

"I've learned this in Hollywood, and it's something I might never have learned anywhere else: the terrifically important part her voice can play in a woman's life. Any woman's life, but particularly an actress' life. Think of the radio alone. On the screen, your face may distract attention from your voice; something seen registers more than something heard. But on the radio, you are acting with one thing alone—your voice. It has to be flexible, and expressive, with a pleasing quality, or you're lost.

"I would never have learned self-criticism in college as I have in Hollywood; I wouldn't have had the opportunity. And I wouldn't have learned to take the criticism of others, as I have here. I couldn't take it in high school. When you can't see the things others are criticizing, you resent their criticism. That's only human. I couldn't see them then. Hollywood has educated me to see them, and it has made all the difference imaginable in me as a person. I've outgrown that spoiled adolescent I used to be. At least, I hope I have."

SHE has. There is not a more unspoiled girl in America than Olivia de Havilland.

"If you can't take the criticism of people who want to help you—who may be trying to help you because it's to their own advantage—you'll never make good in Hollywood. Or anywhere else, for that matter. I'm glad I learned that lesson young.

"As I told you, I didn't know how to get along with people. Hollywood made me learn how. It sounds like a believe-it-or-not, but interviews have helped me more than anything else. I've had to learn to be at ease, and talk naturally, with total strangers—completely on my own. That is another experience I would never have had in college.

"I've been going out lately, for the first time in my life. (No, there isn't any romance—yet.) I never used to go to parties or night clubs. People wondered why. One reason was that I was concentrating on my career; I wasn't permitting any distractions. But that wasn't the main reason. The main reason was that I was ill with stagefright, every time I thought of meeting a whole group of people I didn't know. I would accept an invitation now and then, determined to conquer that fear; I'd even get dressed for the party. Then the old stagefright would overwhelm me again. I would be violently ill. Literally."

"And how do you reconcile *that* with your ability to act?" I asked her.

"I don't know—except that when I'm playing a role, I forget that I'm Olivia de Havilland. I'm that other girl, or at least

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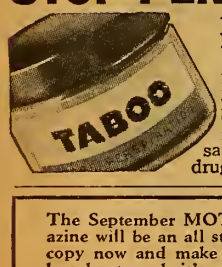
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KAY HUGHES. Republic featured player in "A Man Betrayed"

I'm trying to be. I'm concerned with what people are thinking of her, not of me . . . Even so, I used to get terrible stagefright at stage shows in school—until I was actually out in front of the footlights.

"I think one reason for that, and for my not knowing how to get along with people, was that I was too analytical. If people liked me, I tried to analyze their motives. And if they didn't like me, the same thing happened. College, in that respect, wouldn't have simplified things for me. If college does anything to you, it tends to make you more analytical. Every college student who takes psychology is an amateur psycho-analyst at heart.

"Hollywood, on the other hand, *has* made life easier for me. Hollywood is helpful to shy people, because actors are so informal, so friendly. Even more than most people, they like to be liked. They go out of their way to be friendly. Others haven't that graciousness, that ability to put people at ease, that friendly warmth, that unihibited something. And that doesn't apply only to actors and actresses, but to everyone else in the business. There is a comradely something in them all that accepts everyone at face value . . . There is no snobbery in Hollywood, as there is apt to be in college. People don't judge you as a person by anything except your pleasantness. Your ancestors and your money don't matter."

"DO YOU think that Hollywood has given you more poise than college would have?"

"Yes. I've matured more quickly here. I've had responsibility earlier. I've come down to earth sooner. College, in a way, is an incubator for fledglings. Hollywood isn't. Here, I've been earning a living, not theorizing about it."

"You don't, by any chance, believe that the world revolves around Hollywood, in much the same manner that it revolves around the sun?"

"You don't flatter my sense of perspective. The answer is No. And, wait a minute—please don't ask it. The world doesn't revolve around Olivia de Havilland, either."

"Has Hollywood widened your perspective?"

"On life—yes."

"Far more than college would have?"

"If it hadn't, my very sane mother would have attended to the matter personally. Whenever I get in a mental rut, she figuratively cracks me over the head, and my perspective widens again with amazing rapidity. But I wouldn't have had Mother with me in college."

"Do you think you would have fallen in love before this, in college?"

"I rather doubt it. I might have been more girlishly flighty, but, on the other hand, I wouldn't have known how to get along with anybody long enough for a real romance to bloom. And I think I would have been pretty career-minded even there. I grew up with the idea of trying to make something of myself, by myself. I wouldn't have lost that idea."

"If you had gone to college, and your sister had later won a scholarship to the same college, you wouldn't have had different names to make people think differently of you."

"No. There wouldn't have been any publicity build-up of the name de Havilland. Joan would have had the chance to do as much with the name as I would. Maybe she would have here, too. But you can't blame her for changing her name. Put yourself in her place. You'd be sensitive, too, and hurt—if you had as much talent as your sister, and probably more—to have people keep saying, 'Oh, yes, you're So-and-So's sister.' You'd want to do something about it, too."

I studied Olivia—pretty, intelligent, alert, poised, unspoiled—and wondered, to myself, how long anyone would have to search to find a twenty-year-old college girl to compare with her. Out loud, I asked:

"On the whole, and in short, you're willing to say that Hollywood is a pretty satisfying substitute for a college education?"

"In short, and on the whole," she said, "—yes."



With the cliff for a background, to say nothing of the picturesque harbor of Catalina—dotted with motor launches, Anita Louise and Olivia de Havilland take to a roadside fence to give the setting that calendar look. Take note of the gals' print play-frocks

A Star is Born

[*Continued from page* 43]

for either Robert Taylor or Robert Montgomery. While RKO considers the loan, Joan is playing opposite Nino Martini in *Music for Madame*. Then she will be starred—in *Curtain Call*. She will not be in *Stage Door*. In the interim between *Quality Street* and this new Hepburn picture, Joan has become too important to be cast in minor roles.

After less than six months in the movies, she is a star being born . . .

HER studio, at Joan's own specific request, is avoiding all mention of the fact that she was born Joan de Havilland and that she has a sister named Olivia. She never mentions it herself if she can help it. She is fiercely "on her own."

She is not a blonde, gray-eyed version of brunette, brown-eyed Olivia. There is only the faintest family resemblance. Joan did not win her screen chance because of it—or because she had a sister with talent. She won that chance by herself, by being herself. It is as herself that she is heading upward.

And it is as Joan Fontaine, star in the making—not as someone's sister—that she rates a story this early in her career. A story, perhaps, about what a studio does to, and for, a newcomer to make her starring material. A story paralleling the first studio experiences of the heroine of *A Star Is Born*.

I went after that story and found that, in Joan's case, there was no such story. But I came away with a substitute that is even more illuminating. A story about the potentialities that a girl can create for herself in these, our modern times.

Joan is nineteen. And one of the refreshing things about her is that she looks approximately nineteen. And acts it.

Finely featured, she is one of the most beautiful girls on the screen today. But does she stress the point? She is frankly freckled—in person. Her hair gives the impression that she has been out in the open air. Her clothes are not clingy. She is trying for no glamor-girl effect in her appearance. Her gestures are animated, impulsive. She is youthfully intense, excited about life. She lacks completely the affectedness of the sophisticate, the actress-always-looking-for-an-audience.

That kind of naturalness is so rare in Hollywood, where the biggest acts seem to draw the most attention, that Joan's discoverer at first wondered if it was real.

LET me tell you how that discovery happened. Or, rather, let Joan tell you: "I had had to give up all my plans, and I was frantic for something to do. That was after we had moved to Los Angeles, a year or so ago. I had never thought of acting before—but now, suddenly, it loomed as a possibility. Perhaps I *could* act. I didn't know; I had never tried.

"I did know that the only place to do the trying, at first, was on the stage. The movies haven't the time to trouble with untrained people.

"Henry Duffy, the West Coast play producer, is a friend of the family. After weeks of screwing up my courage, I finally mentioned my new ambition to him. He was about to put on *Call It a Day*. He let me try out for the part of the girl-next-door. More than that—he let me play it. To make things a little easier for everybody, including myself, I took the name of Joan Fontaine. That was my own idea. Exclusively.

"Jesse Lasky saw me in the role and, afterward, arranged for an interview. At the end of it, he said that he was looking for a new, unsophisticated type for his contract list—and that I seemed to have the qualifications. But first, before we talked about a possible contract, he wanted to meet my mother. He could learn more about me in five minutes with her, he said, than he could in an hour with me. The qualifications I seemed to have might be only skillful acting; he had no way of knowing. Meeting my mother would be the test. That would tell him whether they were a veneer or something likely to last.

"I had never heard of such a test before, but it did make sense. He met mother and —signed me without making a screen test. . ."

And then did the make-up department go to work, experimenting with her face, as the make-up department experimented with *Esther Victoria Blodgett* in *A Star Is Born?*

"No, I was spared that . . . And that was one of the reasons why I signed with Mr. Lasky . . . Two other studios had given me screen tests, and for the occasion one of them had made me up until I looked like nothing so much as a composite of all the contract girls on the lot. I could never have acted behind such a mask; I wouldn't have looked like myself, or felt like myself . . . Mr. Lasky, on the other hand, told me *not* to try to remake my face. Whether I was beautiful or not didn't matter; what mattered was that I *didn't* look like someone else. Therein lay my chance to be remembered.

"That also sounded reasonable. And it did two other things. It lessened my self-consciousness about my appearance. It let me concentrate on my work.

"BEFORE I was an actress, I had to worry every so often about finding a new way to wear my hair, to avoid always being monotonously the same. Now the studio does the worrying—a little oftener than I used to do it. Also, it does a better job of finding the new ways.

"But nobody has tried to make me super-clothes-conscious. Nobody has taken me aside and given me lessons in 'glamor.' I still wear the sort of clothes I've always worn—although I'm a little surer now of what looks best on me, after talking with an expert dress designer like Edward Stevenson.

"Nobody has made me self-conscious about my figure. Nobody has said, 'You ought to diet' or 'You ought to gain weight.' Nobody has said, 'You'll have to improve your posture.' Nobody has told me, 'You must study diction.'

"I know that there is room for improvement in all three departments. But the important thing is: No one has tortured me into desperate self-consciousness—which is something that most newcomers must have suffered, once upon a time, from all accounts. I've been allowed to feel natural.

"Nobody from the publicity department has taken me aside and warned me to say this, or say that, when the Press comes to call. Nobody has asked me to do this stunt, or that, to get my name in the papers. Nobody has even hinted that I should put on some sort of act—any kind of act—to attract attention to myself. Nobody has said, 'Be seen only with the right people, and in

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the right places.' Or 'Try to be more sophisticated.'

"It probably sounds like a believe-it-or-not, after all the stories that have been published about how girls have had to make themselves over, physically and mentally and completely, to become movie stars. But please don't make me sound like a Hollywood exception. I'm not. I'm just lucky enough to be under contract to a producer who believes that naturalness is a great asset in an actress—and more and more producers are coming to the same belief. Audiences are changing. Actresses who are exotic and mysterious and unapproachable don't cast the spell they once did; people are going, instead, to see stars they can identify with themselves—stars who are understandable human beings."

ALL of which approaches the status of a revelation about a new Hollywood. But there is something missing from the story. Feeling natural is one thing. Pretending a variety of emotions before a camera, and making them all look natural, is something else again. How does Joan Fontaine, 19, explain her ability to act, despite her shortage of dramatic training?

"I don't know," she says, tentatively. "Perhaps that mad longing to paint, which I had all the time I was growing up, had something to do with it. Everywhere I turned, I saw something I wanted to put on paper or canvas—paint just as I saw it, complete in every detail. I never quite managed it, somehow, but I never gave up trying. And studying the *things* around me sharpened my perceptions of the people around me, of human nature in general. Unconsciously, very young, I acquired an asset that every actress must have . . .

"Unconsciously, too, very young, I made use of it. I was ill a great deal as a child—ill more than I was well. I was shut-in, unable to play as other children played. I didn't have any child-friends. But adults seemed to like me; I noticed that. They felt pity for me. And I can remember times when I deliberately played on their sympathies. Without knowing it, I was acting.

"Sometimes, looking back now, I think I must have been acting half of my waking hours. I was terribly sensitive about not being like other children; I *wanted* to be like them—but I never wanted them to know. I tried to hide my loneliness. I lived an inner emotional life that no one knew about—not even my sister. Because I couldn't do the things that other children did, I lived, in my imagination, a more thrilling life than anyone I knew. I didn't realize then what I realize now: Imagination is one of the first attributes of an actress.

"But while imagination helped me in one way, it hurt me in another. Finally, when I was fifteen, one doctor was shrewd enough to realize that. I had always been ill; I imagined that I always would be ill. He tried an experiment that was half-physiological, half-psychological. He prescribed a long sea-voyage, a complete change of climate and—a complete change of surroundings. I went to Japan, stayed there a year and a half, meeting new people, living a new life. I came back well. Then spoiled it all with the intensity with which I plunged into art study. I had a breakdown. I had to give up all my art ambitions; I had to find new ambitions. Acting became the answer.

"And there were other unconscious preparations I had for it, I think. I was very fortunate in having the mother I did. As a very young child, I was conscious of how everyone admired her; she was always so gracious, so serene, so—capable. I wanted to be like her, if I could. She loved books, and she transmitted that love to us, reading aloud to us. She had once been a singer. She encouraged *us* to read aloud—to her, to each other. I still read a book that way . . . Unconsciously, we learned how to use our voices expressively; we acquired vocabularies, and the ability to express ourselves in conversation even as children, un-self-consciously.

"MOTHER believed that everyone had a talent, which ambition could develop. She bred that belief into us. But she did not foist ambitions upon us; she let us develop our own. She encouraged my art, always. Yet when I seemed to show some talent for dancing, she encouraged that just as much. (I studied ballet for a time, you know—which hardly hurt my posture.) The important thing, to mother, was—and is—our having ambition and a determination to make something of ourselves.

"People wonder why I don't go out; why I don't have any boy-friends—or any girl-friends, either, for that matter. The answer is that, today, is the most important thing in life. On my own, I'm taking singing lessons and dramatic lessons — because I know they will help me. I'm studying at home, after I leave the studio. I don't crave, or need, any relaxations except drawing and reading and long drives alone in my car, to think things out.

"I've seen other girls 'discovered' by the movies—pretty, intelligent girls—who have failed, and I have asked myself why. I think there is only one answer, in so many of the cases. They were not willing to work.

"They were discovered so suddenly and effortlessly that they thought they had a God-given something that would make them stars overnight. When they learned about the long, dull, dreary hours that stars had spent in study, in rehearsal, in this and that, they said 'That kind of drudgery isn't for us.' And then, when stardom didn't happen, they blamed 'jealous stars,' 'stupid roles,' 'poor direction'—everything but themselves. Everything but their own unwillingness to work desperately to succeed."

Thus, Joan Fontaine—the newest star being born in Hollywood—the girl who is a "natural" if Hollywood ever saw one. *You* will be seeing her for a long, long time to come.



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Accent On Beauty

[*Continued from page* 51]

out well in Sylvia's case. She showed me other favorite earrings—a pair of minute diamond buttons, some gold ones shaped like tiny, full-blown roses, a pair of pearl drops. I wondered what she did about the pierced ear-lobes when playing a part that made earrings out of place, and she said the make-up men simply covered her ear-lobes with heavy make-up and that was that!

TO ACCENT still more the heart-shaped outline of her face, Sylvia arches her eyebrows so that they curve in the center, descend at both ends, harmonizing with the twin arches of her hairline swooping up from the widow's peak. She concentrates mascara at the outer edges of her long lashes instead of applying it evenly all the way across, because this emphasizes the unusual width between her eyes. They could be made to appear closer-set if she concentrated mascara at the inner corners, wore shadow close to her nose, but Sylvia realizes that wide-set eyes, particularly in a heart-shaped face, should be played up. She has never worn artificial lashes even on the screen (because her own make up so satisfactorily) and she often has to tone down the natural shadows on her full lids by applying an almost white liner . . .

Because it has such definite edges, Sylvia's mouth can't be re-made with lipstick—even though anyone should want to change its lovely shape. She thinks mouth re-shaping is only practical for women whose lips have a blurred, indefinite outline—and she's quite right. Instead of toning down the size of her lips by line, so that they are not too full for the small, pointed chin, Sylvia keeps her lipstick soft in tone and sparing in quantity. The result is a happy one, as you can see.

Sylvia is one of those rare and fortunate souls with a satiny, creamy skin who still have no trouble in acquiring a becoming suntan. She never overdoes it, though, which probably accounts for the fact that the sun has not coarsened her skin in the least. Her method of caring for it is usual, consisting of alternate cleansings of soap and water and cream, with a once-a-day lubricant and extra lubrication when she has been out in sun and wind.

The Sydney nails receive much loving care because her hobby—amateur photography—is rather hard on them. She has oil manicures to counteract the effect of the developing solutions, followed by the application of a special bleach cream, and buffs her nails vigorously before applying polish. She's found that a thin coat of colorless polish forms an excellent foundation for the final layer of colored polish, which she usually wears almost to the tips of her nails. For prosaic reasons, she prefers a pale, rosy tone of polish, but for evening and dress-up affairs, likes to match her fingertips to her lips.

WITH the help of cosmetic chemistry and a little discretion, you can acquire as fine and glowing a suntan as any movie star; or if a suntan makes you look grimy instead of glowing, you can remain pink and white and still not have to flee from every ray of sunshine. The solution is two fragrant concoctions, one an oil that induces tan and prevents burning, the other a milky lotion that prevents sunburn *and* suntan. The oil does not stain the skin, and spreads smoothly and evenly without the stickiness of ordinary vegetable or mineral oils . . . Apply it before going out, and always again after you've been in the water and returned to sun yourself on the sand. The more of the sun lotion you apply, the more protection your lily-white epidermis receives, so don't be stingy with it. It is absorbed like a flash and leaves no traces. The special ingredients incorporated in these liquids, after much laboratory testing, insure their producing the desired results, which is something you can never be sure of when you use an oil that belongs in the kitchen. The lotion is $1 a bottle. The oil, in two sizes, is priced at 50 cents and $1. Want the trade name?

It matters not how fine a tan you acquire nor how gardenia-like you manage to keep your skin during the summer, if you then proceed to use the wrong shade of face powder. One manufacturer has given this problem of matching sun-warm skin tones a great deal of thought, and has evolved a new summer shade to supplement two grand ones brought out last year. None of them is the old-fashioned cinnamon-brown type of powder that is so unbecoming. Besides their artistic blend of pigments, they have the advantage of thwarting the harsh glare of the sun, catching only its softest rays, and proving immensely flattering. One of the many nice things about these powders is that they come in ten and twenty cent sizes, as well as full size jars, so that you can buy all three tints, for testing purposes, and arrive at just the perfect shade for your skin. Or you can progress from one to the other, as your skin changes slightly in depth of color. Do let me know if you'd like the trade name. I know you will be pleased with the texture, staying power and perfume of these powders, as well as with their flattering colors.

IT ISN'T hard to guess, when you see a lovely skin like Sylvia Sidney's, that soap and water, as well as cream, played a large part in keeping it that way . . . A skin-worthy soap, especially fancied by the Hollywood stars, is so fragrant and delightful to use that it actually coaxes you to wallow in its creamy lather. Costing only a few cents a cake, it makes an ideal soap for the bath as well as for cleansing the face. With summer heat increasing the flow of oil and perspiration and heightening the danger of clogging facial pores, you should be particularly vigilant in cleansing your skin. Twice-a-day scrubbings with this soap will keep it clear, fine-textured and normal. I'll gladly furnish the name.

For those of you whose skin is inclined to freckle and become sallow in summer, I can recommend a fragrant cream that bleaches gently without any harsh action. Used nightly, as an emollient and clarifying agent, it has fine and speedy results. With the new feminine fashions in clothes turning us all into pretty minxes, a clear, unfreckled skin is as necessary as one that is free from coarseness, large pores and blackheads. . . . This particular cream can be used, in small amounts, as a powder base, prolonging its effectiveness and keeping your face powder in line. Very inexpensive and on sale at most toilet goods counters. Write to me for additional information about it.

Those clear, starry eyes that are so much a part of any movie queen's beauty aren't faked. They are the result of caution, care

[*Continued on page* 96]



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Up From the Bottom

[*Continued from page* 50]

all, Hollywood was a paradise for actors. So he began an invasion of the studios for extra work and bit parts. A young man by the name of Frank Cooper who was soon destined to fame accompanied him on the daily rounds. His name is now Gary Cooper.

After endless weeks of futile hammering at the portals of Hollywood, a friend of Walter's, Tenny Wright, now general manager of First National, then an assistant director at Universal, got his friend a job.

WALTER BRENNAN recounts with feeling that first day of screen work. "Tenny got me the work. I earned $10.00. My first moving picture pay check. I was one of a mob at a formal party. An ape broke loose and we, the extras, were to break up and run in all directions. I ran into a water-trough looking over my shoulder according to directions, and got wetter than hell for ten bucks. But I was glad to get the dough."

That was back in 1925. Ten dollars was money, fifteen a good-sized fortune, and twenty-five spelled heaven.

And this wasn't rolling in every day either. Walter must have had misgivings over the failure of the studio gods to smile on him. The studios were filled with extras trying their best to eke out a living. Many were called, but few were chosen. Walter was lucky.



Boris Karloff and wife rarely join in Hollywood's nite-life. They entertain their friends, mostly British, at home

DON'T ENVY ME!



A HOLLYWOOD STAR CONFESSES

Sometimes Hollywood means scandal and sorrow as well as glamour and glitter. In this searing confession you will learn how love was tarnished for a glory-mad girl. Straight from the pen of a famous star!

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Romantic STORIES

"I did a little more bit playing," the Academy Winner continued, "always hoping to get a break. Pretty soon I met Hoot Gibson, and I started to do character parts and comedy relief in his pictures. I remember the best picture I ever acted in with him was *The Lariat Kid.* I got some swell critics' notices from that one.

"I earned as much as $150 a week—when I worked. That was in 1928, just before sound came in. Sound brought a revolutionary change to the motion picture business. There was a mad scramble among the old stars to assert themselves in the new field, and for new ones to make known their talents. I believe this period gave me the beginning of what was later to be the break."

The extra, destined some day to win the coveted Academy award, began the rounds of Hollywood studios and casting offices for work. One day he strolled onto the set of *The Crisco Kid,* a comedy take-off on *The Cisco Kid,* starring George Sidney and Charlie Murray. The director was trying to coax a jackass to bray at the correct moment, but the animal being true to his disposition, refused to budge vocally. Walter stepped forward and volunteered his services.

"I can bray," he explained to the director. "Just listen this once." He emitted a terrific jackass bray that might have even outdone the best that the animal had to offer. He got the job and brayed at $10 a bray. For this he was given a bit in the picture for the next day at $25.00.

Another time Walt was called on to cry like a baby. In Hollywood studios must pay the parents of babies used in films $75 a day, and the law specifies that no baby may be kept inside the studio for more than two hours daily, and no infant may be before the camera more than two minutes of that two hours. This is done to protect the baby's health and to keep its eyes from glaring lights.

While shooting *Little Accident* in 1930 the director required a good healthy baby's cry. Walt was drafted for the job, and did the work satisfactorily. As he put it himself, "I got twenty-five smackers a squawk."

WALTER kept going in the months that followed. A bit part here, a few lines there, a long speech, a character part, a mob extra. His family was fed and clothed—regularly and decently. There were many times when it might have been much easier to quit, to do anything else but sound effects. There was to be a big break and something of a turning point in his life when he was recommended to Director Victor Schertzinger for a part in *My Woman.*

Walt appeared before the director. Mr. Schertzinger explained that what he needed was someone for a radio audition sequence.

"Is it supposed to be good?" Walter asked.

"No," replied Schertzinger.

"I can do it then," said Brennan.

"I've got to have someone," the director explained, "who can give this radio reading in the worst possible fashion. It's got to be a lousy audition so that Victor Jory, the program director, can throw you out of the broadcasting studio with provocation. Now, do you think you can do something like that?"

Walter Brennan didn't know how to say "no" in a situation like that, so he said "yes." He went home that night, thinking up a way to act so horrible that he'd be good. A rather odd twist of circumstances for a man who was trying to act the best he could. Then an idea came to him. He decided to pose as a stutterer, imitating various animals. He rehearsed several times before his family, much to their amazement, and returned to the studio the next morning ready to d-d-d-do or d-d-d-d-die.

His audition was so bad it was marvelous. When the notices came out in the papers it was discovered that Walt had stolen the picture by his short five minutes sequence.

SEVERAL months later he was called upon for a role in *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,* in which he played a New England druggist. He did the part well, and was rewarded with splendid notices. But this, observed the bit player to himself, was the first time *they* had called for *him.* The name Walter Brennan was beginning to mean something.

One day a Mr. McQuarrie called on Walter Brennan. This happened shortly after the rave reviews on *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.*

"I'm an agent," the caller explained, "and what you need right now is an agent. You're on the way up."

Mr. McQuarrie was the first person outside of his wife to see something of the acting ability that everyone is so eager to recognize today.

The union of actor and agent was to become a firm friendship as well as a profitable business affiliation. Hardly had the ink on their agreement dried when Walter got two assignments—one in *The Life of Vergie Winters* and the other in *Cross Country Cruise.* From that time on things began to pick up.

Beginning with *The Wedding Night,* his first for Samuel Goldwyn, Walt was to begin a series of pictures that were to take him ever higher among the ranks of Hollywood celebrities. In *Barbary Coast* he played the role of a toothless old salt. He had a minor role in *These Three* and then scored significantly in *Come and Get It,* in the role of *Swan Bostrum,* the part that gave him the award.

Then in *Banjo on My Knee,* and more recently in *When Love is Young.* He finished his part in the latter picture before the Academy dinner, but even by that time the excellence of his work was well known. The director insisted on writing extra dialogue to give additional scope to Brennan's acting, as well as giving the public more of him.

Cappy Ricks, Walt's first starring vehicle, is being currently released, and he is now starting a picture at 20th Century-Fox, in which he plays an ex-bandit, the grandpa of Jane Withers.

MANY and colorful must have been the memories that raced through Walter Brennan's mind the night he was presented with an Academy Award for his work in *Come and Get It.* Perhaps he was thinking of his ranch in San Fernando Valley, replete with horses, corral and citrus trees—the fruit of his better parts. Perhaps he was thinking of that endless round of studios and casting offices day in and day out. Perhaps he was thinking back on the humiliation of scoring for a jackass and a crying baby. Maybe it was about his wife whose faith has never wavered. Perhaps it was of the innumerable indignities he had to bear before attaining success.

There's a saying around Hollywood that goes something like this: "Walt Brennan is one guy whom none of us begrudge anything." There are few stars who are not jealous of another's success. No one has any feeling like that about Walt. And that sort of feeling is something of a tribute that far outstrips anything critics or motion picture societies can say in their most eloquent moments. Walt is the stars' favorite. He got success because he deserved it.



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Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

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Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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OF SHIRLEY

A most interesting discussion of the past five years in the life of the Temples, is to be found in

August SCREEN PLAY

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Forward with "The Road Back"

[*Continued from page* 49]

great conflict. For four years they have been out of touch with the world, living and fighting like dogs. Then suddenly the war ends . . . they are sent home. There they find that they are greeted with suspicion, for the foundations of the German revolution are being laid. They are misfits. They are like a group of desert islanders returning home. Suddenly, to their consternation, they find that all the ideals they have battled for do not exist . . . at least everything that ever meant anything to them has changed.

There is starvation and want abroad in the land. Poetic *Ernst* finds no solace in his books; *Albert* is disillusioned; *Bethke* finds his wife untrue; *Weil,* exponent of brotherly love, is killed by revolutionary soldiers in a fracas in the town square—and *Geisicke* is left to spend a lifetime in an asylum.

The world has slipped away and they find themselves unable to grasp it. Then *Albert* kills a man in whose arms he finds his sweetheart in a half-drunken condition. She has grown away from him in the years that have passed.

He is tried for the crime, but refuses to say a word for himself. He becomes so stunned that he is blamed for killing a man he had a right to kill—a man whom he hated when all these years he has been killing men he did not know.

Albert's friends speak for him—but he is convicted!

WITH all its preachments for peace in the future, *The Road Back* still offers laughs for the present. It is not without humor. No picture with the Andy Devine—Slim Summerville combination could ever miss its well-timed light spots. As usual, Summerville gets off some of his classic remarks to perfection.

The Road Back has proved to be a picture that had to have the sympathetic touch of a great director to round it out into a perfect thing of its kind. The casting alone took months.

Universal Studios took camera crews onto every college campus on the Pacific Coast in an attempt to find the "perfect" types for this difficult production in which no one stars. Any one part in the picture could have been built into the feature role, but it was the good fortune for John King that he was selected for the role of *Ernst,* for it has given him his start to stardom. John was taken out of serials directly into the main part of the picture. His portrayal of *Ernst* is a fine piece of acting, for the part is crowded with drama and sincere realism. And *Albert's* court-room scenes alone are enough to put both boys in top running—the role being played by Maurice Murphy.

Then there is *Geisicke,* the sensitive youth unused to the ravages of war—who goes 'over the top' with fear in his heart, only to discover an uncontrollable lust for blood when he comes upon an enemy soldier at the point of killing his superior officer. A sudden rage urges him to lunge at the enemy. He forces his bayonet again and again into the body of the assailant. When his momentary fever subsides he realizes he has actually killed a man and the horror of it all drives him insane. *Geisicke* is played by Gene Garrick, a newcomer to the screen, but we predict that his work in this film will start him well on his way to a successful career as a character juvenile.

EVERY boy who has had the good fortune to appear in *The Road Back* will attract considerable attention to himself. Certainly enough effort has been put into the actual production. A look at a few of these production facts would establish the work and money expended on it.

Forty-six separate sets were required to film the picture—the Klosterburg set alone costing over $60,000 to complete.

Before it is finished, production costs will run well over $1,000,000.

Over five thousand extras and actors were employed in filming the various scenes.

Seven weeks of continuous night shooting were necessary to complete the battlefield and the revolution scenes.

Camera equipment, alone, cost over $80,000 and includes a specially-constructed crane used in filming the big riot and revolution sequences.

James Whale, the director, R. C. Sheriff, scenarist, and Erich Maria Remarque, author, are all veterans of the World War.

Indeed every effort has been made to portray, in exact detail, every phase of this dramatic story.

Accent On Beauty

[*Continued from page* 93]

and cosmetics. No movie star sits up reading until 3 a. m., lies in the blazing sun without protective sun glasses or indulges in any such foolishness. To combat even the unavoidable onslaughts of sun, dust, studio lights and work, the stars always resort to the frequent use of cleansing, soothing eye lotions, to the application of eye creams on the delicate skin around the eyes.

See to it that you follow their example. First, buy yourself some dark glasses. Second, a good eye lotion. I can recommend one—if you like—a colorless liquid that clears and soothes the eyes promptly. A single drop in each eye does the trick, washing away flecks of dirt, banishing bloodshot conditions and bringing eye-comfort quickly. The lotion comes in a trimly-tailored blue and white bottle, with a handy dropper-stopper, and is so compact and tidy that it can be tucked away unobtrusively in a corner of the purse or travel kit. The price is 60 cents for this eye essential.

To keep the skin around the eyes dewy, soft and unwrinkled requires more effort than it does on other areas of the face. The skin here is finer in texture, so that squinting is apt to produce lines. The logical remedy is a rich eye cream. A new one has just been called to my attention that seems to have all the merits of this type of product and is also very inexpensive. It's a blend of fine oils that goes on smoothly and disappears partially, instead of remaining on the surface, an unsightly nuisance. Costs only ten cents a tube.

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!

The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 58]

JANICE JARRATT'S bad luck was another bride-to-be's good luck. When Fiance Melvin Purvis, the former G-Man, and Janice spatted in Texas and he walked out, naturally the engagement was busted. Right on the eve of the wedding. Janice's parents instructed the florist to turn her gorgeous bridal bouquet over to the first couple who came for a license on Janice's wedding day. He did, and that made one bride too, too happy. But anyway, wasn't it a nice gesture?

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Merna Kennedy and Glenn Tryon,
They're cooin', holdin' hands and sighin'

● ● ●

FUNNY yarn (even though it's late) about Arline Judge's Reno divorce. Seems her maid and chauffeur went along with her. They also "took the cure" as the natives say about getting a Reno divorce. And they got their decrees the same day Arline did. And then they right upped and married each other, on the same day Arline became Mrs. Dan Topping.

● ● ●

TWOSOMES Around Town:—Barbara Weeks and Billy Counselman, Jr., son of the writer. Rochelle Hudson with Lew Ayres (and others). Margot Grahame and Monty Banks. Humphrey Bogart and Mayo Methot. Claire Windsor and Bert Newhouse. Tala Birell and Bob Benchley. Barbara Pepper and Allan Curtis. Lona Andre and Jimmy Dunn. Olivia de Havilland and John Arledge, Billy Bakewell and Claire Trevor. Marjorie Weaver and Carl Laemmle, Jr. Madge Evans and Tom Gallery, twosoming again after reports that they'd stopped speaking. Dick Foran and Ruth Hollingsworth. Adrienne Ames and Harry Ruskin. Margo and Francis Lederer (still). Virginia Bruce with Jean Negulesco. Lola Lane and Sid Rogell.

● ● ●

BUDDY ROGERS is stepping out with other gals.

But Mary still says she's getting ready to marry him in June.

And Walter Winchell still insists they're already married.

You guess, huh? Ol' Man Tattler is tired.

● ● ●

More or less vital statistics from Hollywood's LOVE FRONT: Miss Dietrich just got married. Not Marlene, but Carol, who looks so much like Marlene that she doubles for her. She married Ben Pollock, cowboy-actor, and said: "I've always liked cowboys: even the drugstore kind . . ."

By the time you read this, that much-publicized Jeanette MacDonald-Gene Raymond wedding will be over (unless last-minute things happen). Jeanette set the date for June 16, with a big church wedding at which Nelson Eddy will sing, Fay Wray and Ginger Rogers be among the bridesmaids, Harold Lloyd and Johnny Mack Brown among the ushers, and flocks of Hollywood stars among the audience. It'll be, from present indications, an even more super-colossal all-star production than the memorial *Dinner at Eight* . . .



—*Wide World*

After June Lang and Vic Orsatti married they sailed for a Honolulu honeymoon

Ken Murray, the comicker, rushed up the gangplank of a liner at Los Angeles harbor, stopped long enough to confide that on board was his fiancee, a Florence Heller of New York . . .

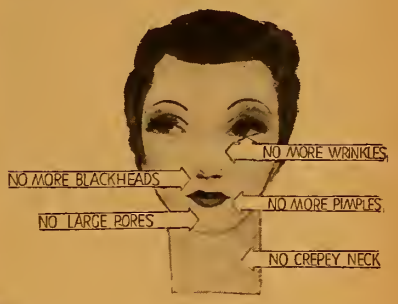
After four long years during which their friends expected it at any minute, Jimmy Ellison and Gertrude Durkin finally eloped to Yuma, said their I-do's. The license revealed that Jimmy Ellison's name is really James Ellison Smith, of all things . . .

Jean Rouverol, that charming Universal player, married screenwriter Hugo Butler, after first finishing her role in *The Road Back* . . .

Joan Bennett and Gene Markey, once called the ideal married couple of Hollywood, found the end of the marital road, called it quits, moved apart, and Joan has sued for divorce . . .

Baby-Talk: The Kent Taylors, happy over arrival of a son, are looking for a name for him—the Lloyd Bacons expect Ol' Doc Stork to drop in a bundle come fall—and Irene Dunne is arranging to adopt another little one, she's so happy with her first.

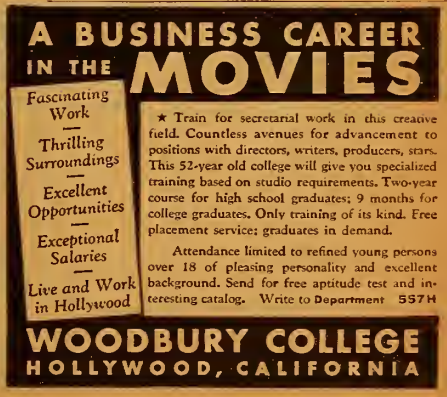
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Mrs. H. H. Peck, Kenmore, N. Y., wins $300 first prize



Edna A. Brown, Falls City, Neb., wins $200 second prize



Josephine Zingone, Corona, N. Y., wins $100 third prize



Marjorie Connelly, Upland, Ind., wins $50 fourth prize

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Robert Taylor is Elected the Favorite Star in our Popularity Contest —with Clark Gable second, Shirley Temple third, and Greta Garbo fourth

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Second Prize

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Third Prize

Miss Josephine Zingone, 103-27 Astoria Ave., Corona, N. Y.—$100.00.

Fourth Prize

Marjorie Connelly, Box 155, Upland, Indiana—$50.00.

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LAURENCE REID
Editor

SEPTEMBER, 1937

Volume LIV, No. 2 Twenty-sixth Year

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Cover portrait of Ginger Rogers by Mozert

AL ALLARD
Art Director

JOHN SCHWARZKOPF
Western Editor



Judy Canova and the Yacht Club Boys

Adolph Zukor presents

JACK BENNY in "ARTISTS and MODELS"

A Paramount Picture with

Ida Lupino • Richard Arlen • Gail Patrick

JUDY CANOVA • BEN BLUE • YACHT CLUB BOYS

LOUIS ARMSTRONG

Directed by RAOUL WALSH

Sandra Storme

ARTISTS OF LAUGHTER . . .

To draw a laugh every time your face appears on the screen is some artistic achievement... and those zanies, the Yacht Club Boys (shown above giving a little support to radio's funniest female, Judy Canova)... are some artists. Wait'll you hear 'em go to town on that "Sasha Pasha" number, just one of the million mad moments in "Artists and Models," the biggest gag and gal show of this or any year.

ARTISTS OF FAME . . .

Name the six leading American artists and illustrators and you'll name the lads who chose the All-American Beauty Chorus for "Artists and Models": Peter Arno, McClelland Barclay, Arthur William Brown, Rube Goldberg, John La Gatta, and Russell Patterson. Here you see them doing a little plain and fancy homage to their choice of the Most Beautiful Model in the World, Sandra Storme, just one of the million glorified gals in "Artists and Models," the biggest gag and gal show of this or any year.



Peter Arno | Arthur William Brown | McClelland Barclay | Russell Patterson | John La Gatta | Rube Goldberg

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Jack Benny



Judy Canova and Ben Blue

ARTISTS OF MELODY

Hollywood's leading hit writers come through with 6 smash songs!

ARTIST OF WISE CRACKS . . . BENNY'S THE NAME!

Radio's Number One Entertainer, the biggest laughmaker the screen has ever seen . . . the one and only Jack Benny at his super-funniest heads the all-star cast of "Artists and Models." Above you see him in an artistic moment, below, at the head of the parade in one of the huge production numbers. At the top right you see Ben Blue teaching Judy Canova how to swing that thing. At the lower right is Martha Raye going to town in blackface, giving you a glimpse of "Public Melody Number One" . . . just one of the half dozen hit numbers Louis Armstrong and his Band and Andre Kostelanetz and His Orchestra help you to enjoy in "Artists and Models," the biggest gag and gal, yes, and the biggest song and dance show of this or any year.





MARTHA RAYE

attacks "Public Melody No. 1"

The TALKIE TOWN Tattler



Wrapped in cellophane and delivered to you is blonde Dorothea Kent, Universal beauty

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Joe Rivkin and lovely Leah Ray—
He'd like to wed, but she's saying "Nay!"

• • •

CONSISTENTLY ludicrous, even to Hollywood, is the way this *Caliban*-and-*Ariel* thing goes on. And on and on and on . . . Only the other night, Elaine ex-Barrymore got up from her nite club seat to telephone John Barrymore. No dulcet-voiced phonester, *Ariel* was audible all over the cafe. For twenty minutes, she talked with her divorced *Caliban,* so violently that many of those nearby could even hear John yelling back into the phone. Seems John was protesting over Elaine's plan for a personal-appearance-vodevil tour with Harry Holman. Outcome of the telephonic row was a no-decision—but at this writing, Elaine isn't vodevilling with Holman yet.

John, however, consistently nite-clubs with lovely Sally Allen, who's been his pretty steady companion ever since the *Ariel* bust-up. As for Elaine, she appears here and there with different men. But the laugh-payoff came when Lyon Janney (yeah, the child actor just turned 21!) saw her off on a recent trip to Denver, with his 21-year-old eyes positively moony . . .!

And then, to top even that giggle, Elaine got herself a starring role in a movie. Really! A movie—call it a quickie, better—entitled *How to Undress In Front of Your Husband.* Elaine showed how it should be done seductively and prettily. You can see it at your neighborhood theatre, if you haven't already. From ex-*Caliban* Barrymore came no public comment on Elaine's strip-tease technique.

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Lana Turner and Wayne Morris—
Heading for that Mendelssohn chorus!

• • •

SEEMS that all the wedding-bells predictions for Band-leader Johnny Green and trick-hat-and-pajamas-wearer Betty Furness were all right enough, save for one little hurdle. That hurdle is: Johnny still has a wife . . . Such details are a mere nothing in Hollywood, as you may have guessed. Already being amicably arranged are details of the Green-vs-Green divorce, Johnny having gone East to settle the matter. Soon as Mrs. Green is the ex-Mrs. Green, it's pretty certain that Betty Furness will be Mrs. Green . . . Rumors that wedding-chapel organists are practicing playing *Where Did You Get That Hat?* instead of the *Bridal March* are uncorroborated.

• • •

HOUNDS for making a full day-and-night of it are Rochelle Hudson and 20th-Fox Adonis Allan Lane, when they step out together. Recent twosome-day schedule:

2 p. m.—Polo Game.
6 p. m.—Dinner at the Tropics.
8 p. m.—Softball games under the nite-lites.
11 p. m. to dawn—Dancing, et cetera, at the Clover Club.

[*Continued on page* 10]



—*Fawcett photo by Rhodes*

Hollywood believes Nino Martini and Elissa Landi are engaged but they won't admit it



A Revelation in Entertainment

Set in a big, human, heart-story by the authors of "Boy Meets Girl" that will give you the greatest thrill in years! Girls... music ...romance... stars... comedy... fashions... all done in *Advanced* TECHNICOLOR so dazzling it takes your breath away!



MISCHA AUER—twice as funny as in "My Man Godfrey"!





HELEN VINSON—alluring, but oh!...so aggravating!

ALAN MOWBRAY—what a riot of laughs this guy gives you!







WARNER BAXTER
JOAN BENNETT

"Walter Wanger's VOGUES OF 1938"

IN TECHNICOLOR

with

Helen VINSON • *Mischa* AUER

Alan MOWBRAY • *Jerome* COWAN

Marjorie GATESON • Dorothy McNULTY • Alma KRUGER

Polly ROWLES • Victor Young and his orchestra

Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS

Original Screenplay by Samuel and Bella Spewack

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS



with *"The Most Photographed Girls in the World"*... those

WALTER WANGER MODELS

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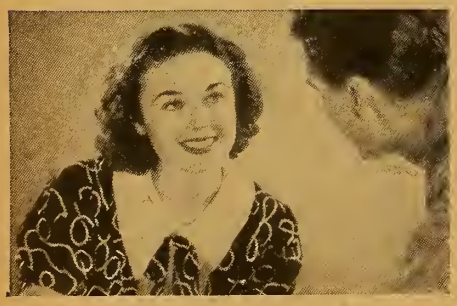
WHAT AN AWFUL HEADACHE!



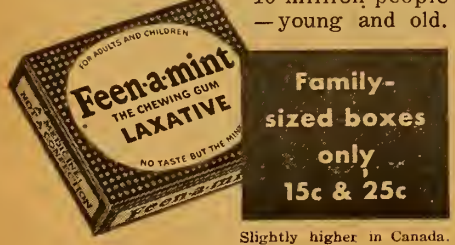
● Splitting headaches made me feel miserable. I can't tell you how I was suffering! I knew the trouble all too well—constipation, a clogged-up condition. I'd heard FEEN-A-MINT well spoken of. So I stopped at the drug store on the way home, got a box of FEEN-A-MINT, and chewed a tablet before going to bed.



● FEEN-A-MINT is the modern laxative that comes in delicious mint-flavored chewing gum. Chew a tablet for 3 minutes, or longer, for its pleasant taste. The chewing, according to scientific research, helps make FEEN-A-MINT more thorough—more dependable and reliable.



● Next morning—headache gone—full of life and pep again! All accomplished so easily too. No griping or nausea. Try FEEN-A-MINT the next time you have a headache caused by constipation. Learn why this laxative is a favorite with 16 million people—young and old.



Slightly higher in Canada.

The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

[*Continued from page* 8]

HOWEVER, no putter-of-all-eggs-in-one-basket is Rochelle. Allan Lane is just *a* boy friend, not *the* boy friend. There's no all-the-timer in Rochelle's life; she scatters her favors . . . Another now-and-then Rocheller is Lew Ayres, still-undivorced husband of Ginger Rogers.

Ol' Tattler doubts if Lew and Ginger head for the divorce courts for a long, long time. Both of them were deeply hurt when their marriage cracked up; neither of them is ready to try marriage again for a while. However, Danny Cupid plays violently sudden tricks in this ha-ha-Hollywood. Fiercest ordeal of all would be for Ginger to take the divorce witness stand. She's always told intimates that she'd find it next to impossible to swear to what divorce courts require, even in divorce-liberal California. "How could I?" she asks wistfully; "I don't hate Lew . . .!"



—*Fawcett photo by Rhodes*

At long last, Buddy Rogers and Mary Pickford are married—and honeymooning in Honolulu. Above, attending MacDonald-Raymond nuptials.



—*Acme*

Searching for a *Tom Sawyer*, talent scouts found 12-year-old Tommy Kelly in the Bronx. The boy was chosen from 25,000 candidates

MEANTIME, Lola Lane (who was Lew Ayres' first wife, antedating the Ginger Rogers marital interlude) still dazzles Hollywood by her beauty. Lola's current nite-club escort is famous gown designer, Orry Kelly.

● ● ●

INCIDENTALLY, giving the black eye to this pansyish talk about male designers, it's a fact that most of the men who design the creations Hollywood stars wear are steppers-outers with the very beauties who wear their designs. Consider Eddie Stephenson, another of the fit-'em-pretty lads. Eddie gets around with lots of the cuties; latest twosome-partner being gorgeous Barbara Pepper.

● ● ●

BUT to tell the truth, Designer Stephenson is just an "until"—boy to Barbara. That is, she's glad to do the niteries with Eddie *until* Jay Henry, the bankroll man from New York, comes to Hollywood. Jay is No. 1 man in the Pepper life.

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Cy Bartlett and Judy Ford;
When they're together, they aren't bored!

● ● ●

MAN-KILLINGEST matron in Hollywood is still Mrs. Rudolph Sieber. Marlene Dietrich to you . . . Marlene, who sounds off haughtily that far-away-in-Europe Rudolph is a perfect husband, still

[*Continued on page* 12]



—*Acme*

Man bites dog. Simone Simon stocked up on New York clothes to wear in Paris, the fashion capital. She spends her money in the U. S. A.



Maureen O'Sullivan and her dalmatian dress alike on occasions



Carole Lombard's pets are a peke, cocker and two dachshunds

Humphrey Bogart teaches his Sealyham to sit up n' beg



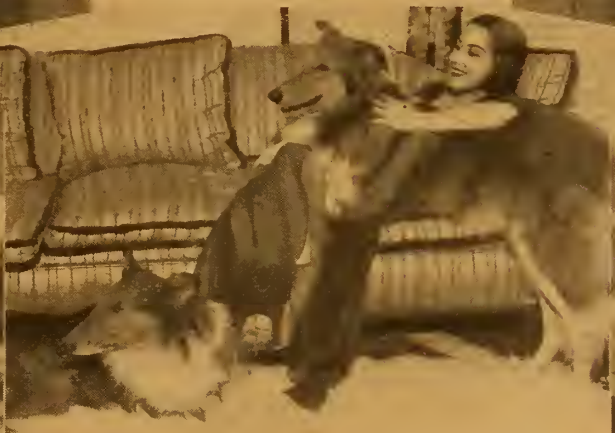


Benita Hume's cocker, Porgy, goes with her on motor trips



In Nan Grey's collection are a chow, scottie, two Boston bulls







Judith Barrett's collies are named Duke 'n' Duchess

Fay Wray's bodyguards are her two pekinese

Charlie Ruggles breeds dogs. Here's an Afghan

Putting On the Dog

The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

[*Continued from page* 10]



In her own "covered wagon" Mary Carlisle pioneers for solid comfort in a play suit

dazzles the Hollywood nitesters by appearing with variegated escorts at the glitter-spots. But she topped all previous performances the other night when she swept grandly into the Trocadero, escorted by—count 'em! — Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, monocled Fritz Lang, handsome Kurt Weil, faithful Willis Goldbeck, and attentive Harry Edington . . . For even Marlene, five ought to do while hubby's away.

● ● ●

ANOTHER refutation of "you-can't-stay-married-in-Hollywood"—the Nigel Bruces just celebrated their 16th wedding anniversary. Outstanding guest at the party was good old C. Aubrey Smith. Sixteen years ago, Smith best-manned their wedding.

● ● ●

ALSO don't be surprised if, by the time you read this, these wedding bells haven't pealed:

—Wally Reid, Jr., and Diana Beresford.
—June Clayworth and Sid Rogell.
—Lucille Ball and Director Al Hall.
—Beverly Roberts and Director Bill Keighley.
—Virginia Cherrill and the Earl of Jersey.

● ● ●

LATEST mother in Hollywood is—hold your seats!—Loretta Young! Stop gasping; she's a mama by adoption . . . Into her home, she has taken two children—both girls, one aged 3, the other 2, both blonde, both pretty. But utterly shrouded in mystery is the answer to "where did she get 'em?" Loretta won't tell, informs all questioners that that "is a secret I never want to reveal . . ." She's enlarging her Westwood home with a nursery.

Deep in proxy-motherhood, Loretta has checked off her campaign for the affections of Tyrone Power, leaving Sonja Henie victorious on the love-battleground in which the two gals fought for months. Not as often as she used to does Loretta step out at the niteries now. And when she does, it's most often with David Niven, that blessing for escortless Hollywood gals. "Tyrone is just a good friend," insists Loretta. As for Eddie Sutherland, the director whom Loretta nearly married a couple of months ago before Tyrone barged into the scene—he is still hanging around Hollywood, taking out Mary Brian and Isabel Leighton. Apparently, the Sutherland-Young romance is cold . . . But note that Ol' Man Tattler said "apparently." Don't be surprised if, suddenly, Eddie and Loretta burst into flame again, resume their interrupted altar-march!



—Fawcett photo by Rhodes

No sooner had Harriett Foster married her boss, Bob Burns, than she became boss—and trained him to do the dishes

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Douglass Montgomery and Lorraine Eddy—
Once again, they're goin' steady.

● ● ●

LATEST-twosomes-in-Hollywood: Isabel Jewell and Owen Crump have made up again, after their engagement-busting . . . so have Audrey Sutherland and Addison Randall . . . Dixie Dunbar and Assistant Director Bob Herndon, to the vexation of Dixie's mama! . . . Charles Butterworth and Toothpaste-Queen Hazel Forbes . . . Gene Markey and Simone Simon . . . Mary Brian and Nino Martini (yes, and don't ask Ol' Man Tattler where Cary Grant and Elissa Landi were!) . . . Ginger Rogers, surprising everybody by stepping out with Pat di Cicco, a new swain for her . . . Drew Eberson and Glenda Farrell, as usual . . . Mary Carlisle and Jimmy Blakely, making



—Fawcett photo by Rhodes

Bill Boyd and Grace Bradley are one of Hollywood's newest married couples. It's Marriage No. 3 for Bill; No. 1 for Grace

up after a quarrel . . . Jerry Hopper, ex-boy-friend of Martha Raye, and Marsha Hunt . . . Mayo Methot and Humphrey (divorce-bound) Bogart . . . Michael Bartlett and (1) Ginger Rogers, (2) Miriam Hopkins, (3) Florence Rice . . .

● ● ●

BETS are fifty-fifty as to whether Betty Grable and Jackie Coogan will marry this Fall, as they've been threatening to do for more'n a year, now . . . It looked like curtains for the Betty-Jackie romance a few weeks ago. They had one of those battles to end all battles; terminating with the return of the ring by Betty . . . BUT—only a few nights later, they were out again, at the nite auto races in Hollywood. And the ring was back on Betty's finger, like an auto headlight!

Whispered none too gladsome over the imminence of nuptials is Jackie's mama.

[*Continued on page* 54]



By JOHN SCHWARZKOPF

A MEMBERSHIP in that select Hollywood society of actors and actresses who have inherited their talents from their parents—and there are very few today who can claim that distinction—belongs to the diminutive Mexican pepper-pot, the vivacious Armida. . . . Her father, Jouguin Vendrell, was for years a leading man on the Spanish and Spanish-speaking stages, before he settled down in the little town of La Colorado in the Mexican State of Sonora. . . . . There six Vendrell kiddies first saw light. Maria, Angela, Dolores, Conchita, Joaquin and Lydia . . . there, too, came a seventh entertainer, Armida . . . a girl with sufficient personality for the State to declare a holiday whenever one of her plays or pictures opened in a local playhouse. . . . . "I was only four years of age," said Armida, "when the manager of Pantages Theatre in San Diego wanted me to appear in his kid's show on the stage . . . my parents and the entire town of La Colorado were tickled pink to think that I should be sought out to perform in front of a real audience . . . and for money, too. . . . They gave me one hundred dollars for my very first appearance." . . . But papa Vendrell didn't want his talented daughter to be hindered or helped by the name he had made for himself . . . so she was billed simply as Armida—with no hint as to whether that was her first or last name. . . . Little Armida made such a smash hit in the show she was kept there for two years . . . her trouping blood came to the fore when her father's finances went bad . . . and she decided that she would try her hand at real stage work . . . from that point on, Armida's troubles were at an end. Gus Edwards, who discovered her in Los Angeles, took her to New York and placed her in one of his shows . . . so thrilled was the blase New York audience over this peppery actress they bought out the show for one year's run. . . . And that was all Hollywood needed . . . a talent scout approached Edwards with the idea of trying to catch the girl's *chili* flavor on the celluloid film. . . . Armida's screen rise has been the steady building type . . . starting in *General Crack* in 1930, she appeared later with Frank Fay in *Under the Texas Moon*, then with Warner Baxter in *Under the Pampas Moon*. . . . She is presently up to her smooth little neck in camera shots and temperamental lines as the leading lady opposite John Beal in RKO's *Mexican Quarter* . . . and with Gus Edwards' coaching and the inherent talent from her father and the line of Spanish stage performers from which he sprang, Armida should have a long way to go in this business . . . and she will, too.



Tears won't bring him back!

SHE OUGHT TO TRY THIS LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!



DON'T RISK LOSING LOVE! Bathe with Cashmere Bouquet Soap! The deep-cleansing lather of this lovely perfumed soap removes body odor so completely—and its lingering fragrance keeps you so alluring.



LIFE'S SO DIFFERENT when a girl guards her daintiness with fragrant Cashmere Bouquet baths. To prove it, we'll send you, free, two 10¢ cakes of Cashmere Bouquet! Just write Cashmere Bouquet Soap, 84 Green St., Jersey City, N. J.

NOW ONLY 10¢

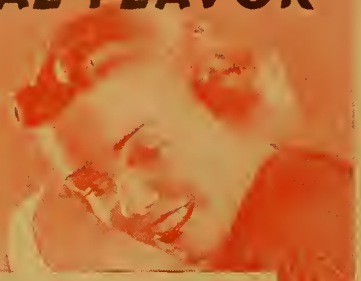


MARVELOUS FOR YOUR COMPLEXION TOO!
This pure, creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth and radiantly clear!

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

"IT'S WHAT I CALL REAL FLAVOR"



"Honest—you ought to try it! You'll know this Beeman flavor's something special the minute you tear off the airtight wrappings and get that first tantalizing whiff! And the taste—smooth as custard—a real up-and-doing flavor!"

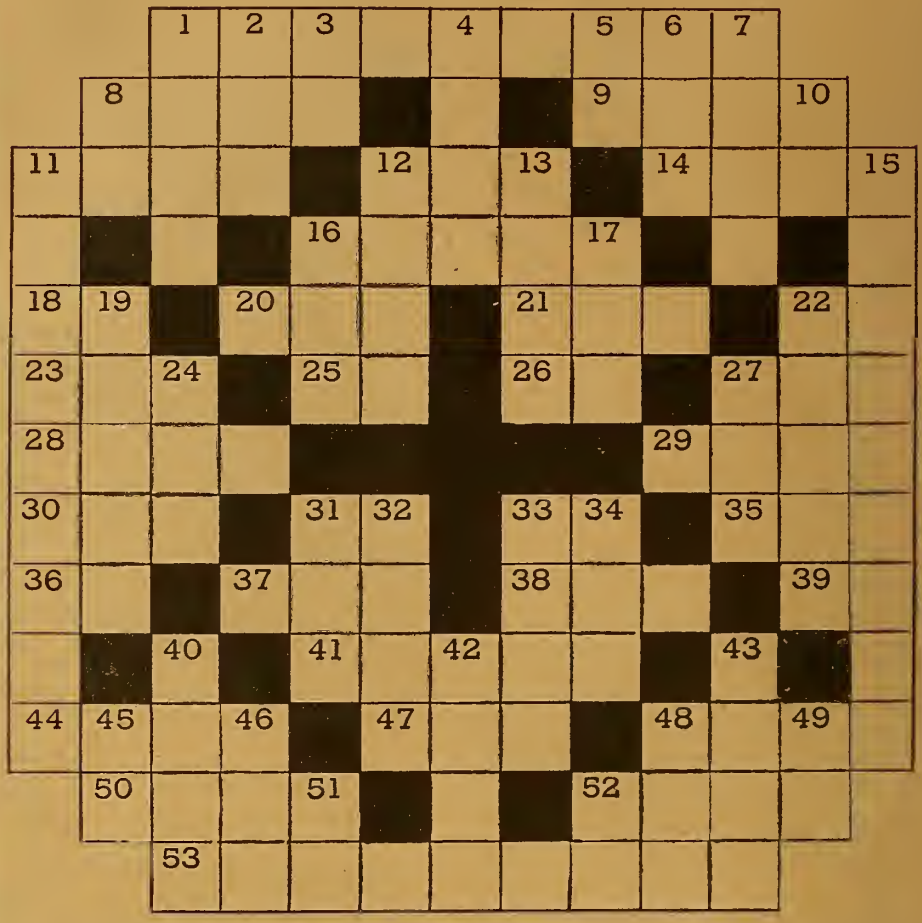


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Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

You Know Your Movies?

Puzzle This One Out!



ACROSS

1. Loretta Young and Tyrone Power played opposite in *Cafe* ——.
8. First name of male opera star now in films.
9. Hero of *You're in the Army Now.*
11. Charles Butterworth was born in South ——, Indiana.
12. *Bert Morgan* in *Mad Holiday.*
14. *Theodora Goes* ——.
16. Star of *Cherokee Strip.*
18. Chester Morris (init.).
20. Hero of *Fifty Roads to Town.*
21. *I* —— *Him in Paris.*
22. David Torrence (init.).
23. —— *Galahad.*
25. Initials of Director Enright.
26. Short for Mr. Arnold.
27. *We Who* —— *About to Die.*
28. Film in which Henry Fonda had title role.
29. Remember —— O'Donnell.
30. Star of *Trouble in Texas.*
31. Initials of one co-starred with Bob Burns in *Mountain Music.*
33. *The* —— *Getter.*
35. *She Had to* ——.
36. —— *Good* —— *Married.*
37. Heroine of *Great Guy.*
38. *Ready, Willing,* —— *Able.*
39. Margaret Irving (init.).
41. He directed *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town.*
44. His last name is Jannings.
47. *A* —— *at the Races.*
48. Star of *Angel's Holiday.*
50. —— *Lively, Jeeves.*
52. —— *Pull Your Punches.*
53. Lee Tracy had lead in *Behind the* ——.

DOWN

1. —— *Your Own Business.*
2. *Week* —— *Millionaire.*
3. *I Promise* —— *Pay.*
4. *Wings* —— *Honolulu.*
5. *The Case* —— *the Stuttering Bishop.*
6. *Swing High, Swing* ——.
7. *Cecil Flintridge* in *Shall We Dance.*
8. Mr. Eddy's initials.
10. Donrue Leighton (init.).
11. Arthur Tracy and Anna Neagle played opposite in this film.
12. *Jimmy* in *They Gave Him a Gun.*
13. Title bestowed on May Whitty.
15. Guy Kibbee was *Jim Harvey,* ——.
16. *Time Out* —— *Romance.*
17. His last name is Sparks.
19. Middle name of Mary Minter, former star.
22. *A Midsummer Night's* ——.
24. *Jack Dorgan* in *Devil's Playground.*
27. One of Tarzan's jungle friends.
31. Barton —— Lane.
32. *Rhoda Cooper* in *Make Way for Tomorrow.*
33. A star of *Souls at Sea.*
34. First name of Miss Munson, former film actress and ex-wife of Eddie Buzzell.
40. —— *Love and Kisses.*
42. He was Miriam Hopkins' husband in *The Woman I Love.*
43. *That* —— *Here Again.*
45. Miss Sullavan's initials.
46. Mrs. Bing Crosby.
48. Star of *Riding on Air.*
49. Initials of Buster Keaton's ex-wife.
51. Janet Gaynor's native state (abbr.).
52. Initials of feminine lead in *Top of the Town.*

Last Month's Solution

H	A	R	L	O	W	■	■	T	A	Y	L	O	R	
E	N	D	■	N	I	G	H	T	■	R	U	E		
A	N	■	C	■	S	U	E	■	L	■	R	V		
V	■	L	O	S	■	Y	■	J	E	B	■	O		
E	V	E	L	Y	N	■	P	O	W	E	L	L		
N	O	T	■	D	O	R	I	S	■	N	E	T		
■	I	T	S	■	L	O	N	■	U	N	A	■	■	■
A	C	E	■	M	A	Y	E	R	■	E	V	E		
H	E	R	M	A	N	■	S	K	A	T	E	R		
E	■	S	I	N	■	P	■	O	C	T	■	N		
R	R	■	X	■	T	I	C	■	T	■	G	E		
N	E	W	■	R	E	G	A	N	■	R	U	S		
E	D	M	U	N	D	■	■	L	A	M	O	N	T	

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Virginia may need sunglasses to protect her eyes when she parks herself for a tan. But you won't need to haul out your specs or a telescope to see Virginia. So easy on the eyes, she's a sure cure for those with failing sight. Her next picture is *General Hospital*





CAROLE LOMBARD

As you bend over Carole Lombard and look into her day-dreaming eyes you will probably guess right the first time that she is thinking of Clark (Boy Friend) Gable. Or is *Nothing Sacred*? It happens to be her next picture —filmed in Technicolor — which co-stars her with Fredric March


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...hotter 'n' sweeter than "On The Avenue" ... faster 'n' funnier than "Sing, Baby, Sing" ... bigger 'n' better than "Wake Up and Live"!
'YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING
with
ALICE FAYE
Honey lovely ... lilting to new hi-de-heights!
RITZ BROTHERS
Triple threats to gloom ... give 'em room ... give 'em room!
Don AMECHE
Your new heart-throb... now star of radio's biggest show!
CHARLES WINNINGER
Surrounded and dumbfounded by Hollywood's smartest girls!
LOUISE HOVICK
Bringing a new personality to the screen!
RUBINOFF
and his Violin... that talking, laughing, tuneful fiddle!
Tony MARTIN
Romantic rave of the airwaves!
ARTHUR TREACHER
One l-o-n-g laugh!
Phyllis BROOKS
Sweetest of tomorrow's stars!
TIP, TAP & TOE
Rhythmic as rain on the roof!
LOUIS PRIMA AND HIS BAND
The trumpet king at his hottest!
Tyler BROOKE
Rootin', tootin' trouping!
Darryl F. Zanuck in charge of production
Directed by Norman Taurog
Associate Producer Laurence Schwab
TODAY'S HIT TUNES BY MACK GORDON AND HARRY REVEL
'Afraid To Dream'
'Danger, Love At Work'
'The Loveliness Of You'
'Please Pardon Us, We're In Love'
'You Can't Have Everything'
20th CENTURY FOX
THE TRADEMARK THAT IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE BEST IN ENTERTAINMENT!

Is LESLIE Giving Us the RUN-AROUND?

Between spots of tea Leslie Howard likes to spoof about giving up acting. But don't you believe him!

By DAN CAMP

IT'S my honest suspicion—aye, belief!—that there are few things Leslie Howard enjoys more than looking down that long nose of his, cocking a quizzical eye at us Yankees, and having a spot of spoofing at our expense. Just as he'd have his 4 o'clock spot of tea, you know . . .

And that's why I don't feel a bit depressed over Leslie's all-too-serious assertions that he's about to leave the screen forever—that is, as an actor. Oh, yes—forever and ever and ever and ever and be hanged to it! That's what he says, you know.

If I believed the man, I'd be devastated. Like several million other movie fans who admire him, enjoy him and delight in his performances. But I think he's giving us the run-around—and that for your criticisms, Leslie!!

As a matter of fact, Leslie, I much prefer to believe you were being really honest the other day, when you told a friend: "—I imagine that I will grow older and older and older, and finally I will be playing old men with long, white beards. Maybe by then I will be a great playwright. I still want to be, but somehow, that ambition has been sidetracked all along the way."

You see, that's what all the trouble has always been about, and that's what the trouble is about right now, that Leslie Howard has come back to Hollywood to make some more movies. Oh, he's [*Continued on page* 61]



Leslie is teamed up with Bette Davis in *It's Love I'm After*



ANN SOTHERN

With hubby Roger Pryor away Doonie, the scottie, becomes the privileged member of the Ann Sothern household. Annie isn't a bit sold on Roger being so far away in Chicago leading a band. But there'll be a day of reckoning for that honeymoon in Honolulu the minute Annie finishes *Danger—Love at Work*

—Hurrell



Vivid memories recall the loyal and honest heart of Jean Harlow



Jean climbed fast to stardom after her first appearance in a Hal Roach comedy



JEAN . . .



At the height of her career Jean became known as the screen's leading glamor girl

MEMORIES, these are memories, selected at random . . . memories that come but will not go, I think, so long as the really heartbroken heart of Hollywood can remember anything. . . .

JEAN said to me, less than a year ago: "If I should die tomorrow . . . *if I should die tomorrow* and I could take with me into the world to come only a few memories . . . I should like to take the memories of the little things those who love me have done for me—the little, homely things that loom so large when you begin to remember . . . the little things my mother has done for me, things which stud the whole fabric of her love for me as the sky is studded with stars.

"I should like to take away with me the memory of things Blanche (her faithful maid) has done for me . . . I think the memory of those 'little things' *would comfort and warm me as nothing else could do.*" (And so that one gardenia in

By FAITH SERVICE

Jean's last picture was *Personal Property*—with Robert Taylor



the midst of all the floral beauty—that one gardenia placed in her right hand, bearing the poignant message—"Goodnight, my dearest darling"—must have been the message which crept into her heart.)

"No, when I am gone," Jean said, "it is not fame I want to remember, nor money, nor flattery, nor all the big excitements. . . . It is service I should like most to remember. . . ." And then Jean quoted to me that lovely, loyal line: "They also serve who only stand and wait" . . . and she spoke of the little things, of those who did the everyday chores for her, her laundering and mending and marketing, her cooking and pressing and serving. Small, unspectacular duties, she said, unheralded and unsung but "the duties which make it possible for others to do the spectacular things. . . ."

Twice in the past the Hollywood papers have headlined: "JEAN HARLOW IS DEAD" . . . mistakes arising from motor accidents and mistaken identity. After one of these occasions Jean said: "I'm still very much alive, but these things have made the idea of my own death seem a tangible, a positive, *even an imminent thing.* And I have thought that when I do die there are memories I should like to take with me. . . ."

IS IT too much to say that she also served, who honored the small humble services with her tender thought of them?

Loyal she has been called in all the heartfelt tributes which have poured forth since the morning when her studio—when all the studios in Hollywood—when Hollywood, itself, bowed its head in the deepest grief it has ever known, of all its griefs. For there was a silence over Hollywood on that sad morning such as I have never known.

On the M-G-M lot tears streamed without concealment down the faces of the men at the gates, waitresses. props, cameramen, publicity men, directors, down the faces of Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Bob Montgomery, Myrna Loy, (who loved Jean with a special. friendly fondness) . . . all of them, great or small. Parties to be given that night were called off, premieres were cancelled, theatre tickets were turned back. On all the sets, in all the studios, there were faces that make-up could not help, yes and traces of tears no artifice could obliterate for the girl who had had no artifice in her [*Continued on page* 62]



Jean and Bill Powell appeared in *Reckless* and *Libeled Lady*. They were to be married



Barrymore has been in the movies for 27 years, yet Hollywood does not understand him. They've looked upon him as a lonely genius

The BARRYMORE You Don't Know

Lionel Barrymore—the actor who never misses—stalks right into your presence in this story. And if you didn't know him before you're sure to know him now

By JAMES REID

UP A narrow dirt road in the green Verdugo hills toiled a tall, stoop-shouldered, grayish man in need of a shave. He wore a baggy tweed suit, no tie. He walked with a noticeable limp. Under one arm, he carried a drawing-board. In one pocket was a box of paints.

He paused at the gate of a picturesque old farm with a tumble-down shack covered with climbing roses, flanked by weedy vegetable gardens, backed with terraced vineyards. He leaned his elbows on the gate and studied the setting. Finally, he took his pipe from his mouth and haled the old man in overalls, sunning himself, his chair cocked back against the wall of the shack.

"Mind if I draw this?" he shouted.

The oldish farmer came over to the sagging fence, looked over the oldish



Lionel (left) projected a novel character in *The Devil Doll*

In *Captains Courageous*, Lionel gave a great performance. Below as director of *Madame X*



artist, and opened the gate for him. As the man with the paints put the scene on paper, the other man watched. Finally, he could restrain his curiosity no longer.

"Say—what do you do besides drawing?" he inquired.

"Oh, nothing much. An odd job once in a while."

"Well, pardner, if you'd be interested—I can't do all my farming myself any more. I need somebody to help out now and then."

The man painting looked up at the old farmer—saw that he was serious. "I'll remember that," he said, with a half-smile.

The old farmer didn't know that he was talking with Lionel Barrymore. It's the same when Lionel goes down to the harbor to etch marine scenes. The old men of the sea, sunning themselves on the docks, watching the boats and the sun-dappled water, don't know who he is—and they don't care. He yarns and etches, while they just yarn, but he's one of them. He talks their salty language. He talks about the boats he once sailed—and the schooner he hopes to buy, some day. He has the same dream they all have: the dream that some day *his* ship will come in, and he will get out on that sea again—a kicking wheel in his hands, a [*Continued on page* 66]





He celebrated his 59th birthday recently with boss, Mayer. Left, with brother John

Glamour Babe—with SOUL

You ask the reason for the "new" Alice Faye? It's because she knows now, that Hollywood really wants her

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

IF YOU'VE wondered about the "new" Alice Faye, here's your answer. She guesses, at last, that the movie moguls really want her to act and sing and dance in their pictures. Yep, there's yet *naivete* in a glamour babe.

When cuddlesome, chubby, platinumized Alice Jeanne hove into Hollywood's view three or four years ago she was a member of the Rudy Vallee *entourage*. More than that, she was a Vallee protege. Being guileless (yes, absolutely) and nineteen, she was grateful to Rudy, George White, Mr. Fox, *et al,* for allowing her to sing a song, dance a step, in the George White *Scandals of 1934,* starring the Great Crooner. She didn't figure she was an asset to any film.

And when blonde, European Lilian Harvey backed away from the leading *femme* role and five-feet-four Faye was rushed in to fill the breach, she was still grateful to Messrs. Vallee, White, Kane (the producer), Fox, *et al.* But she didn't think she really belonged to this huge industry. People were just being kind to her because she was Mr. Vallee's torch singer, via air, stage and screen.

Well, Rudy went back to New York, leaving in his wake some embarrassing publicity which he certainly did not stimulate. Nor did Alice. It was at the time of the divorce explosions between the late Fay Webb Vallee and her singing mate, and Innocent Bystander Alice was billed in the public prints as the Future Mrs. Vallee. You can see how far wrong everyone was, because here it is A. D. 1937, three years later, and Alice Jeanne is still a victim of single-blessedness, unless she runs over to Yuma and marries another singer, Tony Martin by name, before this reaches the printer.

There she was, this Bronx *cherie,* a cuddly, dimpled darling who loved her native New York with its subways, its theaters, its night clubs (she had danced in several of them—Palais D'Or was one), its teeming streets. All anyone could do in Hollywood was pick oranges from the tree and the hard bright sunlight made fret lines around your eyes. All she could do was to slap grease-paint on and do her stint with Lew Ayres in her second film *She Learned About Sailors.*

"I have made twelve trips across the continent since I've been in films," says Alice today in her soft speaking voice. "But now I don't care about rushing to New York. It's funny but this country does something to you. Not Hollywood, because it's theatrical, but the country itself. You don't want to be sticky with make-up. It makes you want to be clean like you were fresh from a bath, and unsoiled even by powder. It makes you less restless.

"I'm always so glad to have a day off from shooting. I leave off all make-up, except a little lipstick and eye make-up, but no rouge, or powder. I feel like I had been taken from a box on those days when I leave make-up on my dressing table. That's what outdoor life does to you. It seems to have deadened my intense longing to go East every time I finished with a picture.

"You remember how I looked when I first came out here? I had platinum hair and plucked brows. I hope you did notice the difference immediately!" Alice said with emphasis. "See, I've let my eyebrows grow in; my hair is darker. It's darker than it actually is, for photographic purposes. My hair is naturally blonde. I weighed 127 pounds when I came to Hollywood. Now I am 115. And I dress differently. I think I've shed that Broadway look. I hope so."

Alice, now a sensitive player, appears very soon in *You Can't Have Everything*



ALICE'S evolution from a Broadway cutie lies deeper than the thickness of her make-up. It has been a slow growth and it has not yet reached full flower. Fans and critics began applauding the "new" Alice of the Bernie-Winchell film, *Wake Up and Live;* they sensed an emotional depth in the former torch singer that they had failed to detect before. Her intimates will tell you that the change commenced when film biggies selected her to play opposite Important-Star Warner Baxter in *King of Burlesque.*

It was then (1935) that Alice Jeanne, who has an inferiority [*Continued on page* 68]





A hit in *Cafe Metropole*, the well-dressed Adolphe scores again in *100 Men and a Girl*

Clothes Make the MEN-JOU

Adolphe attracts them with his clothes. Then he shows his talent

By HARRY LANG

THE Mysterious Shoes in Adolphe Menjou's Life, you might call 'em. They worry him, dreadfully. He cannot understand them. To all outward intent, they are an ordinarily fine pair of shoes, much like the scores of other shoes that are 'ranged neatly, like a bunch of cards in a card-index, in that extensive labyrinth that is the Menjou shoe-closet. But there's something utterly unholy about them. Those shoes, Adolphe is more or less firmly convinced, are haunted. Or something.

He hasn't worn them since that memorable afternoon while he was making *One in a Million*, at 20th-Fox, when they suddenly became uncanny. Ever since then, they've reposed calmly in their proper and assigned niche, behaving themselves. But Adolphe does not wear them. He shakes his head worriedly over them. You see, he was wearing them that afternoon. Up to then, they had served him well, as part of that most-amazing-wardrobe-in-Hollywood that is Menjou's great stock in trade. But that afternoon—

Well, the first thing he noticed came while he was sitting down. Suddenly, his right shoe pulsated oddly on his foot. It seemed as though it were tapping—tap-tap-tap-tapping. Adolphe looked down at it. The tapping ceased. He could see nothing out of the way with the shoe. He shrugged his shoulders, swung his foot idly, forgot about it. But only for an instant—suddenly the tap-tap-tapping was there again . . . !

Affrighted, Adolphe jumped up, stomped his foot. All was well. There was no more tapping. Puzzled, Adolphe sat down again, unlaced the shoe, drew it off, inspected it carefully, minutely. He bent the sole, he shook the shoe, he looked inside, outside. It all seemed kosher enough. Again he shrugged, put his shoe back on, gazed into space in wonderment . . .

[*Continued on page* 84]



JUNE LANG

Having finished the love interest in *Wee Willie Winkie* June staged a wedding of her own — with Vic Orsatti as the lucky man. The happy couple spent a honeymoon in Hawaii. At Home after July 1

FAREWELL for MUNI?

Paul Muni wants to get awa it all and catch up on some But he isn't saying FARE

By
GLADYS HALL



IS PAUL MUNI saying farewell to the screen? The answer is "NO." The actor man who has worked, man and boy, for thirty years since young childhood on stage and screen: the man of whom Mary Pickford once said: "he is the most veritable artist the screen has ever known;" the man of whom Spencer Tracy recently said: "I would rather be like Muni than anyone I know, admiring his work beyond all others;" the man who won the Academy award for his superb portrayal of *Louis Pasteur*—this man is not leaving the work to which he has given not only most of the years of his life, but also the best there is in him.

Muni doesn't dramatize himself. He talks about himself, if at all, with effort and only to be courteous and obliging. And he is untainted by any allurements whatsoever. Money does not matter to him. Fame does not confuse him. He strives to be and he succeeds in being, beyond any actor save, perhaps, Spencer Tracy, one (to quote Emerson) "through whom the soul of all men circulates as the common air through his lungs." He doesn't want to be Paul Muni in his work. He said to me: "There are two ways of playing a part—the character can become Muni or Muni can become the character. I try to be the latter. I must. It is the only thing I have to sell. If I were to play myself, straight, I would not last six months." And so the souls of all the men he has played—the unforgettable *Scarface*, the *Fugitive from a Chain Gang*, *Wang* in *The Good Earth*, *Pasteur* and now, *Zola*—the souls of all of these men have, in turn displayed the soul of Muni and circulated through him, as "the [illegible] through his lungs."

He *is* Muni off the screen and stage. He is modest—unaffected. He is sensitive and shy. He is deeply intelligent and intellectual. He is the one and only actor I have ever met or ever heard of who actually asked that he be paid *less money than his contract called for*. Add this to the Seven Wonders of the World—and make them eight. But he really did. He told the producer (it was Bella, his wife, who told me this of him) that he was not worth the amount of money the contract specified and that, further, he preferred to have less money and, instead, the right to have a voice in the selection of his stories, in the portrayal of his characters. He chose between his own integrity and gold. He really did.

He didn't believe that he would get the Academy award . . . "I knew my name was mentioned," Muni told me, "but among several other candidates. I had no idea I was to get it until the night of the Academy dinner. For as we entered the Biltmore the photographers cornered me—there were many other actors around—and asked to make pictures 'for the papers.' Then I—well, I wondered. And, of course, I was pleased. I hope it really [*Continued on page* 86]



The technique of Loretta Young and Don Ameche in *Love Under Fire* is one of happy possession —the kind favored by lovers on a park bench

SCREEN —but their Technique

Coy playfulness is but a prelude to a lingering kiss that'll be enjoyed by Jane Wyman and Kenny Baker in *Mr. Dodd Takes the Air*



The love technique of Olivia de Havilland and Leslie Howard in *It's Love I'm After* suggests the patching up of a lovers' quarrel





It's a serious technique that's revealed by Bob Taylor and Eleanor Powell in *Broadway Melody of 1938*—the kind that hopes things'll turn out okay



Youth in its most undying devotion is indicated by Anne Shirley and Tim Holt as screenhearts in *Stella Dallas*

HEARTS is—er—Quite Different



The technique executed by Preston Foster and Joan Fontaine in *You Can't Beat Love* is a *grand passion* favored by artists and sculptors



Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power enjoy a technique which is the real intense type—with eyes only for each other, in or out of *Thin Ice*

By
RILLA
PAGE
PALMBORG



In *Madame Walewska* Garbo wears the jewels given Empress Marie Louise by Napoleon in 1811 on occasion of the birth of L'Aiglon, their son. The jewels were borrowed especially for the Garbo production—and insured for $500,000
—*Acme*

Garbo is still Garbo—aloof and reserved. She is and always has been—and will remain a Scandinavian

Are They Americanizing GARBO?

THE fact that Garbo has developed a sudden yen for swing music has started Hollywood asking, "Can it be possible that the Swedish star is becoming Americanized?"

It was on the *Madame Walewska* set at M-G-M that word got around about Garbo's passion for swing tunes. The orchestra, engaged by the studio for the purpose of putting the star into the proper mood for emoting before the camera, had, it seems, been ordered to play nothing but swing music. *Pennies from Heaven* is her favorite selection. It is played again and again, while the star, in the seclusion of her luxurious portable dressing-room, goes over the lines of her next scene. It made no difference whether the scene that followed was dramatic, somber or gay. It was swing tunes that put her *en rapport*. From swing music Garbo went into the old-fashioned mazurka and quadrille in the spectacular ballroom sequence.

Although Garbo's trailer-dressing-room is drawn up on the edge of each set, upon which, at the moment she is working, the orchestra plays for her ears alone. Ensconsed in the space between her house on wheels and the high, black wooden wall that encircled it, the musicians' muted [*Continued on page* 76]





The minute the Australian actress and George set eyes on each other it was love at first sight

The GIRL GEORGE BRENT MARRIED

George vowed he'd never marry again but that was before he met Constance Worth

By CAROL CRAIG

UNTIL George Brent met Constance Worth, he had a sizeable reputation as a hermit. He was rated as Hollywood's Damsel-Dodger Number One. Now the reputation has gone with the wind. He married the girl.

Before that surprise event, no one had actually accused him of being a woman-*hater*. But, until he met Constance, it was an accepted fact that he was afraid of women. Certainly, he avoided them as much as possible. It was an accepted supposition that he had been badly "burned" in the past—and, in the future, was staying away from matches.

Most scenarios being what they are—love stories—George couldn't avoid the female of the species in front of the cameras. But, behind the cameras, he could—and did.

Look for George between scenes, and you would never see him with the leading lady, or any other member of the dazzling sex. You would find him off in a corner by himself, a resolute recluse, unless some of the boys gathered around. Then, and then only, could he be called convivial.

He lived on a ranch in the San Fernando Valley, and spent most of his time there, in silent solitude. His favorite sport was solo-flying. His favorite vacation spot was an isolated desert ranch. He was seldom seen in public. On those rare occasions, in some restaurant or at the Friday-night fights, he was with a man. Never a woman.

One of his male friends once told me that George had said: "I'll never go out with an actress who earns less than I do. How would I know whether she was interested in me, or my money? And I'm not going out with any actress who earns more than I do. She might think of me as just another of her possessions."

He dodged interviews, because most of the would-be interviewers were women, and he was deathly afraid of them. One of them had once become violently amorous, giving him sixty uncomfortable seconds—till he made his escape. Oddly enough, he had a woman agent—Minna Wallis. So far as anyone knew, she was

[*Continued on page* 63]



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

They are faithful in their *fashion* while their love is still in *bloom*. Doug and red carnations are as synonymous as Joan and gardenias. *Prisoner of Zenda* is finished but Doug remains in Hollywood. Is la Dietrich keeping him?

JOEL McCREA

After being pursued by Miriam Hopkins in *Woman Chases Man*, Joel reaches *Dead End* for his rendezvous with Sylvia Sidney in the picturization of Sidney Kingsley's play



To Strip or Not to Strip—(It's All the Same to GYPSY)

Gypsy Rose Lee, who made the strip-tease famous, has been stripped of her name in the movies. She's bundled up as Louise Hovick

By GRACE MACK



TO STRIP or not to strip: Whether 'tis better to tease the cash customers by demonstrating the gentle art of disrobing or to please the Hays office, and the censors, by wearing the prescribed quota of clothes—it's all the same to Gypsy. She has even let the studio strip her of her name without so much as a yip of protest which, if you're a discerning soul, should tell you quite a lot about this young lady. (Just try stripping Mae West or Joan Crawford of *their* names and see how they like it!)

"I've always thought that Gypsy Rose Lee was a very silly name," she says, "and since it seems to have become synonymous with strip-tease, I say good-bye to it with no regret."

The regret, you may be sure, is on the part of Twentieth Century-Fox. For while a gypsy rose by any other name may be just as sweet, there is no denying that *Louise Hovick*, spelled out in lights on a theater marquis, won't be half so enticing as would the name of Gypsy Rose Lee. And I noticed that the autograph hounds who buzzed about our table the day we had lunch would have none of the Louise Hovick stuff. They insisted on having the good old Gypsy Rose Lee moniker. Louise Hovick, however, is the baptismal name of the celebrated strip-teaser and that is the name under which she will make her cinema bow.

The reason? Well, it seems that a lot of folks in this so-called land of the free became



Gypsy—or Louise—who made strip-teasing something of an art, makes her debut in *You Can't Have Everything*. It'll be safe for grandpa and the kiddies

quite exorcised when the news got out that Gypsy Rose Lee had been signed by the movies, and, forthwith, began filing their protests. Apparently they overlooked the fact that the Hays office is still functioning, and that there was no more chance of Gypsy doing her body beautiful routine on the screen than there is of Mae West playing Lady Godiva. However, to quell all fears, Darryl Zanuck, smart showman that he is, came out with the announce- [*Continued on page* 82]

Now BACK at the HEAD of the CLASS

By MAUDE CHEATHAM





Janet had what it takes all along, but it took the color of *A Star Is Born* to show her real glamour

THAT superlative picture, *A Star Is Born,* is receiving extravagant praises throughout the country, being lauded as the finest example of Technicolor, and the truest story of Hollywood's heartbreaks and triumphs, that has ever reached the screen. Bouquets, too, are being showered upon its stars, Janet Gaynor and Fredric March, Director William Wellman, and in fact, everybody associated with this outstanding film.

Yet, Janet, the star, is peeved. Quite definitely peeved.

Why? Because eight of every ten reviews referred to her in such terms as, "A new glamour star is born," "Gaynor reveals a new glamorous personality," and some even went so far as to call her a star *"reborn!"*

With her brown eyes snapping fire, and all of her five feet drawn up to its full height, she asks, "Why am I a 'new glamour star' in this picture? Haven't I had other glamorous roles? Haven't I played rich girls in romantic dramas? Didn't I wear beautiful clothes in *Daddy Long Legs*? And in *The First Year, Servants' Entrance, A Small Town Girl*? And has everybody forgotten the lovely costumes of the Old South in *Carolina*? And what about the royal raiment as the princess in *Adorable*?

Being an idealist, Janet is sensitive and easily hurt, so, for the moment, her joyous, buoyant personality is a bit shadowed, but wisely she is saying little about her resentment. Not wanting to be quoted, she has closed the gate to her beach home at Playa del Rey, some eighteen miles from Hollywood, where she and her mother are spending the summer, and withdrawn into cloistered seclusion. She refuses to see most of the interviewers, and she positively will not discuss this "metamorphosis."

Doubtless, it was the splendor of Technicolor that created this challenge. It emphasized the romance in the backgrounds, it added magic to the shimmering gowns and negligees so carefully designed by Omar Kiam for her as *Vickie Lester*, the movie queen in *A Star Is Born*. But most of all, Janet's alluring beauty was revealed for the very first time; her soft coppery hair with its golden lights, the deep brown of her eyes, the white luster of her throat, even the fascinating freckles that sprinkle her pert little nose and make her so warmly human—all these took on a subtle new quality that made audiences glamour-conscious.

Janet's entire movie career has been unique. She is one of but twelve stars who ever came up from the extra ranks, and it was Hal Roach who gave her the first chance in one of his comedies. Six two-reel westerns at Universal followed, then a boy friend, a newspaper writer, inveigled a part for her in the Fox film, *The Johnstown Flood*, in which she had to weep and weep. She managed to look so pretty doing this that when Frank Borzage and Winfield Sheehan saw these scenes, they immediately decided she was exactly the one to portray the pathetic waif in their new picture, *Seventh Heaven*. Little did either of them realize that [*Continued on page* 91]

Janet had slipped from the top of the heap, but after *A Star Is Born* she bobbed back again in the first rank



A draped bow and melon slashes in the crown individualize this Sally Victor turban worn by Ida Vollmar in *Vogues*



The Coronation influence is felt in Mary Oakes' high crowned brimless hat. Decorative jet stones form an elaborate tiara



The feathers in Frances Joyce's shovel-brim hat are simulated aigrettes. The drape is very sophisticated and flattering

VOGUES OF 1938

HEADLINES

Sally Victor created these hats exclusively for Walter Wanger's *Vogues of 1938*

Mary Oakes is obviously a high-hatter. Or, maybe her father's an Elk. Right, she wears a velveteen fez. Ida Vollmar (below, left) chooses a knitted turban with fringe to match her sweater. (This is not a Victor hat.) Center, Ruth Martin wears a coronet entwined skull cap to keep her page boy bob neat. It's fashioned of crepe. Ida Vollmar goes high hat, too, in a dressy broadtail fez. The crown is crushed and anchored with a shoulder veil









STREAMLINES





A New York model models a Hollywood creation. Mary Oakes finds the new shorter formal dress ideal for dancing evenings. The uneven hemline is the newest thing. Her hair-do is most piquant

Mary Oakes wears another striking gown created for Wanger's *Vogues*. Helen Taylor designed this bouffant gown of black organza. Bands of shirring fashion the shoulders and hemline



Olive Cawley, left, and Katharine Aldridge, right, famous models, pose in formal gowns from Harry Cohen. Olive's is ice blue brocade and Katharine's billowy white net with a fitted upper section of crystal beads

Right, Mary Oakes, one of the most photographed girls in the world (as you can see), wears a fuschia toned gown of crystelle velvet from Sidney Blumenthal. The flounced skirt is set on in zig-zag fashion







Mark Oakes, above, selects a monkey fur wrap, styled by Jaeckel, to wear over her black organza bouffant gown (see opposite page). The wrap is finger tip length with loose sleeves. Phyllis Gilman, right, adds the silver touch to Walter Wanger's *Vogues of 1938*. The lustreless black crepe dinner dress with silver kid scrolls and slashed skirt is from Harry Cohen



VARSITY SHOW



It's three long cheers, a "tiger" and "locomotive" for *Varsity Show*—the new Warner musical which affords light entertainment for these outdoorsy days. It's a show that has Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians. In fact the bandleader swings into a dance (top) with Priscilla Lane. That's frog-voice Poley McClintock at the drums . . . At left, Priscilla Lane taps out a number—with the girls about to step in unison . . . At right, Dick Powell and Rosemary Lane carry on the vocal numbers and embrace the love moments with collegiate ardor . . . Below the girls of the ensemble go into a big swing number . . .





"This ANNABELLA—"

You'll be seeing this Annabella in Hollywood pictures soon. The French star is Europe's sensation

By MARIAN RHEA

Paris, France

Mr. Laurence Reid,
Editor of Motion Picture Magazine,
New York City, N. Y., U. S. A.

Dear Larry:

Well, I have seen Annabella here in Paris. Besides that, I have been finding out things about her from friends and studio associates and I think I have learned all you wanted to know.

"This Annabella," you said to me the day I sailed from New York, "is a wow in *Wings of the Morning*. Find out what makes her tick." You were sure the readers of Motion Picture, once they had seen her in this, her first English speaking picture, would like to read all about her.

Well, I thought she was a wow, too, in *Wings of the Morning*. And now, after seeing her in person, I think she is more of a wow than ever!

She is coming to Hollywood, Larry, as you undoubtedly will learn before this reaches you, but I was the first to learn from her own lips that she had signed a contract with Twentieth Century-Fox. This happened, in fact, only an hour before I drove out to the studio where she was making a French picture for Marcel L'Herbier, France's ace producer.

"Me—I shall journey to your Hollywood!" was the first thing she said to me . . . That is, the first thing after she had introduced me to her gray French poodle, one *Puddi*, a very knowing little beast, who Annabella told me, proudly, "speaks ver good English."

Annabella, too, speaks "ver good English" in a voice that is as huskily intriguing away from the sound tract as it was in *Wings* . . . And don't [*Continued on page* 89]





Annabella scored a hit in *Under the Red Robe*, above. Left, in *Wings of the Morning*



The TALK

Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings on in that dear old Hollywood

Ronald Colman goes in for lantern-holding—not because he is looking for an honest man, but so he can practice up if he goes railroading

PRIZE Fan-Letter of the Month: —showing that even among the maids of the British West Indies, the "Clark Gable technique" scores, came a letter to Clark, himself, from one Enoch La Touche, head projectionist at the Empire Theatre in St. George's, Grenada. Wrote La Touche:

"I've made myself the local Clark Gable and feel great about it. I've grown my moustache like yours, and I've got two big dimples just the same as you and a smile like yours, too. Like you, I treat my girl friends too rough and ignore them too much, but don't be afraid. They love me just the same."

Like Carvings On a Tree

LUISE RAINER'S new auto has her own monogram on one door; on the other, the monogram of Clifford Odets, her hubby.

Ay Tank I Go Yank

GOING more nearly "hundred percent American" every day in every way is Greta Garbo, the Silent Swede! Latest red-white-and-blue trick of Garbo: When her pet cameraman, Karl Freund, returned to the *Madame Walewska* set at M-G-M after getting his first citizenship papers in a downtown Los Angeles court, Garbo had a reception all set for him. Atop his camera fluttered the American flag. In a corner of the set, a small orchestra, hired by Greta, broke into Sousa's *Stars and Stripes Forever*. The entire crew stood and saluted. And a few minutes later, Greta, herself, handed Cameraman Freund a wax recording of the entire proceedings . . . The rumor is that Garbo herself is going to take out American citizenship papers, soon.



One of the prettiest faces in *New Faces of 1937* belongs to Mary Frances Gifford a swelegant eyeful of nearby Long Beach

Sound Effects—with Gable

LATEST to go for the record-yourself craze in Hollywood is Carole Lombard. She's wiring her house to a recording apparatus. She'd better see it's turned off when Gable's visiting.

Purty Drink For Pop

SWASHBUCKLING, hellraising Errol Flynn is carrying the corruption of Hollywood (so-called) to his native Ireland! He just revealed how he introduced his dad and his dad's pals to Hollywood's favorite tipple, the Old-Fashioned Cocktail. On Errol's recent trip abroad (the same one on which he wasn't shot in Spain!), he visited his Irish home, mixed up some Old-Fashioneds for his papa . . . After a row of them, Flynn *pere* and cronies told Errol it was the "purtyest drink" they'd ever had.

Say Not "Goodbye," but "Okay Toots"

NO ORDINARY "goodbye from Peter Lorre when he finishes a telephone conversation. Instead, a



The new sex-appealer for femme hearts is Jon Hall of Tahiti—who's in *The Hurricane*

of Hollywo

roly-poly Peter chirps "Okay Toots" into the phone before he hangs up, regardless of whom he's been talking with.

Competing With Tiffany

HOBBYIST supreme of Hollywood is Ann Dvorak. Count that month lost whose end sees no new hobby or avocation undertaken by Ann. This month's hobby is silversmithing! In her San Fernando Valley ranch home, the Dvorak has installed a complete silver-working shop, where she spends hours between pictures making gold and silver ornaments—wrist bangles, bracelet charms, bits of jewelry, and so on.

As With "Hot Dogs"

BETWEEN-TAKES nibble of Joan Crawford is mustard, spread on saltines.

And Beer, Too?

TALK of Hollywood is the new nomenclature for hair shades. Passe are the old time, outworn "platinum blonde" and "titian" ter
mode in movieland is to
with a wine-color accor
shade—

"Champagne" are A
Jeanette MacDonald, Sonj
Faye, Madeleine Carroll.
and Irene Dunne rate "ch
word for Jean Parker i
Mary Russell and Ruth
"opporto reds." And for
Claudette Colbert, Rosali
Wray, the term is "dubo

Scared to death are m
that they'll be called "p



Hope Hampton stages a comeback in a singing role in Universal's *Riviera*



One of the fairest of the newcomers to the screen is Mady Correll. She has that Certain Something . . . Paramount agrees

Get a Load of the Duchess

SELF-KIDDER is Barbara Stanwyck. Never feels sillier than when posing for those so-called "glamour" portraits. Embarrassed when a friend dropped in while she was being glamorous for the camera, up chirped Barbara: "Get a load of the duchess . . . !"

Medal for Tamales?

DEPEND on Lupe Velez to never let Johnny Weissmuller outrate her in anything. ANYthing! Even medals

plaques,
"Johnnee" with his
. . . But place of honor goes
silverish medal won by Lupe, herse
NOT for swimming. But for (of ALL things!) cooking. Lupe won it ten years ago, while in a Texas convent.

Immortals For Margo

NO HEY-HEY-HOTCHA stuff for the arty Francis Lederer and Margo, when it comes to birthday gifts. To Margo, Lederer presented an automatic phonograph with fifty symphony recordings.

Hollywhittlings

MOST expert cusser-in-Chinese in Hollywood is Wally Beery . . . to keep her poundage down, Simone Simon nibbles raw carrots . . . because neighbors complained, Deanna Durbin has soundproofed a room in her home, wherein to practice singing . . . runner-up to Myrna Loy for freckle championship is Elizabeth Allan . . . quaintest pet in Hollywood is Katharine Hepburn's long-limbed gibbon . . . because she gets hoarse if she screams, Kay Francis has to have a double do her screaming for her when



Simone Simon drapes her chin on a cushion—the better to give you the world's most provocative pout. Simone is now in Paris for a vacation



In the brig with sore thumbs are George Raft and Gary Cooper who were strung up for operating a slave ship and refusing to talk in *Souls at Sea*



Jane Bryan, nautical and nifty—and lately of ***Kid Galahad***—flashes her million dollar smile. After ***Confession*** she'll be starred

... than 7 a. m. ... a western complex is ... Tone; he likes nothing better than to twirl a lariat, wear cowboy shirts, and bust out into "Home, Home, Home on the Range!" . . . six days a week, Ann Dvorak is a vegetarian; but on Sundays, she eats two steaks—one for breakfast, the second for dinner . . . Madge Evans' pet superstition: in her dressing-room, she keeps a set of six china elephants, always facing east.

Spence Gives a Shower

MOST embarrassing moment of the month came to Spencer Tracy when he turned on the lawn-sprinkling system at his home. He didn't know his wife was giving a tea-party on the lawn. Anyway, he *says* he didn't know . . . !

Cry With Garbo?

IRREVERENT toward their illustrious daughter are the Swedes. Ever since *Camille* hit the screens in Stockholm, newest piece of Swedish slang, according to a letter received in Hollywood is: "Ach—go cry it out with Greta!"

More at Home on the Range

TO SOME players, stardom is a goal. To Dick Foran, it's a pain in the neck. Instead of being jubilant over Warners' plan to raise him from westerns to straight picture stardom, Foran bellyached.

"What's the matter?" asked a press agent; "Don't you want to be a star?"

"No!" bawled Foran; "I wanna ride a horse."

Prefers the Funnies, Mebbe

NO RESPECTER of mama's thespianism is Joan Blondell Powell's 3-year-old son, Norman. The other morning, Joan offered to take him to the studio with her, to watch mama work. "Aw," lisped Norman, "I don' wanna. You'll jus' be actin' silly again . . . !" Home stayed Norman.

Yoo Hoo!

TALKING of horticulture, Eleanor Powell got the flowerist fan-gift of the month—a thousand pansy plants from a fan who'd read she loved pansies!

Never Seed Anything Like It

ALWAYS clowning, these Hollywoodians . . . Consider the gag played on Barbara Pepper. She bought some zinnia seeds to plant in her garden, took them to the studio before going home. Paul Guilfoyle, who happened to buy some vegetable seeds to plant in his own garden, couldn't resist the temptation, mixed turnip seed with Barbara's zinnia seed. Now Barbara is raising hell with the seedman because she says they're the funniest zinnias she's ever seen . . . !





And Anna Sten, who stages a comeback in *Gorgeous*, wears an open-work straw so the sun will go easy on the complexion

Tip To Office "Wives"?

WISTFULLY complained Marlene Dietrich the other day: "Make-up destroys, for me, so much of the glamour in movie love scenes. Why, when a man is all made up with grease-paint and stuff in front of you as he kisses you, you're just reminded that he's only playing a part, that's all." And she sighed.



If the macaw knew publicity he'd tell June Lang that "here at Riverside's Mission Inn was planted California's first orange tree by Spanish settlers"

Ida Lupino, of *Artists and Models*, takes to her canopied swing to avoid the mahogany veneer of that famous California sun

Excuse It, Please

JONGA, Mary Brian's Filipino houseboy, has appointed himself social censor-secretary to his mistress. When an actor calls up Mary, it's Jonga who (quite without instructions from Mary) makes up Mary's mind as to whether she'll see him. If it so happens that the caller-upper is one of Jonga's screen favorites, Jonga assures him he's welcome, to come right over. BUT—if he happens to be an actor whose screen work Jonga doesn't like, Jonga curtly tells him "Miss Brian is busy, please; good bye."

More Hollywhittlings

BENNY BAKER'S gone Hollywood—bought himself a car to dazzle even movieland—bright canary yellow with flaming red leather upholstery! . . . telephone-nutty is Ted Healy—can't pass a phone without stopping to call somebody up . . . nearly as bad is Harpo Marx—he has a phone even on his luncheon table! . . . Greta Garbo won't let studio hairdressers coiffure her—she curls her

[*Continued on page* 59]



When you've been skating your feet off as Sonja Henie does in *Thin Ice* it's swell to give the "dogs" a rest

Mischa Auer and Akim Tamiroff of revolutionary Russia, played hunches to score in Hollywood

By Way

"I AM a very poor Russian for copy," said Mischa Auer. "Because I am not a prince, I am not a general, I am not of the Imperial Ballet. I am just a Russian. Talk to Tamiroff. He is of the Moscow Art Theatre."

"I am not a prince, too," says Akim Tamiroff, "or a millionaire's son. True, I am of the Moscow Art Theatre. But I have not adventures. Talk to Auer. Auer, *he* is the one with adventures."

So I talked to them both—two men who came out of revolutionary Russia and landed by devious ways in Hollywood. A year ago their names meant little to you. Then Auer did a gorilla act in *My Man Godfrey,* Tamiroff played the *general who died at dawn,* and they came into their own.

Auer is long and lanky, and his mournful brown eyes under their heavy lids belie his antic spirit. He will fasten them on you in such grave melancholy, that you brace yourself for some tale of unutterable woe, only to be edified by a piece of information like this: "You see the suit I am wearing? Genuine antique, and the treasure of my life. I keep them hanging in my closet till they ripen, to my wife's annoyance. One hangs there now which will soon be ready for a beachcomber."

He wears the genuine antique for Universal's *100 Men and a Girl.* On the set he pulls his ears to their widest and makes fearful grimaces at Deanna Durbin, as if he were ten and she five. She laughs, too, like a five-year-old—sometimes when she shouldn't. "It's Mischa's fault," she wails. "He made me." Mischa's shoulders rise to his ears, and his outspread palms plead innocence. "Kill me if I said a word." "You don't have to say it," Koster, the director, assures him. "Your face is enough."

Equally striking in another way are the eyes of the short and stocky Tamiroff. "In the sunshine they are green like a cat's," said one of his friends, as they sat in the restaurant





Auer got his start imitating a gorilla in *My Man Godfrey.* A master of disguise, he scored, right, in *We Have Our Moments*

of Russia

By IDA ZEITLIN

of the Moscow Art Theatre. An assistant director overhead, and Tamiroff was tried out and given the part of *Cat* in Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*. "Before that, I got a part with one word —not one *line*, but one word. In Gorki's *At the Bottom* I was permitted to say: 'What?' 'What?' I said, and everybody was sure I had already made a great career. So imagine when I got *Cat*. This was no more a career, but a miracle."

The lashes shading those green eyes are the kind girls would give their souls for. "For the *General*," he says, "they were cut to the roots three times. I looked like hell. When I came to my house, my wife didn't want to let me in. 'The only good thing you have, your eyelashes, and they took it away.' 'Don't cry,' I told her. 'For this picture. I will cut not the eyelashes alone, but the finger.'"

Tamiroff's wife is Tamara Shayne, a Russian actress. Auer married Norma Tillman, an American girl, not of the stage. Their son, Anthony, is three —"with all the earmarks of a ham," says his loving father. "He already knows how to make exits and entrances and get his effects." The Tamiroffs have no children. "Only two cocker spaniels," he apologizes. "Not so nice as children, but still nice."

A CHILDLIKE quality characteristic of his race, and evidenced by his frank superstitiousness, makes Tamiroff seem the more purely Russian of the two. Auer is the more sophisticated—perhaps through the Hungarian strain inherited from his grandfather, Leopold Auer, the great violin teacher (who taught most of the present maestros). Perhaps, because he reached America at the age of fifteen and attended an American school. Both men talk fluently and colorfully, with that color so many foreigners seem to bring to an alien tongue. Auer is completely at home in the American idiom, and his accent is faint. Tamiroff's is marked. Each has a story to tell about his English.

"I learned a little from my governess in St. Petersburg," says Auer. "But I brought it up to date when I lived with cockneys in barracks. You can imagine the kind of English they taught me—in polite literature it's spelled with blanks and dashes. When they sent me to school [*Continued on page 74*]



Tamiroff got off to a flying start when he acted the *general* who died at dawn. He is a former member of Moscow's Art Theater



Tamiroff, a movie menacing man, plays a heavy in Paramount's *King of the Gamblers*



The Red Hot Mama is in the Movies



Sophie Tucker, who has "wowed" on the stage for 25 years as the red hot singing mama will "wow" them on the screen now

Sophie gets red hot in her singing (top) in the *Broadway Melody of 1938*

"Some of these days,
You'll miss your baby!"

DO YOU remember that song? You can still hear it today on your after-midnight recorded radio programs, advertising somebody's beer. But do you remember who first flashed it across the footlights? Some of you may. It was in 1911, at the Balaban and Katz Circle Theatre in Chicago. Its interpreter was Sophie Tucker. That song laid the foundation for Sophie's international fame.

And Sophie Tucker has come to town! By "town," I mean Hollywood. And is going to town in *Broadway Melody*.

A few months ago, a line in a Hollywood newspaper gave me pause. It read: *Sophie Tucker wows them in Hollywood night spot.* The fact that Sophie Tucker "wowed" them didn't give me pause, for I had seen Sophie "wow" them in London and New York. It was only a few months before, that I had read of her organizing the American Stage and Screen Tribute to the King George V. National Memorial Fund at the Coliseum Theater in London. But more of that anon.

What *did* give me pause, was the fact that Sophie Tucker had come to town, and was entertaining at a Hollywood night spot. Now this particular resort is one of Hollywood's dressiest, and most expensive places to go after dark—don't mistake me; but I couldn't see how it could afford to pay Sophie the money she had been accustomed to receive. As a matter of fact, it couldn't! Yet, there she was—the famous red hot mama herself—doing her stuff for Hollywood's elite, and, apparently, enjoying it. At any rate, the cash customers were enjoying it.

I wanted to know, "How come?" I sought her out at the [*Continued on page* 80]

By DICK PINE





Margo's exoticism is not an affectation. It is an inheritance bequeathed by her Castilian ancestors

Beauty Is Kin Deep!

Margo makes the most of her Castilian Inheritance

By DENISE CAINE

Have you checked up on your looks lately? Hair getting dull and dry? Pores enlarging? Nails splitting? Or are you tired of the same old hair-do, the same face powder? If these or other beauty problems are bothering you, write to Denise Caine. She'll gladly help you and give your problem individual attention. Write to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City, and don't forget, please, to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

MARGO'S Castilian ancestors did right by her when they bequeathed her those small hands and feet, that tawny coloring and unforgettable eyes and mouth. But lots of women, whose forebears handed down good features of one kind or another, have not done as Margo has—made the most of them!

This little dancer-actress of the lone and lovely name, seen recently in Columbia Pictures' *Lost Horizon,* has shown good beauty sense in playing up her best points strategically . . . When I interviewed her, in her dressing-room, she was wearing heavy professional make-up, but it was still obvious to me that her skin was creamy and smooth, her lashes real and fabulously long and silky.

Margo wears a creamy powder with golden undertones that forms a perfect contrast for the deep-toned lipstick with which she outlines her generously curved lips, and for the greenish-gold color of her large eyes. She prefers brown shadow and gets a natural effect by smudging it between her thumb and finger before smoothing it over the lids. Black eyebrow pencil defines and elongates her sweeping brows and, because they do not match exactly, she draws one a bit higher than its natural line, in a slight, inverted V. When she makes up professionally she applies mascara lavishly, but otherwise merely touches the ends of her lashes lightly, for she thinks they should look as silky as possible.

Margo is fussy about caring for her soft, golden brown hair and has held out stubbornly against suggestions for bleaching it. She brushes it until it shines and once a week has a Castile soap shampoo. Because she has no time to go to beauty shops, she usually has her maid give her the shampoo and put up the ends on bob pins. With the ends rolled in flat curls and secured in this manner, she finds that she can sleep without discomfort. Besides, she likes the soft, fluffy effect that the flat curl gives when it's combed out. Margo thinks that the texture and sheen of the hair is of major importance and her own well-groomed locks certainly bear out her ideas. Her favorite coiffure is the simple one she wore as Maria in *Lost Horizon,* with the hair drawn severely back to show her widow's peak and curled softly behind the ears.

In summer, Margo protects her hair and accents her exotic beauty by wearing a colorful bandanna, turban fashion, whenever she is out in the sunshine for long periods. A firm believer in getting plenty of sun, she thinks the proper amount of tan enhances almost any girl's attractiveness and, furthermore, gives her added vitality for the remainder of the year. When she has spent a long afternoon at the beach, covered with protective oil, Margo has a system for freshening up at a moment's notice that deserves to be passed on. She takes with her a bottle of her favorite eau de cologne and some tissues, and when she is through sunning herself, removes the oil with tissues, then douses her skin with the cooling, cleansing cologne. A fresh application of lipstick—and she's ready for the trek from beach to an impromptu party at a friend's house, looking not the least bit oily or beach-worn.

THOSE of you who have not yet had your summer vacations or an opportunity to acquire a suntan, may be interested in knowing that a famous Hollywood [*Continued on page 72*]

PICTURE



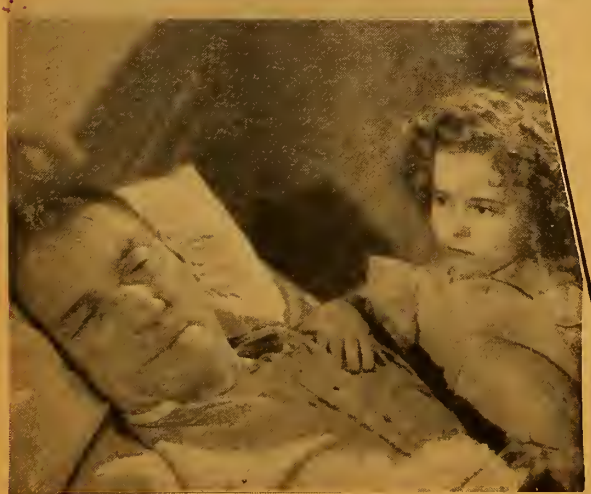
THEY WON'T FORGET —AAAA—

Meaning you, and you, and you! *They Won't Forget* will be one of the most controversial films of the year. It is a stirring, dramatic indictment of the injustice of mob prejudice and required a great deal of courage on the part of Mervyn LeRoy, the producer and director, to produce such a dangerous subject, but then Warner Bros. have taken such chances before. The film opens on Memorial Day in some section of the South. A young girl is murdered in a business college and here is the chance the ambitious district attorney, Claude Rains, has been waiting for to advance his career. The people demand an indictment for the murder and among the suspects a young teacher at the school, a Northerner, is singled out. During the siege of propaganda the trial is held, the boy found guilty and lynched on his way to prison. This is one of the most extraordinary films of the year, don't miss it. The cast including Gloria Dickson and Edward Norris, newcomers, and Claude Rains, Otto Kruger and Allyn Joslyn is outstanding.—*Warner Bros.*



A DAY AT THE RACES —AAA½—

Since *A Night at the Opera*, the last Marx Brothers' opus, there hasn't been a screwier, funnier, more hilarious picture than their new venture, *A Day at the Races*. The brothers Marx (only three, now) go to town in their latest comedy. They leave you rolling in the aisles after almost two hours of continued gagging. The mad Marxes go wild and you go wild about them and their crazy antics. Director Sam Wood deserves credit for his splendid direction and George Seaton and Robert Pirosh are to be commended for concocting the story—a most difficult assignment. A sanitarium owned by Maureen O'Sullivan, now impoverished, is the background for the carryings-on of the brothers three. And Allan Jones, as the fiance of Miss O'Sullivan, has the opportunity of exercising his vocal chords to your pleasure. An exciting steeplechase race in which Jones' horse is jumping for the purse to save the sanitarium is an excruciatingly funny climax. This lavish production is enhanced by a gorgeous ballet number and a musical interlude with a colored choir.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*



WEE WILLIE WINKIE —AAA½—

Shirley Temple is certain to gain many new admirers after the release of her current film, *Wee Willie Winkie*, for the Temple, at last, has outgrown her little whimsicalities and is now a fine actress of superior rank. Her extraordinary talents are even more emphasized, being freed from the cute tricks smart youngsters employ to attract attention. La Temple, however, has not lost any of her natural sweetness or charm while going through her theatrical adolescence. Rudyard Kipling's colorful story of India is truly enhanced by the inclusion of the number one box-office attraction. And Victor McLaglen, Aubrey Smith, June Lang, Michael Whalen, Cesar Romero and Constance Collier lend handsome support to this stirring tale of the adventures and romances in the dangerous Khyber Pass. The martial spirit is inspiring and Shirley's affection for Sergeant McLaglen is most compelling. *Wee Willie Winkie* is packed with honest sentiment.—*20th Century-Fox.*

CARD INDEX OF

PARADE



SLAVE SHIP

—AAA—

20th Century-Fox didn't spare the whip in depicting the brutal and sordid maritime adventures of the eighteen-hundreds when trafficking in slaves between Africa and America was rampant. The dramatic qualities of *Slave Ship* have been pointed to such a degree that feminine flesh will probably shrink at the realistic lashings and cruel beatings inflicted on the slaves, as well as at the coarse humor. However, to compensate them there is a very appealing romance between Warner Baxter, captain of a slave ship, and Elizabeth Allan, a sweet, innocent Southern gal. When Warner Baxter meets the charming Elizabeth he falls in love and takes her for his bride. Determined to quit slaving and become a respected member of the merchant marine, Baxter brings his young bride aboard the ship only to find that he's been tricked by his first mate, Wallace Beery, who has taken charge. Battles, murder and death ensue. The salty tang of the sea is trenchant throughout this powerful drama.—*20th Century-Fox.*



KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOUR

—AAA—

Alexander Korda, England's top producer, has outdone himself in giving us *Knight Without Armour*, James Hilton's story of the Russian Revolution. He has outdone himself in giving us Marlene Dietrich and Robert Donat in the starring roles, two extremely interesting and attractive players; and in giving us such realistic artistic direction of Jacques Feyder; and in giving us the material of the Revolutionary days. This tragic period is well represented from both sides—the White and the Red. The Dietrich is overwhelmingly beautiful, particularly in a bathtub scene. La Dietrich, a Russian countess, is rescued from the hysterical Reds by Robert Donat, a British secret service agent who returns from banishment to Siberia at the outbreak of the Revolution. Free, he is appointed an assistant commissar by one of the Red leaders with whom he had been exiled in Siberia. Sent on a mission to escort the countess to Petrograd he falls in love with her and endangers his life in plotting her escape.—*London Films-United Artists.*

THE ROAD BACK

—AAA—

The picturization of Erich Maria Remarque's *The Road Back* has sacrificed the dramatic wealth the novel contained for comedy. A clown can find comedy even in tragedy, but it was a disappointment to us that the producers thought it necessary to inject so many comedy sequences in this film dealing with a very serious problem—the readjustment of the young German soldiers upon their return to the war torn Fatherland. Excluding this fault, *The Road Back* is a stirring, sincere and courageous sequel to *All Quiet on the Western Front.* The curtain unfolds in the early hours of November 11, 1918, in a German dugout. The strength of the picture lies in the grim battlefield scenes and in the soldiers' sensitivities. Richard Cromwell, John King, Larry Blake and Maurice Murphy are outstanding as the perplexed young soldiers and Andy Devine and Slim Summerville with the aid of Louise Fazenda get those laughs, you just can't help yourself.—*Universal.*



The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

[*Continued from page* 12]



—*Fawcett photo by Rhodes*

Waiting for Brown Derby food to be brought them Clark and Carole say it with love

DENIED are rumors that Guy Bates Post and Lillian Kemble Cooper, stage-and-screen veterans who married last Fall, are heading riftward. Denials come from Post himself, who explains their recent moving-apart by saying that wifie had to move to an apartment house because the dampness of their own home bothered her sinuses. "And I'm trying to cancel the lease on our house so we can be together again," added Post.

Undenied, however, are reports that the recently-married George E. Stone's aren't finding double-harness comfortable . . .

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Ruth Hilliard and Jimmy, of the Ritzes:
I'm betting they'll soon be mister and mitzes!

● ● ●

LIKE the Grable-Coogan wooing, another long-time romance of youth in Hollywood is the unkillable Johnny Downs-Eleanore Whitney necking marathon. Like one of those round-bottomed figures with lead in its pants, you can't knock it down to stay down. Tiffs they have, but invariably, they kiss and makeup. And kiss . . . Latest kiss came when Eleanore got back to Hollywood from an eastern personal appearance tour. Leading the welcome-home crowd at the station was Johnny, lips all puckered up long before train time. Off the train stepped Eleanore, lips ditto. They met, lips first. Ah, ain't love grand?

ANDREA LEEDS, who crashed the publicity columns by being kissed for a whole day by various actors in her first screen tests, is going to save all her real kisses from now on for Arnold Kunody. It'll probably be wedding bells soon.

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FILM comicker George Chandler played host to Old Doc Stork recently. When the stork departed, he left Mr. and Mrs. Chandler a six-and-a-half-pound baby boy. Comicker Chandler announced it would be named Gary. Commentless was Gary Cooper.

Other stork-news:—Having the Crosby nursery done over in pink is Dixie Lee, Bing's wife, as she waits for the arrival of Crosby child No. 4. The previous junior Crosbys being all boys, Dixie hopes the next one will be a girl, is pinking the nursery to bolster that hope. Wisecracking, Dixie vows that if it isn't a girl this time she'll divorce Bing and marry Eddie Cantor, whose children are all shes . . . dated up with Doc Stork for sometime-in-September is Doris Dudley, who is quieting down from her helter-skelter life.

● ● ●

SOMEWHAT complicated, even in love-complex Hollywood, is the altar-mating of white-haired Bill Boyd and shining-eyed Grace Bradley . . . You see, it was only such a short, short time ago that Bill Boyd and Pretty Hazel Forbes were on the very brink of I-do-ing it! And as for Grace, only a very short time ago, too, Hollywood was wondering how soon she was going to marry Fred Lawrence. Not to mention Fred Kohler, Junior, son of the big bad man of the films, with whom she was stepping out only a few days before she and Boyd got their marriage license!

But things happen fast in Hollywood. The cupid kid is keeping the details a secret, but somehow, at a party, Bill and Grace, who'd known each other for a long time as friends, suddenly discovered each other as sweetie-pies! "I've known Grace," said Bill, "for a long, long time, but I never *really* knew her until a few days ago!" And so off they went, got their marriage okeh

[*Continued on page* 60]



—*Fawcett photo by Rhodes*

Ginger Rogers presents a mouth full of hot dog. Ditto Florence Lake, Pat di Cicco

Do You Take This Woman—This Man? (and GENE and JEANETTE Agreed)

The happy couple, right, speed away in their car to Jeanette's home to entertain 1,000 guests



Gene and Jeanette, below, leave the church a smiling couple en-route to the wedding reception



The biggest wedding that Hollywood ever saw took place when Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond were married. Over 1,000 guests attended the nuptials while 5,000 persons jammed the streets outside the church to get a looksee at the principals and other screen notables. Gene and Jeanette honeymooned in Honolulu



The Raymonds, above, register a happy, but conservative clinch immediately after the ceremony

—Fawcett Photos by Rhodes



The wedding party included such notables as Nelson Eddy, Harold Lloyd, Allan Jones, Ginger Rogers



A tender scene between Katie O'Shea (Myrna Loy) and Parnell (Clark Gable)

TIP-OFFS on the TALKIES

Brief Reviews of the Recent Releases

AAAA—EXCELLENT; AAA—GOOD; AA—FAIR; A—MEDIOCRE

Parnell—AAA—The long awaited opus based on the life of the famous Irish patriot, *Parnell,* has finally arrived, with our own dear Gable in the title role and with Myrna Loy as his own dear *Katie O'Shea.* M-G-M spent months of labor and a huge budget on this compelling, human interest story of the conflict between the Irish leader and the Prime Minister of England during the late Victorian era, but all they have succeeded in giving you is a grand production with an excellent cast. It lacks sincerity and the failure seems to lie in the uninspired portrayals of the stars as the famed characters of the beautiful and great love that affected the career of a great diplomat. Supporting players are Edna May Oliver, Edmund Gwenn, Alan Marshal, Donald Crisp, Billie Burke and others too numerous to mention.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Slim—AAA—Pat O'Brien, Henry Fonda, Margaret Lindsay and Stuart Erwin give their best—which is tops—in a fresh little story offering a wealth of pictorial punches. Pat O'Brien is a lineman working on high towers carrying power lines—a hazardous, but heroic occupation—and Henry Fonda has similar ambitions which Pat finally helps him realize. It's a tale of two men and one girl—no rare plot—but it's human and interesting. Stu Erwin is a ground man and his inclusion adds much to the comedy value.—*Warner Brothers.*

The Last Train from Madrid—AAA—An unbiased treatise on the horrors of war using the Spanish revolution as a background. Actually, the war is only a background for a collection of romances. The film is outstanding for the qualities of the characterizations portrayed by Lew Ayres, an American newspaperman; Gilbert Roland, Anthony Quinn and Robert Cummings, soldiers; Lionel Atwill, a commanding officer; and Olympe Bradna, Dorothy Lamour, Karen Morley and Helen Mack, the love interests. Mild enough for torrid weather.—*Paramount.*

Sing and Be Happy—AAA—That's what you'll be doing when you see 20th Century-Fox's latest musical comedy featuring some of the players who added to the success of their preceding musicals like *Sing, Baby, Sing* and *Wake Up and Live.* The plot is typical of this variety of filmfare, but the entertainment value is high. It's a great pick-up on a blistery day. Tony Martin and Leah Ray are engaged and engaging in the leading roles and Joan Davis is responsible for the laughs that come often.—*20th Century-Fox.*

When Thief Meets Thief—AAA—Packed with suspense and action is this British crime drama with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Valerie Hobson. A splendid cast, excellent direction and a strong plot makes this one of the films you want to see. Doug, Jr., is a clever thief who is double-crossed by his partner, Alan Hale, when he is ready to quit his illegitimate profession. He escapes, however, but swears vengeance which he satisfies before the curtain falls. An interesting romance is inducted while Doug robs the home of Valerie Hobson, the adventuress-fiancee of Alan Hale.—*United Artists.*

GLAMOUR

As only Hollywood can reveal it, is the keynote of the September issue of MOVIE STORY, the "different" kind of film magazine. You will find entertaining and romantic story versions of the most glamorous Hollywood films of the new season, including *The Prisoner of Zenda,* starring Ronald Colman and Madeleine Carroll; *The Firefly,* which co-stars beautiful Jeanette MacDonald and Allan Jones; *Mr. Dodd Takes the Air,* with Kenny Baker and Gertrude Michael; and *This Way, Please,* which introduces the famous radio star, Mary Livingstone—all for only ten cents in the September MOVIE STORY.

Mountain Music—AAA—Martha Raye and Bob Burns score a knockout in their first starring picture. Slightly toned down but effective is Martha's outbursts of songs—and they are frequent—and Bob Burns is hilarious in his comedy romance with Martha. The stars perform with gusto and the story and assisting players are interesting. This is slapstick in elegant style. Terry Walker and John Howard are good contrasts to the unpulchritudinous stars.—*Paramount.*

Married Before Breakfast—AAA—Clever dialogue, good gags and a capable cast add up to an amusing comedy held together with a tie of romance and conflict. Robert Young makes a fortune on an invention and remembers his friends of less prosperous days. Engaged to marry "blue book" June Clayworth his plans go awry when he meets Florence Rice who is engaged to marry Hugh Marlowe. A little involved, but you'll get a kick out of it.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Born Reckless—AAA—Taxicab "protection" is the theme of this racketeering film with Rochelle Hudson, Brian Donlevy, Robert Kent and Barton MacLane in the leading roles. Full of action and thrills, this melodrama holds a speedy pace. Miss Hudson is given a splendid chance to show her dramatic ability, in a role that is different for her, and she comes through with a high score. Barton MacLane is effective, as usual, as the chief racketeer and Brian Donlevy is seen to advantage as the virile racing driver. Robert Kent pleases in a small and mild part.—*20th Century-Fox.*

Armored Car—AA½—Either Hollywood producers can't staunch the flow of gangster stories from their writing departments, or the American public's appetite cannot be appeased for bloody meat. Universal's offering deals with a gang of gangsters who satisfy their lust by dynamiting armored cars. Excellent photography and direction add to the value of this cops and robbers melodrama with a cast consisting of Robert Wilcox, Judith Barrett, Cesar Romero, Irving Pichel, *et al.*—*Universal.*

Speed to Spare—AA½—If you seek a thrill go and see *Speed to Spare,* an exciting racing story interspersed with romance and comedy. Charles Quigley, Dorothy Wilson and Eddie Nugent are the major characters in this lively film depicting the story of two brothers, a girl, and a race for the championship for midget auto racers. The race sequences are so full of action that you welcome a respite and enjoy the love and conflict interwoven into this neat little story.—*Columbia.*

It Could Happen To You—AA½—The basic idea is a good one, but it goes haywire dramatically. However, if you "go" for films of the racket type you will be entertained. The direction and production is better than most pictures in this grade. A school for immigrants is the racket for the background of this gangster film. Alan Baxter, Andrea Leeds, Owen Davis, Jr., Astrid Allwyn, Walter Kingsford and Al Shean emote in the leading roles.—*Republic.*



Some kisser, Martha Raye! With Terry Walker, Bob Burns in *Mountain Music*

Wild Money—AA½—A "snatch" case adds momentum to this newspaper story culled from one of Paul Gallico's magazine yarns. Edward Everett Horton, a niggardly newspaper auditor, away on a vacation in the hinterlands, scoops a kidnaping case and finds himself with $5,000 and the assignment to cover the case for his paper. He proves himself a reporter and a sleuth besides. It has its comedy moments and the transformation of Horton's character is interesting to see. Others in the cast are Louise Campbell, an attractive and interesting newcomer, Lynne Overman, Lucien Littlefield, Esther Dale and Porter Hall.—*Paramount.*

Small Town Boy—AA½—A sympathetic story about a small town boy, Stuart Erwin, who suddenly finds himself rich with $1,000. The acquisition of the money gives the boy backbone and he becomes a respected and lovable citizen. He then finds out the money isn't real. Stu is convincing in the role and amuses in his particular style. Joyce Compton is the love interest and Jed Prouty and Clara Blandick, the parents of luckless Stu. Another member of the family is James Blakeley, the worthless younger son.—*Grand National.*

Forlorn River—AA½—Short and snappy is this western based on Zane Grey's novel. Larry Crabbe gives a faithful depiction of the scalawag *Nevada.* Others are Harvey Stephens, Syd Saylor, June Martel and John Patterson. The cinematography is beautiful and you'll enjoy hissing the horse thieves.—*Paramount.*

The Shadow Strikes—AA—A murdered millionaire, an unfinished will, an old mansion and mysterious characters lurking in the shadows play chills down your spine. The "Shadow" who has devoted a lifetime to tracking down the murderers of his father adds this crime to his sleuthing career and clears up both mysteries. A capable cast includes Rod La Rocque, Lynn Anders, James Blakeley, Norman Ainsley.—*Grand National.*

DON'T MISS

Any of the following important pictures, previously reviewed in this magazine, if you can help it: *Lost Horizon*—a beautiful story, beautifully presented on the screen. James Hilton's famous novel is immortalized in the screen version. Credit is due Frank Capra, the director, and cinemactors Ronald Colman, H. B. Warner and Sam Jaffe . . . *The Good Earth*—a truly great novel made into one of the greatest motion pictures ever produced. With 1936 Academy award winners Paul Muni and Luise Rainer . . . *Captains Courageous*—Rudyard Kipling's salty tale of the sea makes a stirring and exciting film. Spencer Tracy, Freddie Bartholomew and Lionel Barrymore earn raves for their superb performances . . . *A Star Is Born*—or a star is reborn—meaning Janet Gaynor. A gorgeous Technicolor film with an intensely human story. Fredric March and Miss Gaynor perform flawlessly . . . *Dreaming Lips*—there's been much controversy about the merits and demerits of Miss Elisabeth Bergner's latest opus. But don't miss it—just go to see Bergner . . . *Kid Galahad*—one of the best fight pictures ever made. With Edward G. Robinson, Bette Davis, Wayne Morris and Humphrey Bogart . . . *I Met Him in Paris*—particularly recommended for torrid days. The ice sequences taken at Sun Valley are sensational. Claudette Colbert, Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young score.

Prize Letters

HOW READERS RATE THEM!

CELLULOID SERMONS

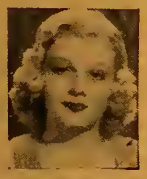
$15 Prize Letter

VERY gratifying it is to a former minister of the gospel to find the screen taking over in a fearless way the business of preaching. In *A Stor Is Born* we had a very potent temperance lesson, and spiritual symbolism is evident in *Lost Horizon* and *The Green Light*, while *Captains Courageous* had a fine moral embodied in its story. The most recent example of a movie sermon was in *Make Way For Tomorrow*, which is a stern rebuke to callous governments that make no provision for old people to retain and enjoy the homes they have toiled a lifetime for, but on the contrary take these homes away, separate the old folks and break up families. Hundreds of preachers in hundreds of pulpits could discourse from the text *Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother* with little result, but this celluloid sermon, reaching and touching millions, is a different matter, and has the impact of a blow. It is a plea, a challenge, and a heartbreak. The individual is not human who can see it and remain unmoved at the spectacle of man's inhumanity to man.—*G. Bogné, Box 503, Vancouver.*

IN MEMORIAM

$10 Prize Letter

JEAN HARLOW, A-1 glamor girl of the screen, is dead! There are many who did not think Jean Harlow much of an actress, yet she gave pleasure to countless thousands by the sheer perfection of her youthful loveliness. And the pleasure she gave was genuine, for her attraction did not entirely lie, as is often implied, in artificial glamor or sexual appeal. Jean Harlow was nothing if not natural, and watching her one sensed that she felt real pleasure in giving it to others. She was always Jean Harlow, perhaps, but men and women liked Jean Harlow just as she was and delighted in her beauty as in that of any other lovely thing in nature—a beautiful flower or a glorious sunset. She was as real as that, and we shall long remember her as one of the most genuinely delightful personalities the screen has given us.—*Beotrice Hammond, Lafayette, R I.*



Jean Harlow

MARCH MARCHES ON!

$5 Prize Letter

WHEN you complain that movie stars are *personalities* rather than actors, just omit the name of Fredric March. He doesn't place good looks and a few whimsical mannerisms in a showcase and exhibit them under different titles. He actually becomes whatever character he's playing. In *A Star Is Born* it wasn't Fredric March as *Norman Maine* whom we saw. It was a vital, lovable, yet wilful, actor already started on the toboggan-slide of Hollywood fame. In *Anthony Adverse* March was the satisfying embodiment of people's imaginary *Anthony*—a unique achievement if we stop to consider that the book had over eight million readers! In *Mary of Scotland* we were always aware of Miss Hepburn, but *Bothwell*, that lusty, gallant, swashbuckling soldier really lived! It's the same story even if you start 'way back at *The Royal Family* or *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. His performances are always sincere and arresting as well as authentic to the part. —*Frances Stuort, 207 Worren Avenue, Oildole, Calif.*



Fredric March

MASS EDUCATION

$1 Prize Letter

THE cinema deserves the gratitude of us all for producing such fine biographical pictures. They have given us a keen insight into the lives of famous people. By showing filmgoers the spirit which prompted them towards their great achievements they have portrayed their essential humanity and made them kin with the rest of us. By making their lives and work absorbingly dramatic entertainment, films have made a greater impression on people than all the history books ever written. And how stimulating the lives of these great people are to ordinary, working individuals. Their fine human qualities illuminate their achievements, and act as an inspiraton and encouragement to us all. I give many thanks to all concerned in the production of *Rothschild, Rhodes, Clive of India, Louis Pasteur, The Great Ziegfeld*, and *The White Angel.*—*Mr. G. Livesey, 19 Colville Terrace, Bayswoter, W. 11, London, Englond.*

NO SISSIES, PLEASE!

$1 Prize Letter

THE writer wonders if it is asking too much that the trend of new leading men be slightly modified from the effeminate, cupid bowed, long eyelashed, extremely curly haired type, that now graces (if that isn't too grossly abusing the word) the screen? If it wasn't for good actors such as Beery, Gable, Laughton, Tracy, etc., that have been left ardent movie fans like myself, movie going would be a thing of the past. Beauty isn't everything, even in a woman for whom the word was probably created. Certainly when applied to a man, it should be a small item compared with the fine acting, good timing and years of experience required to give a truly fine and interesting performance. After all even tailor dummies have *looks*!—(*Mrs.*) *G. Long, 3186 W. 86th St., Cleveland, O.*

STILL A GOOD ACTOR

$1 Prize Letter

JOHN BARRYMORE is quite a fool in his private life. Jack of the Royal Family has had his inane peccadillos spread all over the front pages in the recent months, but Jack is still a good actor. In my opinion he ran away with the show in *Romeo and Juliet*. There is a sureness of touch in his work that is not found in any of his contemporaries. I hope the mythical bugaboo of public opinion will not prevent the producers from using him. He has entertained a lot of people in the past and still has plenty of good performances left in him. Let us see him again.—*Kotherine Osgood, 1019 47th St., Emeryville, Colif.*



John Barrymore

CALLING BROADWAY STARS

$1 Prize Letter

PLEASE have the motion picture companies give us more plays and actors from Broadway! There is an almost flawless technique about these Broadway players. They have something more than looks and good diction. This fact was what made *Winterset* the outstanding screen drama of 1936, in my estimation. Give us Helen Hayes in her *Victoria Regina*, or the Fontaine-Lunt duo, or try to persuade the matchless Katherine Cornell to make a talkie. There are those, like myself, away out here in the *sticks* who appreciate the best in drama, art, music and literature. Only, we cannot afford to go to New York once a year to see the latest stage productions. Nor can we attend opera. There are many fine pictures produced each year and I appreciate them. So give us more high standard, finished productions such as Broadway produces.—*H. H. Pickett, 226 Cheyenne Ave., Colorodo Springs, Colo.*

PRIZES FOR LETTERS!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over *one hundred and fifty* words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

On the SETS with the STARS



Goldwyn's *Dead End*, adapted from the stage hit, features six of the boys who were in the original play. The indoor set, above, represents the East River waterfront

SWEETEST PIECE of work in Hollywood came during a hot spell, while they were shooting *Stella Dallas* at Goldwyn's. For a scene, 15 high school boys and girls were *paid* for sitting at a soda fountain, drinking ice cream sodas! . . . They took up shooting a sequence for *The Firefly* at M-G-M two days after shooting the first part, in which Jeanette MacDonald did a fast Spanish dance. Next scene called for her to be talking, out of breath from the dance. To get her out of breath, Director Bob Leonard grabbed her arm, ran her around the stage until she panted; then he shot the scene so Jeanette's pants (breath, you dope!) matched the previous take.

FUN ON THE SET: For Universal's *100 Men and a Girl*, Deanna Durbin and Gene Pallette had to do a serious scene. Gene's back was to the camera, Deanna faced the lens. Each time, Deanna in the middle of the serious take broke down and laughed. Reason: Gene was wiggling his nose at her. Not until Director Henry Koster bawled him out did he keep a straight face, let Deanna play the scene without laughing . . . What they don't have to learn to make movies!—for *Heidi*, Shirley Temple, playing a little Swiss girl, has to learn to milk a goat. So did Jean Hersholt, who plays her grandfather, the goatherd.

RECORD NUMBER of stand-ins ever used on one scene in Hollywood is in *Dead End*. On one day there were 16 stand-ins. Six for the boys who were imported to Hollywood from the New York stage play, and who, under California law, must have time off during production for schoolwork, so the stand-ins stand in while the real actors study; other stand-ins for Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, Humphrey Bogart, Allen Jenkins, Ward Bond, Wendy Barrie, Claire Trevor, Marjorie Main, Bob Mulligan, Mary Servoss and George Humbert. So many stand-ins, the real players could hardly find room to work!

BIGGEST POOL ever constructed specially for a movie scene is at the Sam Goldwyn studio, for *Hurricane*. The pool, which holds nearly a million gallons of water, represents the lagoon of a South Sea island. It covers an acre, is five feet deep, except for the edge where it slopes to a white sand beach. Between takes, it is popular as a swimming pool, for actors and technicians on the picture, these hot Hollywood afternoons. For sanitation, the water is chlorinated.

WHEN YOU see the hats worn by Ann Dvorak and other women players in the Schulberg picture, *Let's Talk of Love*, you'll be seeing hats actually designed by Ann Dvorak, herself. Ann, who designs her own offscreen headwear, got special permission to design the hats for the film, is now wondering whether she'll get screen credit as designer . . . Katharine Aldridge is one of the beautiful models in Walter Wanger's *Vogues of 1938*. For five days, she couldn't work because of a black eye and swollen jaw. So tired became Katharine of taking wisecracks and questions about it that she had a tiny newspaper-sheet printed, explaining how she got it: "Had a wisdom tooth pulled." Some people believe everything they read.

IT *MUST* be true! Garbo *must* be getting human! Fact: She's actually been playing catch with a baseball, with the crew of M-G-M's *Madame Walewska* between takes. Next thing you know, one of the grips will be slapping her on the back, calling her "good ol' Garby Warby!" . . . Shades of household budgeteering! For an omelette in M-G-M's *The Firefly* for Jeanette MacDonald, Allan Jones, and others, three dozen eggs were cooked . . . !!!

TALKING ABOUT eggs and *The Firefly*,, here's another yolk on Allan Jones, who co-stars with Jeanette MacDonald in the film: A scene called for Jones to lather his hair while taking a bath. For lather scenes, real soap-lather dissipates too quickly under hot studio lights, substitutes are used. For the bathtub scene, they used egg-white. But a prop man, thinking to do Jones a favor, put hot water in the tub instead of cold. The hot water cooked the egg-white so that it took a curry comb and a forced stream of water from a hose to get the omelette out of Allan's hair!

AT 20TH-FOX, they had trouble with soap-lather under lights, too. In *Too Much Limelight*, Jed Prouty had to carry on a long conversation while shaving. In four takes, using real shaving soap, the soap dried on Jed's face during the take, flaked off like powder. A prop man finally solved the problem by mixing the shaving soap with cold cream; the resultant oily lather stayed wet through the take . . . Now Janie Withers goes sex-appeal! For the first time in her screen career, she's going in for osculation. As the final scene of *Wild and Woolly*, she has to be kissed by screen-meanie Jackie Searl, with whom she makes up after fighting through the story with him. Red-faced, embarrassed, Janie complained to director Al Werket: "It isn't Jackie I mind; it's all these people who are watching!"

ITEMS FROM Sam Goldwyn's *Hurricane* —because Mary Astor tipped over in one of the outrigger canoes on the big lagoon tank and nearly caught pneumonia; because another player tipped over, ruined a $150 watch, director John Ford has prohibited boating between takes—florists had to provide the studio with a thousand gardenias a day, to be made up into leis for the South Sea natives to wear—because the strike of make-up men hampered making up extras with dark skins as natives, and caused costly production delays, Goldwyn bought ten therapeutical sun-lamps, ordered the extras to lie under them until they had real coats of dark tan, needed no further make-up jobs—but Dorothy Lamour took no sun-baths to get a black skin, so she had to set herself a 9 p. m. curfew during her work on the film, so she could get up at 6 a. m. each day to do the two hours body make-up work required—property man George Callahan had to keep special guard over the thousand cocoanuts imported from the South Seas, because, unlike those you buy in the stores, they have their natural hulls intact. Nevertheless, members of the cast and crew made away with 20 of the cocoanuts, ate them,

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A welcome respite from work in *New Faces of 1937* is when the gong sounds for a spot of afternoon tea. And here are Harriet Hilliard, back in Hollywood for the picture, and Bill Brady (they play the romantic leads) getting that pick-me-up between scenes

own hair, always, for her film roles . . . when Dixie Dunbar tried out her new barbecue pit the other day, it smoked so much a neighbor turned in a fire alarm—and Dixie had to feed the firemen the steaks! . . . so persnickerty about his sartorial ensemble is Fred Astaire, when dressing up, that he tries out an average of five ties before he's satisfied with his haberdashed appearance . . . congratulatory wire from Dick Cromwell to Joan Crawford, after she'd radio-appeared as *Mary of Scotland*, said: "TO MARY—WITH LOVE" . . . a bit tetched about shoes is Nelson Eddy—buys an average of two new pairs a week, gives them away to friends when he's got too many for his shoe-closet . . . when she telephones, Joan Crawford scrawls banjo-eyed caricatures of herself on the memo pad . . . fish every morning for breakfast is the British whimsy of Melvyn Douglas . . believe it or not but Bing Crosby is so bashful when working on a set full of chorus girls that he hides in a corner between shots . . . so predominantly a favorite of M-G-M stars is the color blue that the M-G-M wardrobe uses 500 more bolts of blue goods every year than any other hue . . . newest pet-protection stunt of Hollywood stars is to footprint their dogs; Una Merkel, Joan Crawford, Luise Rainer, Jeanette MacDonald, Eleanor Powell all had footprint records made of their pooches, filed them with the M-G-M studio police department, to serve as ownership-proof in case their dogs were lost or stolen . . . the monograms on Joan Crawford's personal stationery are invariably of her own designing . . .

Recipe For The Perfect Wife

BY CLARK GABLE: SHE MUST—
enjoy the things hubby does.
—laugh at the right time only.
—not complain about ashes on the floor and clothes not hung up.
—give him his favorite dish once a week.
—not complain about unexpected guests brought home by hubby.
—not sulk when he has bad luck financially.
—dress up because he wants other men to admire her.

All right gals, there's Clark's order. Can you fill it?

More Gable Gabble

SWELL gesture: hearing a property man bragging about his son, Gable asked if son had a bike. "Not yet, but when I get the money saved, I'm buying him one," said the prop man. Next day, Clark wheeled onto the set on a new bike. "How ya like it?" Clark asked the prop man. "Finest bike I ever see," answered the man; "whose is it? Yours?" Answered Gable: "Nope. It's your son's. With my compliments."

Literary aspirations: Gable has finished two screen plays—one about the oil fields, which he knows because he worked in 'em, the other, according to himself, a "sort of Horatio Alger thing." P. S.—Neither of the screen plays has been accepted by any studio.

Six More Years To Go

SMART insurance idea is Deanna Durbin's. With her movie earnings, Deanna has bought a short-term endowment policy, which pays off when she's 21. With the payoff, Deanna has already completed arrangements to purchase voice training and coaching from Europe's most famed maestro, to perfect herself in opera—Italian, German, French.

The European training begins December 4, 1943, on which date Deanna'll be 21. She'll take an absolute vacation of several years from screen, stage and radio, while taking European training.

Tougha Breaka?

TALK of Hollywood, indeed, is Bill Powell's finally-negotiated new contract. Bill was holding out, you remember (if you read this column regularly) for $200,000 per picture. He didn't quite make the grade. But what a contract, nevertheless!—it gives him $155,000 cool cash per picture, on a seven-year, no-option contract, which calls for two pictures a year to be made within five months, leaving him seven months a year free. More, he is allowed to do one picture per year for some other studio besides M-G-M, and he can do whatever radio work he wishes without studio interference. Poor Bill. Isn't life tough?

Not In Pa's Footsteps

FOR the first time, Leslie Howard and his son, Ronald, (who looks startlingly like him!), are decidedly at odds. Papa Leslie wants Sonny Ronald to go back East, join up with one of the more famous

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The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

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from the State of California. Revealed Bill that he'd been married three times; admitted Grace that she'd never been married even once!

Meantime, Hazel Forbes steps out with about-to-be-divorced funnyman, Charlie Butterworth, at the same cafe where Grace and Bill are niteclubbing. And Fred Lawrence, apparently un-torch-carrying for Grace, hurries East to spend time with Margaret Swope, whom he's going to marry when she gets her divorce . . . Swing it, boys . . .!

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MAYBE you've read that Dick (cowboy) Foran is going to marry socialite Ruth Hollingsworth? Well, maybe it's true. But what Ruth herself has to say about the report is: "I'm not saying yes, and I'm not saying no. Nice weather we're having isn't it?" Yeah, Ruth; yeah. Swell weather for honeymoons.

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MOST indefatigable withstander of cupidean assaults is Cary Grant. Militant bachelor-in-Hollywood, Cary spends few nights alone, becomes annoyed when rumors of his twosoming hint romance, allows himself never to be drawn too definitely into any Hollywood gal's life . . . Nearest-to-steady for Cary has always been Mary Brian. No matter who else may share Cary's nite-club life at various times, you can always depend on Cary to ring up Mary some night, take her out dancing. That's what he's been doing.

In between Mary-times, Cary's been dispensing his personality on Ginger Rogers, Florence Lake, and the hi-de-ho Countess di Frasso, better known to Hollywood as Dorothy, putter-on-of-swell-parties.

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CUPID'S COUPLET:
Lovely Margo and handsome Francis Lederer—



Grace Moore and hubby, Valentin Parera, greet Met. tenor, Charles Kullman, who's in Hollywood to sing in Goldwyn *Follies*

Love each other well, but love careers betterer!

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Buddy Adler and Anita Louise—
There's a new twosome, if you puh-*lease*!

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Ah, there, Sylvia Sidney; I saw yer
Out stepping with that New York lawyer!

● ● ●

FROM the obscurity of militant manlessness, pretty Olivia de Havilland has been lured into dating, now and then. Olivia, who makes no secret of her preference for books and study, rather than boy-friends, hearkens dutifully to the plaint of her studio publicity bosses that "romance is good copy." And so, dutifully, Olivia has been going out now and then, once or twice with Phil Huston, once or twice with Johnny Arledge, both such nice lads . . . But don't take it seriously. Phil Huston, you see, is on the verge of marrying Julie Haydon. And Johnny Arledge isn't on the verge of marrying anybody, even Olivia.

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CUPID'S COUPLET:
Conrad Nagel and Wilma Francis—
One of Hollywood's warmest romances!

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MARRIED:—Martha (what-a mouth) Raye and Buddy Westmore, Paramount make-up-man and member of the famous Hollywood Westmore make-up family, in a Nevada elopement that left Martha's mama gasping. Said mama: "At 20, Martha ought to have been thinking of her career, instead of marrying. Anyway, they promised me they'd wait for two years!" Nevertheless, mama is going to live with Martha and Buddy in their honeymoon apartment.

—Rita Hayworth, daughter of the Dancing Cansinos, and rich Texas oilman E. S. Judson, in a Yumalopement in which her papa played an unwitting part. He called Rita early, because, she told him, she had to report for early-morning retakes. Instead, Rita left the house, joined hubby-to-be, sped to Yuma, married, sent a wire telling papa it wasn't a retake.

—Bob (bazooka) Burns and his secretary, Harriet Foster, as you all knew they would. For no reason at all, they eloped to Las Vegas, just as though it were all a great big secret. Happy for Bob and Harriet is all Hollywood, which knew their romance for months.

—Varying the Yuma-or-Las Vegas custom, Marla Shelton picked Salt Lake City (where the Mormons dwell) for her wedding to M-G-M make-up-man Jack Dawn.

—Irene Coleman, film actress picked by Artist McClelland Barclay as the girl with the most beautiful eyes in Hollywood, went to Mexico to marry Hollywood Doctor Edwin B. Glass.

—For the third time, one-time film-star Colleen Moore takes on matrimony. In Crown Point, Indiana, she married Chicago broker, Homer Hargrave. Added Colleen: "I'm through with pictures."

—Vicki Palmer is now Mrs. Howard Lang. He's one of Hollywood's actors' Agents.

—George Givot, dialector, and Maryon Curtis, from Chicago, put on a big society wedding with scores of Hollywood celebrities present at the church ceremony. Tyrone Power, highly-pursued-by-the-gals, was one of the ushers. Flower girl was little Naida Curtis, stand-in for Shirley Temple.

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DON'T be surprised if George Raft and Virginia Peine finally do it! There's a Mexican-marriage in the wind, backed

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—Fawcett photo by Rhodes

It's authentic. Buddy Westmore shows Dixie Dunbar his bride's ring (Martha Raye)

Is Leslie Giving Us the Run-around?

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making them with right-enough spirit. Say this for the lad, bellyache as he may about how little he likes his job, yet he turns to with a do-or-die spirit and works like the very devil!—that is, when they can catch him (but more about that later.)

But over on the Warner lot, where he's teamed up with Bette Davis again, this time making *It's Love I'm After,* Howard is up to his old tricks of telling the boys and all who want to listen that film-acting is the very twaddle and piffle for serious thespians and that by this-and-that, he's done with it! Done for good!

As a matter of fact, this time he's giving Hollywood particularly Hail-Britainia! This time, you see, he's telling us that he's got it all set, and when he jolly well gets done with *It's Love I'm After* (and maybe another film or so) he'll shake the glare of the sun-arcs out of those twinkling eyes of his, and never again set foot before the camera. He's going to produce. And direct. And WRITE, by heaven, WRITE! ! !

I could have told you that, and made it a news story for you. I mean, good old MOTION PICTURE could have gone screaming, under my by-line, that Leslie Howard was doing his farewell appearance, and called it news. But it really isn't. It's piffle.

TWENTY years ago, Leslie Stainer—a skinny Tommy with a mothy mustache and a newish war wife, came back from the trenches to London and contemplated, with vast distaste, the prospect of going back to his job in a bank and adding up figures. He envisioned endless columns of figures—guineas and pounds, shillings and pence . . . And he shuddered. And out of the bravery born in the trenches, the one-time meek bank clerk stuck out his funny little chest and shrieked: "No, no! A thousand times no. I'm going to be a writer. A playwright. A GREAT playwright . . !" Then, in sudden realization that he had to eat, and so did his wife, he added, in a tiny voice: "—and in the meantime, I can live by acting."

That was 20 years ago, and his name was Leslie Stainer then. He's been saying that very same blankety-blank thing for every one of those 20 years in between, has Leslie Howard . . . And somewhere around 1960 or so, I rather imagine some brash young interviewer will step up to Leslie Howard as he comes off the set and ask: "Have you anything new to say, Sir Leslie?" And old Leslie, with that white beard he talks about, will quaver:

"Look here, my lad. I have a very great news announcement to make to you. I've always wanted to write, not act, understand? Well, this picture is the very lahst (he'll say lahst!) I shall ever make before the camera! There, now—is that NEWS for you?"

And the young man will utter a razzberry, or whatever the 1960 equivalent thereof may be. And Leslie will totter away, muttering in his long white beard: "Oh, hell—I never *could* get away with that gag, could I?"

ENOUGH of that, now. I'd rather tell you the kind of fellow Leslie Howard is, and what Hollywood thinks of him, and what he does there, and all that sort of thing. But first I'll concede him this: he really is going back to England with his family, after another picture, and begin producing. He's going to produce a spectacular film called *Bonnie Prince Charlie,* right in the historic Scottish backgrounds.

"Oh, yes," he admits, "I shall probably act in it." He gives you that down-the-nose look and says, "Mind you, I'd much rather not." But ten-to-one, when you see *Bonnie Prince Charlie,* Charlie'll just be Leslie, all dressed up. Later on, he has the plan to make a picture of the life of William Shakespeare. For that, you can even bet he'll put on whiskers and tights and be the Bard, himself. He really did it once on the stage, anyway, so he'll be used to it.

But quit acting? Not Leslie Howard. EVER! ! ! !

Howard isn't really serious as he'd have you believe he is. In general, I mean. Good lord, if he were, he'd have to be going around all the time, posturing and being the bigshot. He doesn't. There are few things Leslie Howard more enjoys than just having fun. Plain ordinary fun. He isn't perpetually stalking about, spouting about Art and acting and that sort of thing. No, no—ask any pretty ladies in Hollywood and they'll tell you no, no. He sounds pompous, on the character surface. He's anything but.

To his studio, he's a trial. Not as a box-office asset, but as somebody they have to work with. When they catch him, he works beautifully and hard and well, as you know. But what a job they have catching him . . .

There was the time they hunted high and low for him, because everything was ready for a "take." Assistant directors (he gives three of them nervous breakdowns every picture!) scampered hither and thither. Finally they found him asleep in an automobile with his head on Genevieve Tobin's lap. Seems he'd been talking with her, there, between shots, and just got tired—"and what could I do about it?" she wanted to know.

Another time, he was pedalling gaily around the vast domains of the Warner back-lot on a mechanic's bicycle, while they screamed for him to come make love to Bette Davis for the camera. When not only the director, but the mechanic upbraided him, too, because he hadn't been able to find his bike, Leslie tush-tushed them both and said: "My deah fellows—y'know, you really take life too, too seriously . . ."

They catch him in Peter-Pannish postures, watching the goldfish in the studio pool. They discover him striding back and forth across the studio lawns, being *Hamlet.* (They haven't caught him doing *this,* however, since last season on Broadway. He's BEEN *Hamlet*!) They wait for him to show up for carefully-arranged conferences, and then, after an hour or so, find out he's forgotten—so he says—and is out walking in the woods somewhere.

LESLIE is as independent as a 98-cent watch. Won't play a role he doesn't believe in. Even turned down a chance to play opposite Garbo with that famous: "Why, it wouldn't be fair to her. What's more, it wouldn't be fair to ME!"

Hobbies he has a-plenty. Candid photography. He's always scrambling around the catwalks of the set, risking his million-dollar neck to get a three-cent picture. Has almost as many cameras as Wally Beery. Probably, if he really ever meant that he was sick of acting he could make a pretty good living taking portraits.

He thinks he can sing. But not militantly. He's always had a sneaking wish to sing in public, but valiantly downs it. Some day, though, he might break out like Joan Crawford—all of a sudden let them bring the microphone to his table at a nite club, and start crooning something about woo-woo-woo-when d i d you-ooo-ooo-l e a v e heavunnnnnnn! I mean, that repressed desire to sing out loud in public is dangerous. And then we'd have just another Bing Crosby instead of only one Leslie Howard.

Nevertheless, he doesn't let modesty in-

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A few weeks ago Merle Oberon suffered injuries received in an automobile accident in the London suburbs. This photograph shows her recuperating at jolly old Brighton. The star, who is fully recovered, will return shortly to star in a Goldwyn film



Jean Harlow had a great affection for animals. And she showered deep affection on the wire-haired terrier, Skippy, which has the largest repertoire of tricks of any dog in the movies. Skippy is a very busy actor, but he has no desire to run away from it all

honest heart. Clark Gable went home that day. He could not work. And Kay Mulvey, head of magazine publicity in Jean's studio, one of Jean's dearest friends, said to me, over and over again: "I can't believe it. I don't believe it. I keep thinking in two weeks this will all be over and then I can tell Jean about it, how terrible it was."

Yes, even in her own passing they felt—those she had never failed—the need to "tell Jean about it," to go to Jean for their comfort.

Loyal she had been called, and too beautiful to live, and a trouper and a pal and thoughtful and considerate . . . her good sportsmanship, the simplicity of her personal life, her sunny and unspoiled nature, her devotion, too deep for words to touch, to her mother . . . all this and more has been said. But out of all the tributes and attributes, one, to me, stands out beyond all others—her honesty. She was an honest heart. She never pretended, even to herself. She never faced a truth obliquely. Even in her great love for Bill Powell she didn't resort to coquetries. She said simply: "I worship the very ground he walks on." She said: "I have loved men before, of course. I have never been *in love* before."

"WHAT dreams did you dream?" I asked Jean and Clark one day when they were making *Wife versus Secretary* together. We had been talking of what their ambitions were when, some six years ago, they played together for the first time in *The Secret Six,* starring Wallace Beery and Lewis Stone . . . beginners both, at that time, each with only one picture behind them.

"What dreams did you dream?" I asked them and—"*We didn't,*" they laughed, simultaneously. They didn't, Jean explained, because they didn't have time to dream. They had time only to work as hard as they could in the hope that this job would go on and that another job would follow.

"At the risk of being called an *Elsie Dinsmore,*" Jean told me. "I was really thinking only of my mother, of the sacrifices she had made, of the family opposition she faced when we came to Hollywood. I was just hoping from hour to hour that I would be allowed to keep on working for her sake. Just as I would feel if I'd been a stenographer or had any kind of a job . . ."

And Clark saying, then: "Jean has never changed. In the beginning she wouldn't have thought of allowing a double to take the blows for her. Now, in this skating sequence where she has to fall flat on the ice—and fall good and hard, she doesn't think of allowing anyone to take the fall for her."

I think that is, undoubtedly, one of the truest things ever said about Jean . . . I think it explains so very much . . . *she never allowed anyone to take the blows for her.*

YES, you took the blows yourself, Jean, and took them smiling . . .

And again: "I still can't think of myself as a star," Jean told me one day, so beautiful a star in her chiffon-draped dressing-room on the M-G-M lot, slender in black satin, vital and lovely and natural on her jade green divan, her little dog bedded down on *one of her evening gowns.* "It sounds silly but it's a fact that I never think of *me* as a *star.* I think of all the others, Garbo and Carole and Claudette and Joan and the others as big stars, glamorous and everything, and then the thought comes to me: 'but you're a star, too'—and it doesn't ring a bell. It doesn't seem to be real.

"I have the hope," she said, "that after a good many years and a lot of hard work I may develop into the kind of an actress I'd like to be . . . I know I'm not really a good actress now . . ."

When she was told that she was to play opposite Robert Taylor in *Personal Property* she was as pleased and excited as though she had never made a picture before. She was timid of meeting Bob. She said: "And I'm so excited about working with Woody Van Dyke, I feel that I can learn so much from him. I'm going to listen with all my ears to every word he says. It's such a big break for me to work with him, to play opposite Robert Taylor . . ."

One morning I went to have breakfast with her and found her reading *Stalin: The Career of a Fanatic* . . . We discussed books that morning—the books that Jean loved more than all others, Wasserman's *The World's Illusion* most of all, then Galsworthy's *The Forsyte Saga* and Sigrid Undset's *Kristin Lavransdatter* and *Jean Christophe* by Romain Rolland.

She was honest, was Jean . . . she was so honest that her "professional personality" hurt her, often. The demands made upon her as a public character were, she told me once, "agonies to bear." She was not, she said, a "born actress." She was not a "born" public character. She didn't know, she said, just what she was born to be, but she thought, perhaps she might have fitted comfortably into the role of a little housewife somewhere in Kansas, might have been a helpful member of a Saturday Current Events Class. She had, she told me, no "public graces." When she had to make personal appearances or sign autographs in a milling crowd she had to use a whip on herself, had to remind herself that others did it, had to say to herself: "Go on, do it, you've *got* to do it."

SHE didn't know how to fight, this girl who, as a child, used to take the blame for things she didn't do rather than rise up in meeting and take her own part. She'd let the neighborhood children tell tales on her and get away with it rather than save her own skin at the price of heated argument. Yes, that was Jean to the very last breath . . . she'd take the blame for things she didn't do rather than take her own part . . . She called it "being a sissy."

She was too emotional, she told me, and let her emotions run away with her. She loved people without ever stopping to weigh them coldly on cold impersonal scales to find out whether they were worth loving . . . She was impractical, she said . . . she wasn't born with any sense of the value of a dollar . . . she didn't care for luxuries. She never saw herself as a glamour girl. She and her mother sold their luxurious home in Bel Air because they felt it was not the frame that fitted them. They didn't give large and lavish parties. They ate in the formal dining-room only twice in a whole year. They had trays in the mother's room. They loved the cozy, intimate things—the cozy, shared life. They were happy in the reasonably small home they "took" in Beverly Hills, where the dining-room was screened off from the maid's room . . .

Jean said to me the first day I went to that new, smaller house: "I want you to see the divans in the living-room. Mother had them all done over . . . look, attractive, aren't they? She paid 69 cents a yard for the chintz covering . . ."

Jean said to me the day I went to talk with her about the book she was writing: "I can only try. I have tried, I am trying. I have another book pretty well planned out to start after this one is finished. I have a few more days' work on *Tonight is Today* . . ."

"I *am trying,*" she said . . . she always said "I am trying," never "I *am*—this or that." Six months she took to work on that book. And she bought herself a typewriter and learned to type so that she could work faster, and without the help of a secretary.

And there was the day last winter, the day before she left for Washington to attend the President's Ball. She and I were in Kay Mulvey's office. Jean was frantically

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The Girl George Brent Married

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—*Wide World*

Upon his arrival from Paris, Rudolph Sieber, hubby of Marlene Dietrich, had a joyful reunion in Pasadena with the star. They usually try to celebrate their wedding anniversary together, at least once a year. Take note of the gloves worn by Herr Sieber

the only woman he trusted, with the exception of Greta Garbo.

Once in a while he had dinner at Garbo's house. They had met when making *The Painted Veil,* and there were tentative rumors. George's friends laughed at them. They knew the reason why Garbo was the only actress he ever visited. She was the only person he knew, male or female, who had as strong a liking for solitude as he had. It was an attraction of hermit to hermit, rather than of man to woman.

Unlike most men who had encountered her, George Brent was not afraid of Garbo. He understood her. But he was afraid of other women; they were unpredictable. Pretty ones and homely ones, intelligent ones, stupid ones, actresses and non-actresses.

Yet only a few weeks after he first met Constance Worth, he eloped with her to Mexico. What manner of girl *is* this, that she could break down, on such short notice, all of George Brent's carefully built hermit-defenses?

CONSTANCE is not a startling beauty. Attractive, yes. Very attractive. But your first thought upon meeting her isn't: "Here is a glamour girl." Your first thought is: "Here is a girl it would be easy to like."

She is blonde, but not blonde enough to make you think of peroxide. Her bobbed hair looks natural, even to wind-blown unruliness. Her eyes are blue, and wide, with a quiet, straightforward honesty. There is no come-hither in them, no false animation. If she wears make-up, it is the invisible kind. She looks like a girl who is being herself.

That is her greatest attraction. It makes her stand out in a town where few girls ever are willing to be just their natural selves. George Brent succumbed to it at first meeting. He also must have noticed, at first meeting, that—like himself—she has a faintly British accent. That she is five feet, three or four inches tall, with an unstarved figure—feminine even in slacks. That she is intelligent, yet unaffected. That she is so friendly, herself, that she inspires friendliness.

And he must have been surprised, as I was, to discover how she happened to be in Hollywood, where he could meet her.

This is her story: "I was born in Sydney, Australia, on an August nineteenth—a fact that absolutely convinced my father and mother that nineteen must be the family's lucky number. My two older sisters—Gwen and Nance—were born, a year apart, on December nineteenth. My father's birthday is April nineteenth. My mother's—May ninetecnth.

"My father and mother were both born in England. That probably explains my trace of British accent. That, and my always having English teachers. Most Australians don't have it. They have an accent of their own—a great deal like the accent of American Middle-Westerners.

"My parents went out to Australia soon after they were married, to seek their fortune. My father became a banker in Sydney and, up-country about seven-hundred-and-fifty miles, had a 75,000-acre sheep station. Over here, you would call it a ranch.

"GEORGE tells me that I shouldn't mention the number of acres; that people will misunderstand and think I'm boasting. But I'm mentioning it because I want to tell you about the first time I told George. We were having dinner together, and he was all excited. He had just bought a ranch that afternoon—a big ranch. A hundred-and-fifty acres. Quite innocently, I asked, 'Is that big here?' George wanted to know how many acres my father had. I told him, and he said, 'I suppose you'll be telling me that's a *small* ranch in Australia!' I wish you could have seen his expression when I told him that ours *was* the smallest anywhere around us. He was still shaking his head, days later. He had been so proud of his 'big' ranch . . .

"He thought first that I was joking. I wasn't. All around us were 100,000-acre and 150,000-acre stations. I suppose that *is* a bit difficult to assimilate, unless you've seen the incredible vastness of Australia. We used to go up to the station for the shearing and for holidays. I loved it—the freedom of it, the wide horizons, the horseback riding. I used to wish we lived there the year around, not just on holidays . . . I'm looking forward to our moving to George's 'big' ranch—a few miles from Palm Springs . . .

"But to get back to our story. Of all the things I ever thought of doing, I never thought of acting. As far back as the records go, no one in our family ever was on the stage. I liked movies—but all I ever dreamed about Hollywood was just seeing it. And that wasn't a mania. I had vague dreams of traveling. But no fixations about meeting some romantic movie hero or becoming a movie heroine, myself.

"I'm afraid I accepted life as it was. School wasn't a hardship, and the station was fun. The thought of 'escape' never entered my head. When I was sixteen, I was sent off to a finishing school in Paris, where my sisters had been sent a few months ahead of me—and life there was even more decorous than my life, theretofore, had been. I didn't develop any mad, romantic ideas of becoming an actress there, either.

"WHEN I came back, I was officially introduced to Sydney society, and, I'm afraid, led a typical society girl's existence. I engaged in charity work daytimes, went to parties at night. I knew Errol Flynn rather well in those days. He was engaged to my best girl-friend.

"We put on the play *Cynara,* for charity, and I was given the leading feminine role. A director of the Australian film company, Cine-sound, saw me and offered me the lead in a picture he was making—at seven pounds a week. Thirty-five dollars a week! I was overwhelmed. I had never earned any money before in my life. I thought I was made.

"The film was *The Squatter's Daughter,* and was the most ambitious Australian film up to that time. They thought enough of it to send it on to England—and even to America, where its title was changed to *Down Under.* I made three more pictures—then I became independent, 'resigned,' and went on the stage in Sydney. I played leading lady to a succession of guest stars from England, in a succession of hit plays, for two years—yes, two years without a holiday.

"I was thin and haggard and worn out. I decided I needed a long rest. I'd take a boat trip to England—perhaps look into the London stage, and some of the English film offers. When I had gone to Paris, and again when I returned, I had traveled the Suez route. This time, to vary the route, I decided to go the other way around, via America and the Panama Canal. I traveled with a friend of mother's, a Mrs. Mackay, who was also going to England.

"We arrived at the Port of Los Angeles for a brief stop-over, and our boat was forced to stop over for weeks. There was a shipping strike. Not a ship moved out of any West Coast port for months. If we had been in a hurry to reach England, we could have trained across the United States, and sailed from New York. But there was no hurry. We were on a rest trip. And California was restful. It reminded us a little of Australia.

"While we were here, we decided that we might as well look around, see Hollywood and Southern California. Which we did. I

[*Continued on page* 95]



This fluffy texture is produced by special cake flour



Scrumptious variations of the two main types of cake—Sponge and Butter mixtures



Chocolate layer is Sally Eilers' favorite cake and she prefers it homemade

Cakes Which Never Fail

Technique is the secret of success

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

"DEAR Mrs. Frederick:
I don't know why it is, but my cakes always fall when I take them out of the oven. I follow directions but my cakes aren't light and fluffy. They fall in the middle. Please tell me, Mrs. Frederick, what to do about it. I will be so thankful.
Mrs. John Reader."

AND so many, many other "Mrs. John Readers" wrote letters asking about the same problem and how to solve it that I decided to prepare an article telling about Cakes Which Never Fail.

Of course every woman wants her cakes to be a success, and when she tries over and over, and yet the cakes have some fault of texture, taste or appearance, it is most discouraging. Cake ingredients and oven fuel must be estimated, and it is disheartening to waste not only time but money when the cake fails to please.

Your problem— "Why do my cakes fall in the middle and fail to be light?"

Our solution: *Read this entire article carefully.*

BUY QUALITY MATERIALS

The quality of any finished product can be only as good as the quality of the raw materials employed in its making. Nothing could be a greater mistake than to use third-grade eggs, renovated or "second" butter and inferior spices in cake making. "Bake with the best" is a good motto for the cake-maker to follow. Rather do without cake than attempt a fine product with risky ingredients. Use the best of butters, eggs which are genuinely fresh (stale eggs will never whip light and stiff) and genuine spices which have been recently opened from air-tight cans.

ASSEMBLE ALL INGREDIENTS AND EQUIPMENT

Much time and effort is saved if materials and equipment is assembled before the slightest attempt at mixing is made. On a table, get together the bowls, beaters and the right cake pan to be used. See that it is absolutely clean, and if it needs greasing, dusting with flour or lining with paper, do all this in advance. Be sure the pan is the right size for the recipe to be used: baking in a very thin layer may toughen a mixture which would be light and fluffy when baked thicker, etc. Look at the oven and get it ready to light. Also assemble cake ingredients in correct quantities in advance.

UNDERSTAND TECHNIQUE

The young housekeeper may not always be familiar with recipe terms and technique. Thus when it says "cream" the butter, it means to beat the butter over and over so that it does literally "cream" and become milky. When the recipe says "beat," it generally means the use of a rotary egg beater or a large cake spoon having slits in it to allow the entrance of air. When it says "fold" it does *not* mean beat: to fold means to incorporate one mass [*Continued on page* 78]

Freshening Up THIS WAY





Does More Than Clean Your Skin— It Invigorates the Skin!

Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III

At parties and dinners . . . in her simplest play clothes . . . or out for a brisk walk with her Sealyham "Daffy". . . . Mrs. Drexel always presents the same sparkling loveliness! Mrs. Drexel is an enthusiastic user of Pond's Cold Cream. "A Pond's freshening up leaves your skin more than clean," she says. "It's brighter . . . invigorated."





FRESHENING UP is *more* than getting your skin clean. That's what beautiful girls who have found the Pond's way of freshening up say.

Before they make a single appearance, they give their skin the brisk toning up as well as cleansing that sends them forth with such fresh and vital-looking young faces.

Rousing Treatments Fight Off Skin Faults . . .

For this Pond's way of skin care, they find, invigorates their skin. It tones up faulty oil glands, chief cause of blackheads and blemishes . . . livens the circulation. Tones the tissues, so lines will soon be smoothing out, your skin be clear, fine textured, flawless!

Here is the simple method they follow. It's a method whose fame has spread around the world!

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, make-up and skin secretions—wipe off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated. It is softer—smoother!

Every morning (and before make-up) repeat. Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Begin yourself to use Pond's. See *your* skin, too, grow clearer, brighter, smoother—admired for its youth and freshness.

Send for **SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE** *and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids*

Pond's, Dept 6-CJ, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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The Barrymore You Don't Know

[*Continued from page* 27]



—*Wide World*

Elaine (Ariel) Barrie and John (Caliban) Barrymore make it up with a kiss after their divorce. They'll try to be happy

heavy deck underfoot, sails billowing overhead.

They don't think of him as a lonely genius, as Hollywood does. They give him credit for being an understandable human being. Hollywood doesn't. Hollywood doesn't understand his gruffness, his liking for solitude. And, in addition, Hollywood is awed by his very name—Barrymore. Why, he's one of the Royal Family of Broadway! He's a legendary figure, part of a great acting tradition!

"Bosh!" says Lionel, even gruffer than usual. "This 'Royal Family' business is a lot of baloney. That's what I said: baloney. Family tradition didn't make us actors. We became actors in spite of ourselves. It was in the blood. If our father had been a grocer, instead of an actor, we'd probably have ended up in the grocery business, instead of the theatre.

"We all tried to get away from the theatre. John and I had ideas about becoming artists, until we started starving. Ethel wanted to be a singer. This acting thing, to us, is like a fellow who starts out with a flivver, then gets ideas about having a limousine. When the limousine keeps him broke —well, sooner or later, he goes back to the flivver."

IT WAS in 1893, when Lionel was 15, that he did his first acting. He appeared in two plays, then left the theatre because of ill health. He returned in 1897, stayed for five years, then left again. This time he had ideas about giving up a flivver for a limousine. He went to Paris to study art. Oil-painting, watercolor-painting, and—because he admired Whistler—etching. When his money showed signs of running out, after a couple of years, he returned to New York, to become a magazine illustrator. He chuckles about those days.

"Talk about your starving artists!" he says. "I was one of the fraternity, in good standing. So was John. He was a cartoonist on the *Journal,* till they fired him. We lived together, with a couple of other fellows—Walter Deffenbaugh, who's a short-story writer now—and Fred Butler, a reporter.

"Finally, John and I became hungry enough to think of acting again. We joined a traveling stock company."

Today, on his dressing-room wall, hangs a plaque such as no other actor has ever received—a plaque from the American Institute of Cinematography, honoring him "for twenty-eight years' distinguished contribution to films."

But when he acted in his first picture, back in 1909, his friends laughed. "Jeez, Lionel's going in for leaping tintypes!" they said. His answer was: "I've a hunch the leaping tintypes are going to amount to something."

ASIDE from that, he wasn't earning big Broadway money at that time. He could use the extra sums to be made from commuting to the Biograph Studios in the Bronx, making two-reelers. He also wrote scenarios, on the side. Another Biograph scenario writer was Anita Loos. Each used to wonder what the other earned. Neither knew, until they met again twenty years later, in Hollywood. Lionel received $25 per scenario; Anita, $20.

He carries a limp today because of one of his first movie jobs. He was athletic in those days—athletic enough to make Westerns. And he got that way from constant workouts in a gymnasium where he met most of the sport celebrities of the day. One of his proudest boasts is that he was once kayoed by John L. Sullivan, in person. And he wrestled with Zbysko. Wrestling with the Pole, who later became heavyweight champion of the world, Lionel sprained his knee. Afraid of losing his movie job if he revealed his injury, he kept it a secret, and went ahead with his stunting. By the time he finally showed it to a doctor, he had water-on-the-knee. Ever since, he has had a limp.

As an actor, he wasn't often mentioned in the same breath with his younger brother until 1917—when Constance Collier, whom he had met during his artist days abroad, persuaded him to forget vaudeville and films and appear with John and her in the play, *Peter Ibbetson.* It ran a year. Then the same producer wanted Lionel and John to do *The Jest* together. Convinced that Broadway was tired of seeing the Barrymores as a team, and that the play wouldn't run more than ten nights, after which they could get away on a fishing trip, they agreed. *The Jest* ran a year-and-a-half. After that, Lionel and John went their separate starring ways on Broadway, with Lionel still making pictures, in the East, between stage plays. Until 1926, when he finally heeded the summons of Hollywood.

WITH every picture, Lionel's screen fame grew. Then came talkies, in 1929, and, with his stage experience, he stood to become one of the movie great. But he discovered that Hollywood desperately needed directors who knew stage technique. He became a director, with *Madame X,* starring Ruth Chatterton, as his first assignment.

Sound engineers, out from New York, were the kings of Hollywood. Everyone did as they said, and they said that actors, in moving around, always had to remain at a certain distance from the microphones. Lionel Barrymore was the first and only rebel against their dictatorship. In one scene, Miss Chatterton sat at a table, drinking. Beside her, on the floor, sat a Negro with a guitar, singing. She ordered him away. Lionel wanted the Negro to rise, still singing, and move away. The sound engineer said it couldn't be done. When the Negro rose, he'd be too near the microphone. Lionel asked, "Why can't we hitch the microphone to a rope, and pull it up when he rises?" The sound engineer started to explain why that couldn't be done, either.

"Don't tell me," pleaded Lionel, wryly. "You'll only confuse me. Just let me think of that thing as a tin ear, that I can do anything with except pin earrings on it. Let me try moving it. If you're right, and I'm wrong—well, you're right, and I'm licked."

So they hitched a rope to the microphone and raised it—and the idea worked. A microphone *could* be moved wherever an actor moved. The sound engineers were kings no longer. Directors came into their own again —thanks to Lionel Barrymore.

FEW people know this about him. Few people know also that he made another notable discovery as a director. The name of the discovery was Clark Gable. Lionel was preparing to film *Never the Twain Shall Meet.* Looking for a certain type to play one role, he happened to see Gable in a Coast version of the play, *The Last Mile.* He wanted Gable to make a test. Clark said: "There's nothing in the movie game for me. I know. I hung around here seven years, trying to get a break." But Lionel talked him into the test. And the test put Clark into *A Free Soul,* the picture that made Lionel an actor again. He couldn't resist the role of the old lawyer in the story.

With his performance, Lionel won the Academy Award for that year. But he's far prouder of the fact that the piece of film containing his jury speech is run off regularly at San Francisco Law College, as an example to embryo lawyers. "I guess that makes me a law professor by proxy," he says.

[*Continued on page* 94]

Hollywood's *Trick Parties*

ODDEST Party-Reason of the Month: Joan Bennett's "Getting Over the Chicken-Pox" party. Tossed to celebrate convalescence, it featured as the highlight of the evening, the tearing-to-pieces of the quarantine sign. Helpers at the sign-tearing-upping included Ginger Rogers, Ann Sothern, Mike Bartlett, Willis Goldbeck and David Niven—who, since Joan's divorce from Gene Markey, seems to be Joan's favored man.

HIDE-AWAY-EST Party Hide-Away of the Season: Cecil B. DeMille's "Camp Paradise," about fifty miles from Hollywood, where the famed hathtuh-and-glamour director throws week-end parties for his favorites. Never big parties, but small (and carefully chosen guests only) groups are Cecil's invitees. No telephones, so they can't call Hollywood, Hollywood can't call them. Therefore, no interruptions. When the guests have arrived, a mammoth padlock is snapped on the inside of the gate, the key carefully concealed. Dressing-up is limited to tuxedo trousers. Instead of the jackets, the he-guests wear Russian blouses, provided by Host DeMille. Occasional *piece de resistance* at mealtimes is Cecil's favorite dish—roast peacock.

MOST Endurance-some Party-of-the-Month—the Trocadero dinner at which the engagement of Bill Boyd and Grace Bradley was formally announced. Starting only as a one-evening dinner-and-dance party, it developed into a whole week-end party. Following the Trocadero fun, the guests, instead of going home, all drove out to Boyd's ranchito at Malibu Lake, where they continued the festivities until Monday and work-time!

IT WAS high party-time for the Young*EST* crowd in Hollywood. Not the YoungER set, but *really* the youngest—for in one week three filmland tots celebrated their birthdays . . . First was when Irene Hervey and new hubby, Allan Jones, threw a kiddie party for Irene's little daughter Gail (recently adopted by step-papa Jones). For Gail's birthday, papa and mama threw a combination swimming and luncheon party at the beach, attended by most of the children of Hollywood's famous . . . Second came the big birthday party of Pat and Mrs. O'Brien's tiny daughter Mavourneen. This party drew a half-hundred of Hollywood's movie tots to the O'Brien home in Brentwood, for Mavourneen's third birthday. With them came their papas and mamas, so while kiddies made merry, so did the grown-ups. It was a Mother Goose party, with the birthday cake in the form of a great Mother Goose nursery rhyme book. There was a magician's temple on the O'Brien handhall court. There was a pirate's lair. There was an Old Lady Who Lived in a Shoe. And to add to the kids' glee, the master of ceremonies was Jimmy Gleason, Mavourneen's godfather, and always a prime favorite with children. Guests on the list included Barbara Stanwyck and her adopted Dion; Irene Dunne and her adopted child; the Eddie Robinsons and theirs; Gracie Allen and George Burns and their bright two children; Dixie Lee and Bing Crosby and the twins and the other one; Joan Blondell and little Norman and step-papa Dick Powell; Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson and their adopted one;—and just about every other papa-mama-tot combination in movieland.

THIRD kiddie-event of the week was the fourth-birthday celebration of Ricky Arlen, son of Dick Arlen and Joby Ralston. The Arlen affair was a circus party, in contra-distinction to the O'Brien Ma Goose shindig. There was a real merry-go-round, a one-ring circus in a tent, with real animals and real clowns; a Punch and Judy show—and a pony for the children to ride, with the compliments of Big Boy Williams. Fun-topper of the day was lunch—because at each place at the long table, there was a wild-animal mask for each tot to put on.

PHIL Huston is one of those guys who believes an actor ought to go to his previews alone—so he can either suffer in solitary agonies, or gloat in modest alone-ness. But Phil's friends don't feel that way. So they fixed up a "compromise" preview party to see the first showing of *Behind the Footlights* . . . Compromise was effected like this: Phil's guests (who had to talk furiously to talk Phil into the preview-party idea at all) occupied a reserved section in the orchestra—among them Phil's fiancee Julie Haydon, Jean Muir, Leila Rogers, others. BUT—Phil himself was not with them. Phil betook himself, in solitary aloofness, to a 'way-back seat in the halcony section of the theatre, whence he watched himself on the screen with no friends about to console or congratulate . . . However, after the show, Phil joined his guests for a whoop-to-do at the Cinegrill. And there they did their congratulating, while Phil blushed handsomely.

THEY opened their mail, one morning, did a number of Hollywoodians, to read: "How'd you like to go to the Devil?" They read further, astounded, and discovered it was merely a quaint invitation-and-party idea by Merna Kennedy, for her euphemistically-named "Hades Party."

"Now there's a girl who KNOWS HER WAY AROUND"



"THAT girl has something."

"And plenty of it. I've seen prettier girls and known smarter ones, but Janet will manage nicely with what she has."

• • •

The girl who knows her way around men—what is her secret?

It's the happy art of pleasing, of taking care always to consider masculine likes and dislikes.

She knows that one of the things men admire most in a girl is a fresh, sweet daintiness of person. And that they *dislike* nothing more than the odor of underarm perspiration on her clothing and person.

And so she takes no chances. For she knows it is easy to avoid—with Mum!

Takes only half a minute. Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Harmless to clothing. Another thing you'll like—use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed.* For it's harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. Mum, you know, doesn't prevent natural perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is! Remember—nothing so quickly kills a man's interest in a girl as disagreeable perspiration odor. Don't risk it—use Mum regularly, every day. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

MUM



ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

Glamour Babe—with Soul

[*Continued from page* 28]

complex that is as big as an elephant, began to consider the matter of her film career. "Surely," went the thoughts under that blonde hair, "if they didn't really *want* me in films, and just signed me to oblige Rudy, they wouldn't put me in a leading part opposite Warner Baxter." Then came her appearance in two Shirley Temple pictures, *The Poor Little Rich Girl, Stowaway*. Class A-plus films they were, and shrewd 20th Century-Fox producers were not casting anything but personable, talented players in the Wonder Child's screen plays. Between the Temple films Alice starred in *Sing, Baby, Sing*. Alice's inferiority complex, which often threatens to trample her (what would we moderns do without the late Dr. Adler?) got a jolt when Alice thought this one out.

"I still have an awful feeling of doubt about my screen work," admits Alice, smart in a tweedy beige woolen dress with emerald green coat, very military, in matching material. "But it doesn't petrify me as it once did. I do as well as I can and I constantly try to improve my work, and that's about all that anyone can do."

More than that, Alice has had to break down the impression that she was the Jean Harlow of the Zanuck organization. Just as the lamented Jean in real life was far from the torrid honey of the screen dramas, so it is with Alice. But because she is shapely, blonde, sightly, with an extra portion of "ummmmmmmmph!" people built up an undeserved reputation for her. One Eastern capitalist was very much afraid that his singing offspring would waltz to the altar with the glamour babe of three years ago. And said so. But Alice wasn't interested. She has lived to have the laugh on father and son. Her skyrocketing popularity did that trick.

Furthermore, Alice Jeanne is not out to annex wealthy husbands. What could money give her that she cannot afford to buy herself? A sable coat, maybe. Well, yes. That's one thing that Alice craves that she has not indulged herself in. "I started with raccoon," says Alice, smiling, "so you might say I was 'working up to a sable.'" Furs are her one dissipation, unless you count perfumes and pups. She dotes on the lighter floral scents; and has three dogs, Pekinese *Ching Ching* ("not the sissy type," she says, wrinkling her nose at the thought), Bull, *Buddy*, and Doberman-Pinscher *Ceta*.

IF YOU got Alice aside for a moment, and in a confessional mood, you would undoubtedly discover in short time that the sweet, husky-voiced songstress would give up her career in a minute for marriage. If you asked her, point-blank, to declare herself to that effect she would undoubtedly shake her long bob and say "No." She doesn't like to smear her private thoughts over printed headlines. There is a reticence, very charming, about the girl. She is gentle, sensitive, and utterly feminine from her oxblood finger nails to the tips of her beige sandals.

Being utterly feminine, Alice longs for the utterly feminine state where no rude things such as call sheets, early locations (she was due at the make-up department at 6 A. M. the following day to prepare for her newest musicinema *You Can't Have Everything*). She longs, not maternally for children, but rather for the fullness, the companionship, of married life. Don Ameche, co-star of her latest film, and his wife, are the happiest married couple she knows. She knows, as a matter of fact, no others!

Tony Martin, young radio and film singer, is the gentleman most named, currently, as the object of Alice Jeanne's affections, but Alice shakes her head, with its center part and soft wings of hair close to each temple, and says "no" to the thought of marriage with Tony. She murmurs something about "conflicting careers."

"The latest rumor that we were married started in fun," she explains. "Tony and I were going to the Friday Night 'Fights' at the Stadium and I was dressed in pale blue, very bridal. We went into the Derby for dinner and Lew Pollock, the song writer, as a gag announced: 'They're just married!' In a moment Walter Winchell rushed up to us and started yelling at me in words that I can't repeat. The idea was that I had two-timed him on the story of our marriage. 'I've known you since you were fifteen,' Walter shouted, which is true, 'and you treat me like this!'

"When we told him it was only a joke Walter calmed down. Usually when I see Walter I never say a word. Sometimes he asks 'Why don't you talk to me, Alice?' and I can only think of what he once told me: 'Remember, Alice, I'm a newspaper man, and if you tell me anything, *anything* at all I'll have to print it. So be careful what you say to me!' The result is that I never say anything to Walter, and I like him very much."

SOMEWHERE in the latter part of this anecdote you will catch a glimpse of the real Alice, as different from the bright knowing baby of her cinema roles as vintage is from vinegar. Her pals are in the fast-spoken, fast-stepping theatrical crowd (the Ritz Brothers are good friends) but Alice, inwardly, remains unaffected by Broadway brittleness. She is sincere, genuine, gentle, sweet. Maybe it's soul. Maybe it's Bronx, that vast middle-class section of New York to which Alice is a native.

Of Irish, German, French descent, Alice still counts the most dramatic moment of her life as the one when her father died, two years ago. It was an agonizing journey for the girl as the train seemingly crawled East at a snail's pace, planes being grounded because of bad weather. Today there are four Fayes, her mother, two brothers, and Alice. Her eldest brother lives with her in her swimming-pooled Beverly Hills home, and manages her business affairs. He frowns persistently at Alice's favorite pastime of calling New York friends by long distance phone when she has nothing better to do.

TOO busy with constant film making to relax (she will soon play at Universal for Buddy de Sylva in his *Young Man's Fancy* with George Murphy), Alice has an overwhelming desire to visit London when she gets a vacation. None of the Dickens tales fire her imagination, nor a wish to meet the Mayfair set. She just wants to see London. There is something almost occult in her impulse. Even Alice doesn't know what prompts it. It couldn't be Rudy Vallee's recent Coronation visit, for any romantic flame between the two has burned to the embers of good friendship.

"No one could possibly know Rudy without admiring his tremendous executive ability. He knows everything, and if he doesn't know it, he can bluff it so that he convinces you that he knows," says Alice with the calm analysis of lengthy friendship. She no longer rushes from the set to listen to his Thursday afternoon broadcast, as was once provided for in a special clause of her contract.

"It can't be done when you are in the middle of shooting. It might interrupt a 'take,'" she explains. You get the feeling that this is *her* business and that *she* is an integral part of it. That realization was all that Alice Faye needed to change her from a glamour babe—with a soul—into the sensitive performer that she now is.



Every dog has his day, and Sunday is Ziggy's, for then Billie Burke takes her Scottie out for his combing and brushing—since on the other days of the week she is engaged in screen work. Her newest picture is *Topper* in which she plays a typical Burke role

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin':

I **THOUGHT** I had seen everything. All during the summer months I thought I had faithfully reported to you *all* the latest fads in Hollywood sports and play clothes. But I was wrong. Because only last week I saw what I have been missing all summer. I saw Sophie Tucker in slacks!! . . . A bunch of us were at the new Tennis Club in Beverly Hills, getting in a few side remarks about this Fall clothes problem. We were oh-ing and ah-ing about Joan Crawford's new Adrian-designed slack suit, when in came Sophie wearing bright blue flannel slacks topped by a white cashmere sports sweater! . . . We kidded her about wearing "pants" and Sophie (who knew all about curves before Mae West had any) broke down and admitted that she had finally gone Hollywood. She had just come from her tailor where she ordered her *thirty-first* pair of what she calls "Hollywood comfort". She said all the gals wear 'em—and I say more power to the Red Hot Mama!

BUT about Joan's slack suit. Joan has gone in heavy this year for play clothes and they are all designed by that ultra-fashion-designer of M-G-M, Adrian. The suit Joan was wearing consisted of very tailored slacks of white French flannel, topped with a halter of the same material. Over this she wore a half-length reefer type coat, lined with marine blue taffeta—a scarf of the taffeta around her neck . . . Jeanette MacDonald played a strenuous game that afternoon but she looked more like a fashion model than a tennis player when she joined our clothes-talk. Over her tennis shorts she wore one of the new "tennis robes"—the same idea as the beach robes I told you about. Jeanette's robe was of heavy white shantung, made along princess lines, and printed all over with tiny blue tennis rackets . . . Wendy Barrie had all eyes on her with her Mexican-looking outfit. The dress, of natural linen printed in a design of brown peons and green cacti, was fashioned in the popular "peasant" style—snug bodice, puffed sleeves and full gathered skirt. The buttons and belt were of green raffia. Her large natural straw hat was made in the shape of a sombrero and she wore raffia sandals.

A LOT of the gals are filling in these end-of-summer days with darker-toned sport dresses—linen, from natural color to brown, seems to be the most popular material . . . Una Merkel was wearing one at the Club, of natural linen, hand-blocked in gay-colored modernistic flowers. Her accessories were of the linen . . . And here's a tip Una gave me for those light-colored suits that need toning down to carry you over till definite Fall-clothes time. Try wearing dark blouses—blues, reds, rusts—with your light suits. And then make back-collars of velvet to match your blouse, to be worn on the suit collar—and with your darker accessories, you're safe for another few weeks.

BUT if your wardrobe-budget is ready for Fall clothes—I saw some grand ones at the Brown Derby, the other lunch-time . . . As I wrote you last Fall (and will probably be writing every Fall for the next ten years) tailored suits are definitely the thing. Although my preview glance at the Derby gave me more variations on the suit than I have seen in a long time . . . Glenda Farrell, who is just back from England, was wearing a strictly tailored navy blue suit. Instead of the straight skirt of last season, the skirt of her light-weight wool suit was pleated—and quite short. Under her fitted coat she wore a linen blouse of the new *ox-blood* shade. Her sandals, purse and gloves were of the same color and her stockings were navy blue. Glenda insists her navy blue felt hat is called a "boater"—but that's just the British influence on the ever-popular sailor-type hat.

WHILE Glenda and I were huddling about the English tailleurs, young Barbara Read came "swinging" into the cafe in a typically American-gal suit. Her short, flared skirt and jacket with pleated pockets were of a very sheer beige wool. Her wide, kidskin belt, silk neck scarf and felt hat were all a brilliant-thistle shade . . . Anita Louise is another of the younger set who is always sure to be wearing something new and striking. That day at lunch she was giving us a pre-Fall showing of bright red and black shepherd-plaid flannel suit. The lapels and collar of the single-button coat were bound with black braid. Beneath the coat she wore

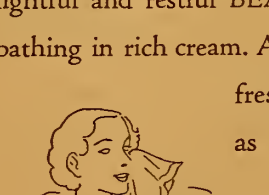
[*Continued on page* 87]



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REST AND RELAXATION

● Can you think of anything more relaxing to the body, more refreshing to the spirit than the caressing smoothness of a LINIT BEAUTY BATH? Whether in the morning with a busy day's work ahead or in the evening with a night's entertainment to look forward to, fifteen minutes of complete relaxation in a LINIT BEAUTY BATH will bring to you the joy of living and the zest for going places. Merely swish a handful or two of LINIT in your tub of warm water and step in. You will find yourself enjoying a delightful and restful BEAUTY BATH that gives the thrilling sensation of bathing in rich cream. And the LINIT BEAUTY BATH leaves you with a fresh, rested appearance—your skin soft and smooth as the Gardenia petals of your evening corsage.



The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin



Your dentist will tell you: for gleaming teeth, *keep gums healthy too.* So *don't* trust to half-way measures. Begin tonight with the two-way care dentists advise.

1. **Clean teeth** by brushing all surfaces with Forhan's in the usual manner.
2. **Massage Gums** briskly with ½ inch of Forhan's on the brush or finger.

Results are amazing! Gums are stimulated—soon there's a new youthful lustre to your teeth.

Forhan's toothpaste, created by an eminent dental surgeon, was especially designed to do *both* vital jobs—*clean teeth* and *safeguard gums.* It contains a special ingredient found in no other toothpaste. End *half-way care.* Use Forhan's tonight! *Also sold in Canada.*

FORMULA OF R. J. FORHAN, D. D. S.

Forhan's

DOES BOTH JOBS { CLEANS TEETH SAVES GUMS

Brush Away

GRAY HAIR



AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

NOW, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Prove it, by applying the tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved — for over twenty-five years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. BROWNATONE imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.



MEN behind the STARS



VICTOR FLEMING

Director of *Captains Courageous*

VICTOR FLEMING became a director the "hard way." Today, with twenty-seven years in the film industry behind him, he looms as a result of his long training period and keen powers of penetration, as one of the most versatile megaphone wielders in Hollywood. A brief glance at the lengthy list of productions credits him the last few years with such diverse pictures as *Blonde Bombshell* (comedy), *The Wet Parade* (social drama) and *Reckless* (comedy-drama with music).

It is not surprising, therefore, to find that his newest contribution to film annals is an adventure story of the sea—the picturization of Rudyard Kipling's modern classic, *Captains Courageous,* with Freddie Bartholomew, Spencer Tracy and Lionel Barrymore portraying the central characters.

It was as a cameraman that Fleming served a thorough and useful apprenticeship, beginning in 1910, when the cinema was starting to blossom into the nation's fifth industry it now is, through the beginning of this country's participation in the World War.

Fleming was a Los Angeles-educated schoolboy whose burning ambition was to become an automobile racing-driver. Fortunately, fate, in the form of photography, stepped in to engross the young dare-devil in this comparatively unplumbed, unpolished field, and Fleming took himself off from his native Pasadena and made the trip to Santa Barbara, where were located the old American studios. He applied for a job as a photographer and was quickly put to work.

Subsequently, Kalem, Griffith, Fine Arts, Douglas Fairbanks—many pioneer companies offered him work. Fleming kept his eye not only on his end of the business, but studied production from every angle. And all the time he was driving toward the birth he had picked out for himself—that of director.



Vic Fleming tells Spencer Tracy how he wants a certain sequence played for *Captains Courageous*

It was only the overseas struggle that was able to turn him from steady pursuance of his career. He promptly enlisted and became a first lieutenant of the U. S. Army Signal Corps. He did meritorious work for the Intelligence service, and after the war returned to Europe as chief photographer for President Woodrow Wilson and the peace mission.

AT LONG last, in 1919, he was back in Hollywood, and this time he was ready for the jump into a directorial capacity. It seems that Fleming was not alone confident in his own ability, for Alan Dwan, for years a friend and associate of Fleming, put in a good word with Doug Fairbanks, who remembered Fleming's ability and signed him to direct one of his pictures. His success in his initial venture solidly entrenched him in the new field. From that time on, Fleming was in great demand.

He made such films as *Woman's Place, Red Hot Romance, The Lane That Had No Turning, Dark Secrets,* and many others. Just before the industry found voice he produced *Rough Riders, The Way of All Flesh* and *Abie's Irish Rose.* With the entrance of sound he produced *The Virginian, Common Clay, Around the World in 80 Minutes* (another Fairbanks film), *The White Sister* and *Treasure Island.*

The camera is, naturally, an important factor to Fleming. Still, he feels, it is the story that comes first. Camera angles, no matter how ingenious, he asserts, should never be permitted to thwart the story itself.

Camera possibilities are like laboratory experiment to the director. He will study his story, his players, his sets, and evolve a new formula for each picture. A sagacious mixture follows, and Fleming's photographers invariably find they have themselves benefited from association on a film with him.

Fleming spends most of his leisure time, when he is not on his ranch, flying airplanes. He shoots a fair game of golf, likes riding, plays a fast brand of tennis, and attends the legitimate theatre at every opportunity. Well over six feet tall, with brown hair and dark gray eyes, Fleming is a forceful character. And that force is ever evident in his work. His *Captains Courageous* is one of the best pictures ever made. It stands as a triumph to Fleming's genius.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!

On the Sets with the Stars

[*Continued from page* 58]

before Callahan realized his supply was being seriously depleted.

"PLEASE leave swallows outside" reads a sign on Universal's *100 Men and a Girl* set. Explanation: Outside the stage, several families of swallows are nesting. Now and then, the young fall out of the nests. Tender-hearted actors carry the birds into the stage, where they chirp furiously for mama. Chirps ruin the sound track. So: "Please leave swallows outside." . . . In a scene in Universal's *That's My Story,* a gang of newspaper reporters start throwing ice-picks. Reporters include Claudia Morgan, Bill Lundigan, Eddie Garr. Toughest job on the set is that of Prop-Boy Danny Fish, who stands just outside of camera-range, wearing a baseball catcher's mask and chest-protector, catching the flying ice-picks . . . Also during *That's My Story,* noted character actor Ralph Morgan and his noted stage-actress daughter, Claudia, met for the first time on a movie stage. Ralph plays the city editor; Claudia one of the sob-sisters. The first day papa Ralph walked onto the set while Claudia was in a take, she became so embarrassed because her dad was watching her that she "blew up" in her lines. "It's all right," papa told her; "I felt the same way when I first went from stage to screen."

DURING SHOOTING of Sam Goldwyn's *Dead End,* three crates of lettuce were used up each day. They were broken up, strewed on the water that represents the East River, to make it look like the refuse-strewn surface of the river itself. Sylvia Sidney, Hollywood knitting champ, finished three sweaters between takes of *Dead End.* . . . Neatest production trick of the month: At 6:15 p. m. one night, Allan Jones finished work at M-G-M studio in *A Day At The Races.* At 6 p. m. the next day, he was needed to work on location, many miles away in the mountains, in *The Firefly.* Location was far from the railroad; to have driven there would have left Jones so tired he couldn't have worked. Solution: M-G-M hired an ambulance, let Jones sleep in it while being driven, overnight, to location, several hundred miles away!

WALTER CATLETT had the time of his life at 20th-Fox in the scene in *Love Under Fire* where he had to run wild in a hotel lobby, smash things. Furiously, wildly, madly, Catlett crashed chairs to the floor, tore up rugs, broke vases and lamps. After the scene, he exulted: "I've been wanting to do that for 30 years, but first my mother and then my wife kept me in line!"

Did you know that Romo Vincent has used the same hat in all his pictures for the past ten years?



New Cream Deodorant

No Grease · · · No Fuss · · · Vanishes and Checks Perspiration Instantly

JUST as the permanent wave antiquated the old-fashioned curling iron, so does this miraculous new "vanishing-cream" deodorant put all the greasy old cream deodorants out of date!

Not only does Odorono Ice disappear into your skin without a trace of stickiness or grease—as easily and pleasantly as vanishing cream—but also it actually checks perspiration, as well as odor!

No more stained dresses, no extra cleaner's bills, no more embarrassing odors. You just smooth this fluffy, dainty cream in . . . and forget the whole problem for as much as three days!

Odorono Ice has no strange smell to turn musty after a while. Just the clean, fresh odor of alcohol . . . and that evaporates completely the moment it's on!

It is so simple and pleasant to apply, and so effective, that 80% of the women who have tried it prefer it to any other deodorant they have ever used.

Odorono Ice is only 35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments. Don't risk your dresses and your charm another day . . . get a jar NOW!



* Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

* ODO-RO-NO NON-GREASY ICE

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 9-A-7*, 191 Hudson St., New York City
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I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

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ABOUT
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FEMININE HYGIENE EXPLAINED

1. Happy and fortunate is the woman who finds the right answer to this grave problem . . . Happy when she knows of a method of Feminine Hygiene that is modern, safe, effective—and dainty . . . *Fortunate in being free from dangerous germs!*

2. Fear and ignorance are unnecessary. Medical research now brings you *dainty, snow white* suppositories for Feminine Hygiene. Smart women appreciate the convenience and *safety* of Zonitors. For Zonitors embody the famous *ZONITE ANTISEPTIC PRINCIPLE.* They kill dangerous germs, yet are free from "burn danger" to delicate tissues.

3. Zonitors are *safe* and *easy* to use...*greaseless, snow white* suppositories, each in a *sanitary* glass vial . . . no clumsy apparatus . . . *completely deodorizing. Easy to remove* with plain water. Instructions in package. All U. S. and Canadian druggists.

4. For your douche, after using Zonitors, we recommend Zonite. Its antiseptic qualities, proven by over 20 years of continuous use, promote feminine cleanliness—assures additional protection. Use 2 tablespoons of Zonite to 1 quart of water.

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$1 FOR BOX OF 12

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MAKE EXTRA MONEY

Amazingly easy to earn cash daily. Just show season's smartest Christmas Cards. 78 "Artists Award" designs. Low as $4.95 for 100 cards, inscribed with customer's name. The way they sell is sensational. Make up to $25.00 weekly spare time.



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"GOLDEN TREASURE CHEST" Also sell 21 gorgeous Christmas Cards packed in Embossed Metallic Foil "*Golden Treasure Chest.*" Brand new! Season's biggest value. 7 other new fast-selling Assortments. Write today.

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The Best GRAY HAIR Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.



Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

Beauty is Kin Deep

[*Continued from page* 51]



Freshen up at the beach with eau de cologne. Remove oil with tissues

cosmetic manufacturer has developed a suntan oil that encourages a smooth tan and prevents burnt or peeled skin. It has a fragrance that is distinctly appealing and absorbs readily, without leaving any sticky residue. The oil was tested thoroughly, before being released, under the brilliant California sunlight and also under all kinds of studio lighting, so you can be sure that it will stand up under the less determined sun of Maine or Michigan. If you are out in the sun for very long, the oil should be applied liberally at least every two hours. And, if you think it's too late in the season for a tan, you can prevent it, yet still protect your skin from sunburn, by applying the oil every hour or oftener. The price is 75 cents a bottle. Do write me for the trade name.

Like Margo's method of freshening up with eau de cologne after a swim? Then let me recommend a classic cologne that has been used by impeccable women of all countries since your great gramma's time . . . Its uses are legion, of course. An indispensable traveling companion, for banishing fatigue and creating a faint aura of freshness; a delightful rubdown after the bath; a temporary substitute for the bath when there's no water for miles . . . In addition to the original cologne, the manufacturer has brought out three others, each with a different perfume added to the classic cologne base. One is geranium rose, a very feminine, quaint and summery scent. Another has a more glamorous, sophisticated odor, making it ideal for formal occasions, and the third has a fresh, vital outdoor quality that makes it suitable for the active young woman who wants to be dainty and feminine even on the tennis court. These attractively packaged colognes come in various sizes, priced to suit any budget.

There is a comparatively new cream on the market that hails, rather romantically, from Spain. Among its ingredients are beneficial mineral salts from a Galician spa. The cream, which should be used as a lubricant and softener is particularly recommended for dry, sensitive skin or those parched by too much summer sun. Its fine oils help to soothe and normalize texture, and the tonic effect of the mineral salts stimulates the circulation. There is also a face pack, containing the same salts, that can be used to refine an oily skin afflicted with large pores and blackheads. A grand facial pick-up when your skin looks sallow and muddy and you want to pretty it quickly for a special occasion. The cream costs $1 a jar and the face pack $1.50. I'll be glad to send you the trade name.



Bob pins secure flat curls and are comfortable while napping



Now—a night cream from old Spain, home of smooth-skinned senoritas

One of the most deservedly popular dollar lipsticks is out in an exciting new shade—a rich, deep red that accents the lips frankly. Now that we are going in for creamy-pale skin with very little cheek rouge and definitely accented lips, this particular shade will be much in demand. The lipstick, in a smart coppery case, lends itself well to reshaping of the lips, because of its depth of color and staying qualities. You can get the clearly outlined effect that the movie stars achieve so well by applying the lipstick generously, then tracing the outline of your lips—or an improved version—with the end of an orangewood stick. Done firmly, the outline will remain all day, and for renewing color, you have only to apply the lipstick inside the original line.

What seems to me to be a sensible theory is that offered by a firm making a soft-base face powder that provides a smooth, natural finish for your skin. This firm offers samples of its five shades for you to test, so that you can determine which one is most suited to your skin under all conditions. Their idea is that you can arrive at a shade which, applied sparingly, will provide a flattering finish without forming a mask-like coating. In addition to its lovely, natural shades, the powder is clinging, soft in texture and delicately perfumed. Comes in ten and twenty cent sizes. Want the name?

Margo's idea for using bob pins to secure flat curls and sound sleep alike, is excellent and if you'd like to try it, I can send you the name of some bob pins that adapt themselves very well to the situation. They have small, round heads and non-scratching points for scalp-comfort, and a firm grip for effectiveness. Come in two styles—one straight and one curved, which also adds to their comfort qualities. If you prefer round, sausage type curls at the nape of the neck, the same manufacturer has the answer for you in a metal curling gadget. You roll up the ends on this metal tube, then secure the curl close to the scalp with straight bob pins. The curling gadget with several pins costs 10 cents and so does a card containing a generous supply of bob pins.

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Too fat? Too thin? Do you want to gain a figure lovely as a movie star's?

You can have such a figure. Richard Kline, physical instructor for Paramount Pictures has prepared in book form the exclusive exercises he uses in beautifying Hollywood stars. The book is in color, completely illustrated with photographs of your favorite stars demonstrating Mr. Kline's beautifying system. It's fascinating to really perfect your figure with the same exercises used by Paramount stars—and so easy. Order your copy now. Send twenty-five cents in stamps or coin. Use coupon below and your copy will be sent postpaid.

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● Madelyn Jones of Salley, South Carolina, selected by Walter Wanger as final winner in HOLD-BOB'S "Search for Talent."

Here she is!

GRAND WINNER in the HOLD-BOB SEARCH FOR TALENT

Hats off to Miss Madelyn Jones of Salley, South Carolina. She was selected by Hollywood judges as grand winner in the "Search for Talent" sponsored by HOLD-BOB bob pins, Walter Wanger Productions and Motion Picture and Screen Play Magazines! This charming and vivacious young southern belle is making her screen debut in Walter Wanger's new production—"52nd Street" at United Artists Studios.

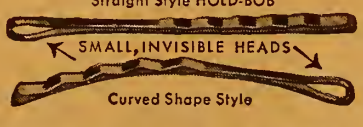
Congratulations, Miss Jones! HOLD-BOBS are very proud of the part they played in making this glorious opportunity possible . . . first by being the sponsor of the "Search for Talent" contest . . . and secondly because these bob pins did their share in preparing you for a successful close-up and screen test.

You've discovered what Hollywood stars have known for a long time . . . what millions of women have found . . . that HOLD-BOBS will keep your hairdress always at its very best. HOLD-BOBS are invisible yet absolutely secure. They have small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped and colors to match all shades of hair. Use HOLD-BOBS and your hairdress will always be ready for a close-up.

★ Look for the name HOLD-BOBS. It is your guarantee of the finest possible bob pin and a lovely coiffure. Sold everywhere—just ask for them by name . . .



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The perfect bob pin for the modern hairdress!



Precious Moments.. Take Care!

An evening of romance with "him" . . . the intimate interlude after a waltz—*are you sure of yourself?* Hearts beat faster at such precious moments . . . tingling emotions cause excessive perspiration. Body odors become noticeable!

Use DEW, the deodorant that always remains effective . . . protects your daintiness in spite of emotional excitement or physical exertion.

DEW stops perspiration instantly — keeps under-arms dry and sweet — guards frocks from ugly stains. Effective yet mild, DEW will not irritate sensitive skin. 25c, 50c, $1.00 at drug- and department-stores.



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Do you want some delicious recipes free? Turn to page 79 and clip the coupon. You'll receive eight recipes for luscious cakes free.

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Mrs. F. McE. (Penna.) thought it was too good to be true when she read that Chicago School of Nursing students were often able to earn $25 a week *while learning* practical nursing. However, she sent for the booklet offered in the advertisement and after much careful thought decided to enroll. Before she had completed the seventh lesson she was able to accept her first case—in three months she had earned $400!

Think of the things *you* could do with $400!

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can train you, as it has trained thousands of men and women, *at home and in your spare time*, for the dignified, well-paid profession of Nursing. Course is endorsed by physicians. 38th year. Lessons are simple and easy to understand. High school education not necessary. Complete nurse's equipment included. *Easy tuition payments.* Decide today that you will be one of the many men and women, 18 to 60, earning $25 to $35 a week as trained practical nurses! Send the coupon for interesting booklet and sample lesson pages. Learn how you can win success, new friends, happiness—as a nurse.

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Dept. 89, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name .....

City..... *State*..... *Age*.....

By Way of Russia

[*Continued from page* 49]

in New York, I was speechless. I knew what I couldn't say, but not what I could. I finally learned dining room English by the process of leaving out the words I already knew."

There was a time when Tamiroff felt he must perfect his English. "Because it was so awful, nobody could understand a word I used to say. So I got an idea of saving money, say four or five thousand dollars, and to go to university and learn the English language. So for this purpose I went to Chicago and joined a night club and saved that money. And I lost it on the stock market. You know why? I am a great saver, and I was sitting in the dressing-room and everyody made fun of me. They are making money and I am putting mine in the bank. So I was tempted, and I bought stocks and it was in 1929 and—foof! Then came Ratoff with a play called *Candlelight*, and he had to go to New York, and he put me in that play to play his part. So I engaged a teacher and tried my best with the English. After the first performance came the manager: 'We are paying you money for your accent, therefore do not do *so* with your mouth'. So I thought: What for go to university? If they pay me for my broken English, let it be broken."

THERE is a curious analogy between the movie careers of the two men. In picture after picture, Auer played freak heavies and attracted little attention. "I knocked down old ladies and stepped on cats, and I was always killed in the second reel. I was so bad that if I stayed for the third, there would have been nobody left to finish the picture. I would have murdered them all."

Till Mrs. Eric Hatch suggested to her husband, who was working on *My Man Godfrey*, that Mischa would be good for *Carlos*. Hatch relayed the idea to Gregory La Cava, the director, and he snapped it up. "We'll put in the gorilla act," he said, having more than once watched Mischa slay private audiences with that piece of imbecility. "That's for crazy people, not for pictures," Auer protested. "Maybe there are crazy people outside your circle of friends," La Cava soothed him. "If not, we can always cut it out." Thus did Auer, the heavy, crash through in one picture by virtue of his comedy gift.

Tamiroff, on the other hand, played comic bits during his period of screen obscurity. When Paramount offered him the part of the *General*, "I was scared to death to play this part. I thought I am just a regular comedian. I could not even suspect that I had menace or power in myself. And I realized, too, with Milestone, that this part was one step from being a burlesque thing. I was walking just on the sharp edge of the knife. Imagine, for ten minutes, a dying scene. One step, and they would have laughed at me." But they didn't laugh. And Tamiroff, the comic, in that subtly sinister portrayal, emerged as a dramatic figure second to none.

It is Auer, the funny guy, whose way to this country led through tragedy. His father, a naval officer, was killed in the Russo-Japanese war the year Mischa was born. During the revolution, he and his mother were with friends in the country, when word came that their apartment had been sealed. This was tantamount to a death order, for the mother at least. They escaped to the south, where Mischa joined the British Army as a messenger boy, and learned "soldiers' English." His mother, trained in two wars to Red Cross work, busied herself with nursing. Eventually they were evacuated to Constantinople, where the refugees were herded together under such unspeakable living conditions that a typhus epidemic broke out. An emergency hospital was organized, with Mischa's mother as head nurse. She caught the disease and died.

SHOCK drove from the mind of the fifteen-year-old boy all recollection of names and places. He knew that his grandfather lived in America, but that was all he knew. Then he remembered that a close friend of his mother's had married an Italian lawyer and gone to live in Florence. If he could find her, she would help him find his grandfather. He sold two rings, taken from his dead mother's hand, and went to Florence.

He knew only the maiden name of his mother's friend. But in Florence, as in all European cities, a detailed record is kept of everyone who settles there. A city hall official, with a heart above red-tape, led Mischa up into a medieval tower where once upon a time the books of the Medici were kept. Sure enough, they found the lady's name and then the lady. She welcomed him, cabled his grandfather and, when the time came, saw him off to America.

His grandfather was in the country, and sent an assistant to meet him. This story Auer tells with a kind of baleful glee. "The assistant, being a Russian, missed the boat, and I was sent to Ellis Island. So my first impression of America, the goal of freedom after my odyssey, was iron bars and a half hour's walk every day, under guard of a guy with a gun. It took that dope three days to find me and get me out of hock."

He was sent to the Ethical Culture School. At one time his family had musical ambitions for him. "But I played for my grandfather, and he said better skip the whole thing. It was okay with me. Imagine how good a musician I'd have to be. If I didn't play better than Heifetz, which is practically impossible, they'd all yell: 'Ah, feh!' Anyway, I wanted to be an actor.

In his room he rigged up a camera, stuck pounds of putty on his face, and took snaps of himself, making appalling grimaces. He wangled an interview with Dudley Digges, remained unimpressed until Mischa pulled out his snapshots. Then "he died laughing—thought it was so cute, you know," says Auer, leering—and engaged him as an extra for *The Wild Duck*. He raced home to his family with the news. "Holy mackerel! I'm in the profession."

Eventually a tour with Bertha Kalich, "who taught me damn near everything I know," brought him to Hollywood. A studio executive invited him to return when the tour was over. The day before he went back, the executive was fired. Mischa went looking for extra work, and finally got a job in a Russian picture. He was fired that night because he wasn't the Russian type. And so the grind began.

TAMIROFF had smoother sailing. As a Moscow Art actor, the revolution touched him more lightly. "Of course we lost the money, but everyone lost his money. Of course we starved, but everyone starved." He came to America with the company, and decided to stay, because I was young, and another thing—I must confess. I stayed because I fell in love.—Wait a minute," he

cried, "it was not my wife. She will read it and kill me." Then he broke into a broad beam. "I was only joking. All the young men fall in love once before they find the right one."

He joined Balieff's *Chauve Souris, and* when that closed, went to the night club in Chicago. With the *Candlelight* company, he finally reached the coast. "And if somebody told me that time I would be myself in pictures, I would think he is a real nots." Back in New York, he got himself a part with the Guild production of *Miracle at Verdun,* then toured in Al Jolson's *Wonderbar.*

"I came here and my wife, who was that time on the stage in New York, sent me three, four letters a day, trying to convince me to stay in Hollywood, saying she had a hunch. I said: 'I don't believe your hunch,' and went back to New York. But my wife, she is a very strong character, and we bought an old Ford and we came here and I stayed nine months without work. Imagine how she felt when I said every day: 'What's now about your hunch?' Finally we decided the apartment is unlucky. Of *course* I believe such things. You know why? Because we hired another apartment and when we came back for our things, they said: 'M-G-M phoned you'." This was brought out with an air of triumphant vindication. Then he eyed me anxiously. "Honest to goodness! If I am lying one word, let the car hit me when I leave the studio."

One bit led to another at Metro, then to a bit with Gary Cooper at Paramount. At mention of whose name Tamiroff's face shone. "Maybe you laugh if I say that Gary Cooper is for me also good luck. But listen. The first time I play with him, Paramount offers me long term contract. That sounds so marvelous to me, to be under contract, but by advice from friends, I say no. The second time I play with him, Paramount signs me. The third time I make a success with the *General.*

"Now I am that happy man, under contract. Since the *General,* all is different. A relative of mine writes me from Paris—of course it's a joke—'Before, when they used to ask me, is Mr. Tamiroff your relative, I would answer, yes, very distant. Now I myself say to everybody, have you seen my nephew in the *General?*' And another thing is different. Now it is my wife who says to me: 'Well, what's about my hunch?' "



Here's how Mischa Auer would appear if he could be a toreador and get into a bull-ring. Better stick to Russia, keed

MEN IGNORED HER —SHE WAS SO SKINNY!

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Ella Craig

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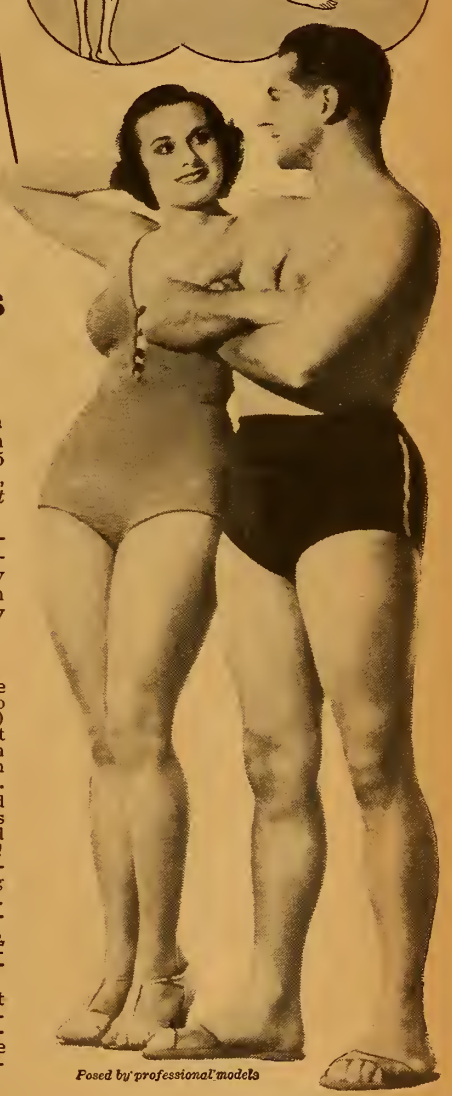
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Are They Americanizing Garbo?

[*Continued from page* 34]

instruments cannot be heard in the section where the other members of the company circulate. How the fact that swing music was being played got out, is a mystery.

However, the gay tunes which so effectively sway the Swedish star's emoting, have not changed her attitude to her fellow workers. Aloof and silent as ever, she remains a stranger among strangers. Her smiles and gayety are reserved for the camera alone.

When director Clarence Brown calls "Cut," she retires to the seclusion of her private domain. There, amidst the elegance of her ivory white boudoir, relaxed on her chaise longue, she reads detective magazines and the latest novels. Her selections are made from her private rack, always filled with current issues, standing inside her portals.

Hollywood, as well as the world at large, has been unable to understand Garbo's aloofness. She has been called a sham, an ingrate, a poser and an introvert.

Garbo never has been swayed by what people are saying about her. She has compromised in nothing. Apparently she holds with Elbert Hubbard who said, "Never make explanations. Your friends do not need them. Your enemies will not believe them."

A FRIEND of Garbo's maintains that she is too genuine to attempt to camouflage her real self. That she refuses to play up to the public by pretending she is something she is not. Garbo, he declares is a Swede, first, last and always. A Swede unable to adapt herself to American ways.

He insists that it was Hollywood's failure to understand Garbo that caused her to retire into her shell. That, extremely sensitive to ridicule and criticism, she built up a world of her own, in which move the few friends who understand her.

Garbo never has become a part of Hollywood. She never will. In magazines, in newspapers and in the film colony she is always referred to as the Swedish star. After residing in Hollywood for over twelve years, she remains an alien.

Each year Hollywood expects Garbo to pack her bags and leave for her native land, never to return. That day is certain to arrive. When it does there will be no previous announcement. On one of her visits home, she will fail to return.

The fact that Garbo has a yen for swing tunes is no indication that she has gone American. American swing music has swept Europe. Certain inherent characteristics, her habits of work, her withdrawal from Hollywood society, her manner of living, her love of her native land, stamp her as a true Scandinavian.

UNLIKE the typical American girl, who, in order to finish what she has started, will force herself to the point of exhaustion, Garbo rests when weary. She would never "break her neck," as we Americans say, in an effort to catch a train. If she did not have ample time to make the train, she would wait for the next one.

When she finds herself exhausted during the making of a long, tiring scene, she stops. Before continuing, she refreshes herself. While director, cameraman, stage crew and other members of the cast stand by, Garbo sips a cup of hot broth or coffee or drinks a glass of buttermilk.

Although the rest of the company may think that the star is wasting precious time and considerable money by holding them all up, Garbo knows that if she fails to give her best, the picture will suffer. In that event, she knows that Metro will lose money in the box office; a far greater sum than will be lost during the delay for time taken to refresh herself.

She carries that policy further by refusing to work overtime. Promptly at five o'clock, no matter what action is taking place on the set, Garbo punches the time clock. Undoubtedly, she feels, that it is up to the director, who knows her rule, to see to it that she is not working when five o'clock rolls around. Her strict adherence to the five o'clock curfew was recently illustrated during a "close-up" of *Walewska* greeting *Napoleon*.

The set was an elaborate street location leading through the snow-covered village where *Walewska* dwelt. Soldiers of the royal guard of *Napoleon*, lined the street on either side. Some hundred extras were in their places. Charles Boyer, who plays *Napoleon*, was waiting for *Countess Walewska*.

Garbo's car drove up. Without a word, the star walked over to it and stepped in. An American girl would have figured, "Although it is time to quit, I might as well go through with it, now that everything is ready."

IT IS doubtful if an American girl would refuse to answer a court summons in a law suit against her involving ten thousand dollars. Especially when the payment of said money depended upon her testimony.

Garbo did that very thing when she failed to answer a court summons in the case of David Schatter, former European film producer. In his suit against Garbo, he claims that she has not returned money loaned to her in Sweden for promoting her career.

When Garbo did not put in an appearance in court, the plaintiff's attorney cried to the judge, "Your honor, who is this foreigner, Greta Garbo, who dares to defy the mandates of the United States court?"

Garbo had no intention of defying the United States court. She preferred to pay the twenty-five dollar fine, rather than answer to the summons. Hollywood is betting that the Swedish star will make settlement out of court, rather than answer to the second summons. In case she does not make a settlement, she will be forced to appear. She will face a jail sentence if she refuses.

Garbo's distaste for publicity has become a Hollywood legend. Her abhorrence for the American custom of prying into a star's private life is only too well known. Garbo once expressed her attitude on publicity to me, "I have no objection to honest praise or criticism of my work," she said. "But I am against having my private affairs paraded before the public." Garbo never will become used to the American method of ballyhooing public characters.

It is also a well-known fact in Hollywood that Garbo invariably chooses plays which permit her to portray foreign girls, rather than Americans. Inherently foreign, she realizes that her impersonation of an American would not ring true.

The public is aware of the fact that Garbo's few friends are foreigners. With the exception of John Gilbert, every man

whose name has been romantically connected with the Swedish star was a foreigner—including Ireland's George Brent.

Swedish food is served in Garbo's home, because she prefers it to American. Her clothes are typically European. Her much-discussed flat-heeled walking shoes, her loose woolen top coats, are typically continental. Many of her garments such as her sweaters, coats and socks, were purchased in Sweden. Garbo never has liked the bouffante, fussy costumes so popular with the American girl.

DURING the twelve years that Garbo has lived in America it is very apparent that she is not interested in becoming acquainted with the life and habits and conditions of various parts of the United States. She does make an occasional trip to the mountains or up the coast. She has spent a few days in New York before taking her boat for Sweden. Even then she patronizes her favorite Swedish restaurant.

It is to Sweden that Garbo speeds whenever her vacation will allow time for the trip. It is in Sweden, on the shore of the Baltic Sea, which she loves, that Garbo slips off her mantle of aloofness and reserve.

Had Garbo any intention of becoming Americanized, she would have taken out citizenship papers long ago. Instead, she preferred to go through the red tape necessary to secure a permit to prolong her stay in this country.

The fact that Garbo has never owned a home in Hollywood is proof conclusive that she has no intention of settling down to becoming an American citizen. According to well-founded information, at present, her brother Swen, over in Sweden, is industriously engaged in developing and improving the great country estate of his sister's, in anticipation of the time when she will retire from the screen.

These broad acres, of lush fields and wooded groves, stretch down to Garbo's beloved sea. It is here, in the near future, that Garbo will forget Hollywood with its qauint American manners, its often heartless tactics and its too, too swift American pace of living. It is in her native Sweden where the screen's most famous actress will revert back to what she always has been in her heart—a *Swenska flicke*. No indeed, Garbo is not becoming Americanized even if she does like swing music and occasionally indulges in a bit of American slang. For Garbo does have a sense of humor, and the American slanguage has comedy values all its own.



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SHE ASKED ME TO LOVE HER
A Private Chauffeur's Amazing Romance

ONE SUMMER'S FOLLY

- - and others - -

Romantic STORIES

Cakes Which Never Fail

[*Continued from page* 64]

into another with a light over-and-over motion which will not break up the air bubbles. It is most important to know this term and to use it rightly. When it demands "sift flour" this indicates that the flour must be *sifted before measuring* in order to secure the right proportion. Be sure that your measuring cup is a genuine *standard cup*, with accurate level measurements indicated on one side, and that the measuring spoon is also a true *standard spoon*. Very frequently the so-called measuring cup is entirely inaccurate, often failing by several ounces of the right contents. *1 standard measuring cup holds 16 level ounces.* In making very fine or unusual cakes it is best to measure ingredients on the more accurate kitchen scale.

TWO CHIEF TYPES OF CAKE: BUTTER CAKE AND SPONGE CAKE

IT MUST be borne in mind that there are two chief and entirely different main types of cakes. One is a Butter Cake, which as its name implies contains a considerable amount of butter as an ingredient. The other, the Sponge Cake, has no butter or other shortening, and is made with a different technique. Suppose we look for a moment at this simple standard or Basic Recipe for Butter Cake, and see how we should mix and bake it:

BASIC RECIPE FOR BUTTER CAKE

⅓ cup of butter shortening
1 cup granulated sugar
2 egg yolks, well beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 cups pastry flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
⅔ cup milk
2 egg whites, stiffly whipped

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually and cream together thoroughly. Add beaten yolks and beat until well blended. Add vanilla. Sift together all dry ingredients. Add alternately with milk to first mixture. Fold in stiffly whipped whites. Use greased loaf pan, and bake about 1 hour, moderate oven (350°F); or use greased layer cake pans and bake about 25 minutes, moderate oven (375°F). (Makes 1 small loaf or 2 9-inch layers)

I MAY say, parenthetically, that if you can make one good delicious and delicate butter cake, you are able to make a hundred variations of it! You may bake it in one loaf or in several layers; you may add various chopped ingredients to the mix; you may flavor it differently or color it as you please; and of course you may entirely change its character by the type, color and method of frosting its surfaces.

10 Secrets of Success:

1. *Cream shortening.* Never melt it, but with a cake spoon, soften and beat the butter until it looks milky.
2. *Add sugar slowly.* About 1 tablespoon at a time so the sugar crystals will become incorporated fully.
3. *Add egg yolks, one at a time.* And beat well after each addition.
4. *Sift all dry ingredients together 3 times,* to achieve the most perfect blending.
5. *Add dry ingredients alternately with milk or liquid,* to avoid the lumps which might occur if added too suddenly.
6. *Add flavoring.*
7. *Fold in stiffly whipped whites.* Beat until whites begin to stand in peaks and whip can be removed dry.
8. *Pour into pan greased with a non-salty shortening.* Fill pan only ⅔ full to allow space for rising.
9. *Bake at specified temperature* for cake of its type.
10. *Cake is baked* when it shrinks from the pan, when it springs as it's lightly pressed with the finger, and when it allows a straw or wire tester to "come clean" after being inserted in the cake.

And now for the other type of cake, the Sponge Cake:

BASIC RECIPE FOR SPONGE CAKE

6 egg yolks, well beaten
1 cup granulated sugar, sifted
grated rind, ½ lemon
2 tablespoons lemon juice
6 egg whites, whipped stiff
1 cup sifted pastry flour
½ teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt

Beat egg yolks with wire whip until thick and lemon-colored. Gradually add sifted sugar, beating continually. Add lemon rind and juice. Using a large platter and a wire "shoe" beater, whip egg whites stiff but not dry. Fold half egg whites into first mixture. Fold in dry ingredients sifted together 3 times. Fold in remaining egg whites. Pour into greased tube pan. Bake about 50 minutes, moderate oven (350°F). Remove from oven and invert to cool.

IT MAY be noted that when beating eggs for sponge cake mixtures, it is advisable to use the flat or "shoe" type of beater rather than the more familiar rotary beater. Also, by beating the whites on a large platter, and adding small quantities at a time, what amounts to a meringue is achieved. This is just the mixture which is really the basic foundation of all "sponge" mixtures, including the souffle which is baked in a casserole.

Another point: butter cakes require that the baking pan be greased, floured and even lined with paper. Sponge cakes are always baked in an ungreased pan so that they will not "stick." Invert the cake pan to cool so that the sponge cake "hangs" while cooling. This shrinks the cake, and makes it easier to remove from the pan.

And now for this particular "why does my cake fall in the middle? question of our Mrs. Reader. Here are many reasons why cakes fail. Suppose you look through them carefully and see if you can locate the particular trouble of your particular cake:

Failure—Cake "falls"; *Probable Cause*—Too little flour; or too much fat; or too much baking powder.

Failure—Cake has cracks or humps; *Probable Cause*—Too much flour; or too little baking powder.

Failure—Cake is heavy and gummy; *Probable Cause*—Too much sugar; or too little baking powder.

Failure—Cake has moist sticky crust; *Probable Cause*—Too much sugar.

Failure—Cake is coarse grained; *Probable Cause*—Too much fat; or too much

baking powder; or too little mixing; or too slow baking.

Failure—Cake has mottled "macaroon" crust; *Probable Cause*—Too much sugar; or too slow an oven.

Failure—Cake is dry; *Probable Cause*—Too much flour; or too little fat; or too much baking powder.

Failure—Cake has uneven color; *Probable Cause*—Too little mixing; or too fast baking.

IN SHORT, most of the failures in cake making are caused by two main reasons: (1) the proportion of ingredients one to another is incorrect; (2) the baking is handled wrongly.

I have spoken of the importance of accurate and correct measurements in order to secure a right composition or blending or formula for the cake mixture. Too often the baker handles the ingredients in a careless manner, though she may not think so. An ounce more butter or two ounces more flour or a heaped-up cup of sugar may be sufficient to unbalance the recipe, and then, alas, the cake "fails."

And now for the second reason, that of right baking. Today, with heat regulators on most improved ranges, there is little excuse for guessing at temperature. The old way of putting a piece of white paper into the oven and watching until it curled and became brown, or of putting your hand in the oven to feel the heat, are as outmoded as they always were unscientific guesswork. Any woman with a good modern range can easily *know* her temperatures. Butter cakes require the oven to be pre-heated, so that the mixture begins to cook as soon as it is placed within. On the other hand, sponge cake mixtures, especially angel cake, should be placed in a practically cold oven, and the heat brought up slowly so that the eggs will rise and inflate as much as possible before the mixture is really baked and thus "set." If your range does not have an oven regulator, use a portable oven thermometer which may be set on the rack. Study your oven and learn the best place for special heating requirements.

TEMPERATURE CHART FOR CAKES

Angel Food—Put in cold oven, and gradually raise to 300-325 F.
Sponge or Sunshine—Put in cold oven, and gradually raise to 300-325 F.
Chocolate or Devil's Food—350 F.
Plain Loaf Cakes—350 F.
Plain Layer Cakes—350-375 F.
Thin Sheet Cakes—375-400 F.
Cup Cakes—375 F.

WHAT KIND OF FLOUR SHALL BE USED

ANOTHER question asked frequently by readers is what kind of flour to use in cake making. For making cakes which call for a spongy or fluffy texture, always use special cake flour. Such flour is put through special machinery and sifting through fine cloth so that the product is fine, even and light. It gives fine-textured cakes which are tender and retain their moisture for considerable periods. When making cakes like the heavier butter mixtures, use either cake flour or pastry flour which has been well sifted. Do not use bread flour which, while excellent for bread-making, is not so satisfactory for cakes, owing to its gluten (sticky) content which tends to make the dough rubbery or bread-like.

And the frosting? Ah, that is a whole big subject in itself, and lack of space will make it necessary to devote an entire article to it in the near future. Frosting is to cake what make-up is to the complexion! But the cake's the thing, and if you have enjoyed or benefited by this little chat on Cakes Which Never Fail, then you will surely wish to send for the recipes on the following coupon.

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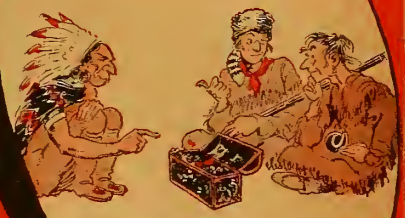
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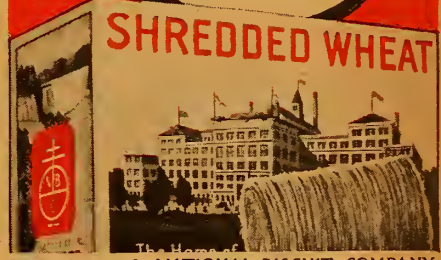
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The Red Hot Mama is in the Movies

[*Continued from page* 50]

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, where she was working in *Broadway Melody of 1938*. She was wearing a kind of print thing; her hat was just right, and she looked all right. A woman who knows her well tells me that the correct description of Sophie Tucker is "stylish stout." Well, I don't know, but I'd say she was stylish all right. I think she's pretty, too.

BUT I wanted to know what she was doing singing at this particular night spot. I asked her.

"I wanted a career in pictures," she told me, simply and boldly. "And when I have wanted anything, I've gone after it methodically and logically. People who know more about Hollywood than I do, told me the thing to do was to get a job at this place, and show my wares, (or shall I say samples?) to the assembled executives."

"But you're Sophie Tucker," I protested, "you're————"

"Oh, yes, I'm Sophie Tucker, all right, but I've a lot to learn about this motion picture business, and I'm going about it in the most logical way I know. I'm not a 'know-it-all,' and when people in the know advised me to come out and show Hollywood what I could do, I took their advice. It worked, didn't it?"

I was compelled to admit that it worked very well indeed. It worked to the extent of a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer term contract—which studio is sparing no expense in acquiring stories for her. They have found one, *Molly, Bless Her*, by Frances Marion, and dedicated to the memory of Marie Dressler. It is a part that Marie could have done. It was probably conceived with Marie in mind. But Sophie Tucker denies strenuously that she is stepping into Marie's shoes.

"I? Take Marie's place? I couldn't!" she told me. "I know what I can do and what I can't do. Our *metiers* are different."

Well, here is our beloved red hot mama in possession of the coveted contract. Does she rest upon her laurels? Not on your tintype! After thirty years in the show business, she goes out and takes dramatic lessons from Laura Hope Crews, to prepare herself for her new career.

"I know how to put a song over," she said with a shrug, "and you've got to have a little acting ability to do that, but pictures are new to me. I've got to learn—and keep on learning. I want to make good. I always have. And I'll do anything that I think will help me. When your gal Sophie wants to be a motion picture star, and go legitimate, she'll have to start at the beginning, and learn what it's all about."

THAT, more or less, is your gal Sophie's recipe for success. Make up your mind what you want to do, and then learn how to do it. The only things Sophie ever had handed her on a platter, were orders of gefullte fish, noodle soup, and other such delicacies, in her father's little two-by-four restaurant in Hartford, Connecticut, where she was waitress, cook, and handy "man," calling out the orders to her mother in the kitchen. These vocal exercises were the only ones Sophie had ever known. The Howard Brothers, of vaudeville fame, happening into the little restaurant one day, and hearing this performance, kidded her into believing that she had a marvelous voice.

"I didn't know they were kidding, at the time," confesses Sophie, "but when I met them, on the same bill at the Orpheum some time afterwards, they confessed that they were fooling me. As it turned out, they were only fooling themselves. Anyhow, I took them seriously at the time." She grinned, engagingly. "I was very young, and very gullible.

"Anyhow, I took them seriously, and landed in New York with five dollars. My first job was at the Old German Village cafe at 40th and Broadway. Fifteen dollars a week, and what pennies were thrown at me by the cash customers. Looking back upon it, I think it was really a—er—joint. What could be called a hustler's joint. But next came Tony Pastor's on the Bowery. Now, at that time, Tony Pastor's was some place to work at. Now, it's just a legend. People sat at tables, and there was a stage at the end of the room."

IN HOLYOKE, MASS., Florenz Ziegfeld spotted Sophie, and signed her for one of his early *Follies*. The opening night was an artistic triumph and a financial disaster—for Sophie. She stopped the show! The principals objected to having to take a back seat while this "coon shouter" (as they dubbed her) walked off with the laurels. Ziegfeld had to fire her to keep his company together!

"I was just young enough to take 'nothing from nobody'," reminisced Sophie. "I told him exactly what I thought of him. But afterwards, we became the best of friends. Dear Flo! There'll never be another like him."

Then came *Louisiana Lou*, in which she was featured with Trixie Friganza and Alexander Carr. One of the chorus girls in this show was Lenore Ulric! It was a success. By this time, Sophie had "dug in her cleats." She was getting somewhere fast. The first salary that Balaban and Katz paid her was $150.00 a week; her last check from that organization was $8,500.00!

"Didn't you make a short subject when 'talkies' first came in?" I inquired meekly. "A piece called, I believe, *Honky Tonk*?"

"The less said about that, the better," she flashed. "I prefer to forget it!" I thought, maybe, that I'd better forget it, too!

It was in 1926 that Sophie Tucker made her first invasion of England. And the walls of London came tumbling down! The English people took her to their hearts immediately. Every two years, she makes this tour, which lasts anything from three months to a year. "I look upon London as my second home," she told me, "and I love the people." I don't wonder at it, for they love Sophie.

On her last trip to London, a few months ago, she organized the American Stage and Screen Artists for the mammoth midnight performance at the Coliseum, in aid of the King George V National Memorial Fund. The "gate" was some $20,000.00, which Sophie turned over to the Lord Mayor for this worthy charity, and received from that dignitary, an inscribed gold cigarette case, as a token of appreciation from the English people. The drama of this event lies in the fact that it took place on the eve of King Edward VIII's abdication!

"Didn't you find the audience 'difficult,' in view of the wave of emotion that swept England that night?" I asked.

"Well, of course, people were thinking

of little else that night. I felt the tension, even before the curtain rose. I told the boys and girls to work three times harder than they had ever worked before. They did, God bless 'em. We came through all right. The audience was most enthusiastic."

"WHAT would you say was the high spot of your career?"

Sophie replied promptly. "The Royal Command Performance at the Palladium Theater in London before King George V and Queen Mary. It was one of the most impressive occasions I have ever attended. There was such splendid dignity; yet there was a warmth that made you 'feel at home.' You know, somehow, it meant more to me than to their own Harry Lauder, George Robey, Beatrice Lillie, or Harry Tate, to mention only a few, who have known Command Performances."

Sophie Tucker took a cigarette from the Lord Mayor of London's gift, lit it, and puffed a cloud of smoke into the air.

"Tell me of your plans for your picture career," I suggested.

Sophie's foot, (quite a little foot, too) did a tattoo on the rug, and she spoke with an almost fierce determination. "I'm in pictures to stay. I'm going to make good in pictures or. . . ."

Sophie has said before, "I'm going to make good or. . . ." and I'm betting on her to turn the trick in Hollywood.

"Are you satisfied with what they are giving you to do?" This is a question that would arouse a storm of grouches from a lot of our luminaries. But not so with Sophie.



It may be that Sophie Tucker, the red hot mama, is giving some pointers to Bob Taylor on how to put over a song number. One thing is assured—Sophie goes to town with songs in *The Broadway Melody of 1938*—while Bob takes care of the love interest

"Perfectly," was her response. "I loved my part in *Broadway Melody of 1938,* and my next picture, *Molly, God Bless Her,* is a gem of a story. It's just been published in book form, and I want to send you a copy."

She sent me a copy. I have read it and it seems to me that Molly *is* Sophie Tucker. You won't see it for some time, yet, but I think you will agree with me.

THIRTY years in the show business, Sophie Tucker confesses quite frankly, that she doesn't "know it all." There aren't many like her. She is, in effect, going to school again. She will never go around moaning, "My lines are terrible; the story is worse: they are not giving me the right things to do!"

"Story tellers and dialogue writers," she told me, "know far more about their craft than I do. Why should I try to tell them what to do?"

Yes, Sophie Tucker has come to town and is in the movies—and the town is welcoming her with open arms. She has run the gamut from kitchen helper to a friend of royalty. A warm-hearted, lovable woman, this Sophie Tucker. She has known want—desperately—and keeps very loose purse strings for others less fortunate than herself. (She didn't tell me this herself, however.)





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To Strip or Not to Strip

[*Continued from page 37*]

ment that "Miss Lee is being presented on the screen as a dramatic actress under her true name, Louise Hovick." So, when you go to your local movie house to see her in *You Can't Have Everything,* it will be perfectly okay for you to take grandpa and grandma and the little kiddies, and it won't be necessary for you to equip yourself with smoked glasses and asbestos suits, for Gypsy Rose—I mean Louise—will show nothing more temperature-raising than the tip of an ear.

BUT, as said before, whether she strips or whether she doesn't, it's all the same to Gypsy.

"My strip-tease act was never anything but a job to me," she tells you with a merry twinkle in her eye. "I've always wanted to be a dramatic actress, but you know how it is in the show business. You do whatever you can get to do—and like it."

It does make her a little sad to know that in certain cities where she contributed her services night after night to benefit performances for a worthy cause that those who benefited from those performances should now seem so indignant about her appearing on the screen.

"If I was good enough to appear at benefits without clothes," she says, "it does seem as though I should be allowed to appear on the screen with clothes on."

When Gypsy started in the show business at the tender age of four there was nothing to indicate that she would grow up to be a strip-teaser. She was born in Seattle, and with other neighborhood kiddies, she attended dancing school. The school put on an amateur show and Gypsy did a toe dance and sang a song.

"That put ideas into my mother's head," says Gypsy, "and she packed my younger sister and myself up and brought us to Hollywood to put us in the movies. We worked as extras in *Daddy Long Legs* and in some two-reel comedies with Harold Lloyd and Bebe Daniels. Then we played in a stage version of *The Blue Bird* which Sid Grauman put on. As a result of what mother referred to as 'our success' in this production, she got us booked in vaudeville.

"Our act was composed of my sister, who was billed as Baby June, and myself. Sometimes I played a boy and sometimes a girl, whatever the act called for. Naturally, we had plenty of ups and downs in the years that followed. We played in everything but a tent. Eventually my sister gave it up and got married and I went on alone. The going finally got too tough and I wound up in burlesque, as a chorus girl."

IF YOU are one who feels that the mention of the word "burlesque" is your cue to do a little eyebrow-lifting, perhaps I should add that such regular folks as Eddie Cantor, Jim Barton, Fannie Brice, Fred Stone got their start in burlesque, too.

"I always got a big kick out of watching the strip-teasers on the bill," says Gypsy. "They always seemed to take their *art* so seriously. To me, they were funny and when I went home after the show I'd entertain my mother by doing burlesque of them. One night my mother said: 'You know, Gypsy, the way you do that is really funny. If you ever did that on the stage I'll bet folks would roll in the aisles.' I tried to sell the idea to my boss but he didn't think it was funny at all. 'I'm paying those strip-teasers big dough,' he told me, 'I should let you go out there and make fun of 'em. What do you think I am—crazy?' I decided then that maybe the idea wasn't so funny after all."

After a season in burlesque, Gypsy went back into vaudeville, heading a dance aggregation known as Rose Louise and her Hollywood Blondes. They were playing Toledo, Ohio, and the manager of the theater told them that he would keep them on for another two weeks if they could think up something novel to warm up the act. It so happened that there was a spot where the chorus had a change of costume while Gypsy (who was known then as Rose Louise) stayed on the stage. "So, just as a gag," she says, "I had the bright idea of filling in time by peeling off my clothes and tossing them over into the orchestra pit. The audience seemed to like it and—well, I guess that's how I got started being a strip-teaser."

AFTER playing vaudeville and night-clubs, she went back to work for the Brothers Minsky who, in their rather unique way, make a cult of glorifying the body beautiful. She took the name of Gypsy Rose Lee and in no time at all she was their number 1 strip-teaser. Park Avenue slummers started frequenting the burlesque house, just to see her. She became something of a fad. Broadway producers became interested in her. She stepped out of burlesque and into Hot-Cha.

But it wasn't so hot-cha for Gypsy. She then appeared in a George White revue and in Billy Rose's Casino de Paree revue. But it was not until she went into the Ziegfeld Follies last year, doing the same thing she had done in burlesque (on a more "refined" scale of course) that she really became a top bracket attraction. That's when people started calling "strip-teasing" ART and—you know the rest.

In case you live in the hinterlands and have never seen a strip-tease act perhaps I should explain that it goes something like this: A young lady wearing (usually) a high-necked gown and plenty of petticoats steps out on the stage. The orchestra (according to Gypsy) plays *Love in Bloom* or something similar, to put the audience in the mood. A general air of expectancy pervades and, very coyly, the young lady drops a shoulder strap . . . then a petticoat or two . . . and nonchalantly tosses them into the orchestra pit. Bit by bit, she steps out of her costume. Sometimes she tosses her brassiere or garter belt into the audience and with a sigh says "Gone With the Wind."

Well, anyway, the long and short of it is that she winds up a dead-ringer for September morn. I have Gypsy's word for it, however, that she always wore a bathing suit of flesh-colored net so that at no point in the act was she ever quite as September morn-ish as she looked, no matter what the bald-headed man in the third row center may have thought.

BUT, alack and alas, you will see nothing like that when Gypsy Rose—Louise Hovick to you—appears on the silver screen. As Mr. Zanuck puts it, you will see Miss Lee as a dramatic actress, no less.

After talking with Gypsy, I am inclined to believe that the answer to her success is not strip-teasing, but personality. I hate to use this overworked phrase but she has personality-plus. She is the sort of girl who could, I'm sure, do a minuet and make it just as alluring as her strip-tease act. (The

minuet routine would probably have taken longer). She has that rare something which for lack of a better word I'll call "sparkle." And what a grand sense of humor. She had me in stitches, telling me about her farm in New York State.

"What do you raise on your farm?" I asked.

"Well, last year we raised oats," she laughed, "but they weren't very successful. Even the horses wouldn't eat them. Now we're raising chickens, and we trade the eggs for gasoline. But the thing we really do best is raise cats. There seems to be something about a farm atmosphere which causes cats to multiply. At the last count there were thirteen. There are probably more by now."

In addition to the horses and the chickens and the cats, she has on her farm, cows, numerous dogs, a few goats and four monkeys—Rufus Veronica (whom she won in a raffle at the New York nightclub El Morocco) Charlotte, Jimmy and King Tut.

"King Tut is on his way out here to visit me," she told me excitedly. "But he got sick during the trip and had to stop over in Las Vegas. He's staying there with some friends of mine. They write me that he has learned to take a bath all by himself. Isn't that cute? I can hardly wait to see him do it."

GYPSY is as agog over Hollywood as any tourist. "I never knew there were so many different kinds of fancy ice-cream in the world until I came to Hollywood. Every day I try a new kind. I haven't had one of those giant malted milks yet, but I'm going to."

Incidentally, she has a very healthy appetite. For lunch, she ordered soup, a New Highland boiled dinner, a triple salad, and followed that up with a thick slab of butterscotch pie and coffee. A lunch like that would give most of our femme stars heart failure to contemplate.



Constance Cummings is not on location but is enjoying herself in a lounge of the SS *Normandie*, on a trip to Europe

"How do you manage to keep your slender figure on a diet that would add mountains of flesh to Man Mountain Dean, the rassler?"

"Well, I guess I just worry it off. If I discover I've taken on a few pounds I keep thinking 'Oh, but this is terrible. *Five pounds!* I really must do something." The result is that I worry so much about it that the extra pounds just disappear."

She is quite mad about tamales and drove all the way to Mexico one week-end just to taste the Mexican variety. "But it turned out that they don't serve tamales in Mexico," she giggles. "So I ate meat and potatoes and bought myself this polo coat. How do you like it?" I was non-committal. "No, it isn't very good looking, is it?" she said. "I suppose I should have done my shopping in Hollywood."

Her current hobby is amateur photography. She doesn't say so, but I think she may have taken it up to get even with the candid camera addicts who trained their cameras on her when she was in the Follies.

"One night there were four rows of them, all taking pictures of me while I did my number," she told me. "Just for fun, I made faces at them and looked cross-eyed. I even walked bow-legged. I never dreamed that the pictures would be published without my consent. But later they all came out in a magazine. Was I embarrassed!"

SHE'S a lot of fun, this Gypsy Rose Lee. Whether her wit and sparkle will get over on the screen remains to be seen. But, as my editor pointed out, if she flops, she can always open a little Gypsy Tea Room.

I think it might interest those who have raised their voices to object to her screen appearance to know that she was *not* signed up for pictures because of her fame as a strip dancer. She made a movie test in New York. It was sent to the coast to Darryl Zanuck along with tests of other girls. The name of the person making the test is not shown until the end of the film. For her test, Gypsy did scenes from *Dinner at Eight*. Before the test was half run Mr. Zanuck said: "Sign that girl up. She's got something." It was not until later that he learned that the girl was Gypsy Rose Lee, the strip-tease queen.



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Clothes Make the Men-jou

[*Continued from page 29*]

And then it began in the right shoe! ! ! Tap-tap-tap it came, like a ghostly rapping on a spirit-seance table. Quickly Adolphe looked down at his shoe, and as quickly as he looked, the mystic tapping ceased. But Adolphe had had plenty.

Never one to lose his dignity, Adolphe stalked calmly to the side-lines, to where his valet waited, as his valet always waits while Adolphe is on the set. A quick whispered colloquy, and the valet sped to Menjou's home. Fifteen minutes and he was back—with another pair of his master's shoes. Adolphe sat down, removed the Mysterious Shoes, replaced them with the newly-brought ones, and had no more trouble.

Since that day, Adolphe has never worn the Mysterious Shoes with the Tap-Tap Taps. He has contemplated them often, now and then studied them. He doesn't know what's the matter with them. He only knows that he, the most-perfectly-dressed man in movies, will simply NOT wear shoes that are as unorthodox as that.

But today, I can solve the mystery. I can tell Adolphe, for the first time, what was wrong with his shoes. They simply had a severe attack of ritz trouble. A violent case of Ritz-Brothers-on-the-Loose. You see, Adolphe, what happened was this: while you sat there, there was a Ritz brother, stretched out in back of each side of your chair, hiding carefully so you wouldn't see them, ready to spring away when you looked. They took turns, these asinine clowns, in gently tapping the soles of each of those fine boots of yours with a lead pencil. And when you looked, they dove back out of sight. That's all Adolphe—just the Ritz Brothers, getting square for that $60 check. And Adolphe, they knew that the most definite touch they could possibly score against you would be at some most vulnerable point, like your wardrobe.

THE $60 check? Oh, that tale's been told. It's merely about the day the Ritzes applied the famous "hot-foot gag" to another pair of Menjou's shoes, previously, burned his tootsie-wootsies, burned themselves when Adolphe, in high apparent anger, told them the shoes had cost $60 in London, made them produce a $60 check before he'd go on with the picture and then —*after* cashing the check, mind you—turned the $60 over to the M. P. Relief Fund and admitted they were really only $12 shoes after all. That's when the Ritzes vowed to get even. And that's why they attacked at the clothes-closet. Because, if there's one thing Adolphe Menjou is seriously touchy about, it's his clothes.

To Adolphe, the title of Best-Dressed Man in Movies is no gag. It's not funny. It's not even a matter for wise-cracking. It is, on the contrary, highly important, deeply serious, part and parcel of his basic professional honor. To call Adolphe the Finest Male Clothes-Hoss in Hollywood, as long as you call him that seriously, is not to kid him or insult him. It is a compliment. That was Adolphe's aim, years ago when he first considered his campaign against Hollywood. He has achieved success. It costs him endless thousands per year, but Adolphe Menjou has the finest wardrobe in cinemaland.

Not that he hasn't been challenged. Far from it. Why, it was none other than Sidney Lanfield, 20th-Fox director, no



Here is that well-dressed man again. No male who walks the earth looks better than Menjou in white tie and tails

mean dresser-upper himself, who took on Adolphe in a Battle of the Togs. It was terrific. It began somewhere during the beginning of *One In a Million* and it grew and grew and grew. . . .

There was never a written or spoken challenge. It was simply that Lanfield dressed well — too well for a director, Adolphe thought, and decided to show the upstart what dressing really was. Each day they each wore an entire new wardrobe. Each day, each strove for some new sartorial splendor, some new flare, some crushing *coup d'etat* of hosiery or haberdashery.

No telling where it would have ended. Electricians, used to bright lights, began to have sore eyes at the sartorial splendors that dazzled them each day. The strain on the Menjou and Lanfield exchequers must have been ghastly. No telling, I repeat, where it would have ended—if each hadn't, at the same time, gotten sick with flu. . . ! So then each was put smack to hospital bed, in a hospital night-shirt. And that ended the Battle of the Togs.

DON'T think it was a joke to Adolphe. To have his sartorial supremacy challenged is a matter not of a laugh, but of the heart and soul to Menjou. Why, for *Cafe Metropole,* good old Charlie Winninger, meaning no ill, bless his soul, said jokingly to Menjou: "You know, Adolphe, I'm really going to show you up in this picture. Wait till you see what a swell **dresser** I am. I'll put you in the shade. . . . !"

Adolphe merely lifted a menjouish eyebrow. But then came real trouble. Winninger actually had the gall, the nerve, the daring, the effrontery to go to *Menjou's own tailor!* And there he had himself outfitted, head to toe. That, to Menjou, was carrying things too far.

Of his wardrobe tricks, many tales are told. You know about the raincoat? —always up to the minute, Adolphe was the first to import to Hollywood one of the

new all-white-with-a-cape men's raincoats from London. Sort of a red-riding-hoodish effect when the cape is pulled up over the hat against the rain. . . In his topless car in a sudden Hollywood shower, Adolphe drove into a service station one day, wearing the white raincoat with the white hood up over the hat. Now, you can't blame the attendant. He'd never been to London. He just took a quick look at the figure behind the wheel, asked solicitously:

"What can I do for you, *madam?*"

It took Adolphe hours to get over that.

MANY tales are a bit—er—exaggerated. Many, though, are true. For keeping the title of The Best Dressed Man In Hollywood, the Best Male Clothes-Hoss in Movies, is no less mean a task than keeping the heavyweight championship. Adolphe is doing it. All of which is due to the fact that he takes his work very seriously. And to that is due the further fact that once again, Adolphe Menjou is 'way up in the top-rank of the players—as near to stardom as any player can be without being a Gable or a Taylor. He's probably the best-paid free-lance player in Hollywood. And much of it is due to his wardrobe. But much is due, too, to his attitude toward his profession. He doesn't kid himself.

Some people think he takes himself and his work too seriously. To them only a laugh, and the obvious reply that Menjou is back at the top. Menjou works at being Adolphe Menjou, the actor, 24 hours a day. He works harder at it when he's down a bit than when he's at the top. When he's down in the running, he is the promotin'est actor in movies. He is shrewd. Deeply shrewd. He is a keen business man. Examples:

1. In the 1929 crash, Adolphe was the only Hollywood money-man who came out unburned. So keen a financial operator was he that he fore-smelled the crash, sold out before the collapse.

2. In the beginning, when he was trying to crash pictures, he contemplated the scene, found that all other things being equal, the man with the wardrobe always got the job over the man without the wardrobe. Broke, he nevertheless talked Eddie Schmidt, Hollywood tailor, and as hard-boiled as a Hollywood tailor must be, into staking him on sheer credit to about a thousand dollars worth of clothes. That was acumen. It gave Adolphe his start toward the top; it paid Eddie Schmidt off in the long run. But it was keen and shrewd of Mr. Menjou, no?

ABOUT acting, he has no illusions. To some, it may be just Art. To Adolphe, it's a business. "To stay in Hollywood, to continue to make a success in Hollywood," he tells you, "you have to map out your work, your career, your campaign just as shrewdly, just as cold-bloodedly, just as carefully as a salesman out to sell plumbing goods. You can't sit back and wait for the breaks; you've got to go out and make 'em for yourself."

That he's at the top again now, after a bit of depression, is no surprise to Adolphe. It is, to him, just the result of putting into practice that philosophy. But he isn't resting on his oars, now that he's in smooth water.

No more eager-to-learn fellow is there on the Hollywood stages. Already a linguist of note—German, French, Spanish, Italian, Hungarian come to his tongue with the fluency of English—he made a near-pest of himself during *Cafe Metropole* because a number of genuine Russian ex-aristocrats were on the set. From them, Adolphe learned so much Russian in the few weeks of shooting that recently, he was able to carry on an extended conversation in Russian with a visitor from that land! From technicians on the set, he is always learning how and why they do the things they do. Even publicity men are his victims—he pumped one of them for two hours straight one day, got an actual groundwork course in How-To-Do-Press-Agentry. He's always learning something new, always bettering himself, always making Adolphe Menjou more proficient at the job of being Adolphe Menjou.

It's hard to say whether he is "popular" on the set, in the sense that certain hail-fellow-well-met actors are popular with the grips, fellow players, others. Menjou is an indefatigible talker. He will talk with vivid gusto, wild abandon, on any subject. "Soap-Box Adolphe," they even call him, because, at the slightest provocation or none at all, he'll get up on a theoretical soap-box and harangue anybody who'll listen about any subject under the sun—the more controversial the subject, the more violent and the more earnest his harangue. He'll take a side, earnestly, bitterly, devastatingly, for he is not only a fluent talker but a convincing one.

BUT—the very next hour, he'll be up on another soap-box, being just as violent, just as vivid, and just as convincing *on the other side of the fence!*

THE funny part of it is that it isn't a gag. For the moment, Adolphe believes implicitly and fiercely in whatever he's saying. Adolphe lives in and for the moment when he talks, and whatever he says in and for that moment is his rock-bound, unshakable belief. Ten minutes later, he may have done a complete flip-flop, but none-the-less earnest. He convinces himself.

He convinces himself, too, that he has whatever ailment may be current at any given epidemic-time. When it's flu, you can bet ten to one that Menjou will have flu. When amoebic dysentery was more or less generally prevalent, Menjou felt horrible in the middle. It's a wonder he didn't try to have quintuplets when there was all the fuss about Mrs. Dionne having had 'em!

About Menjou, with all his clothes-horsing around, all his playing of the ultra-sophisticate, all the reams of press-agentry about his worldliness, there has grown up the illusion that he is the typical man-about-town. One imagines that night after night finds him in glittering clothes, in glittering places, in glittering assemblies. A sort of e-phillips-oppenheim character come to life. The typical bon-vivant, always-up, round-the-towning man of the world. . . .

Well, man of the world he is—but it's his own world. And it's bounded by the boundary-lines of the lot whereon sits the Menjou home. Menjou's real Big World is his house.

AS THE old ideal of the German hausfrau used to be *kinder, kuche, kirche*—"children, kitchen, church"—so Adolphe's private life is NOT one mad round of the worldly fleshpots of Hollywood, but (to paraphrase the German ideal) his *bungalow, bride, baby . . . !*

It's home for Adolphe when he's done working. One can even imagine him taking off his splendid clothes and putting on slippers (even though they'd probably be eighteen-dollar slippers at least!), sliding down into a library chair, and giving himself whole-heartedly to Wifie Veree Teasdale and the adopted Menjou youngster, Peter Adolphe. Adolphe is frank about it—

"My most rabid aversion," he tells you, "is large parties. I spend most of my evenings at home, reading or playing piano duets with my wife."

Well, after all, even Adolphe Menjou has to have a rest from acting Adolphe Menjou all the time, doesn't he?



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Farewell for Muni?

[*Continued from page* 31]

means something—free and voluntary choice on the parts of those who make the awards. Anyway," smiled Muni, "it is nicer to have won it than *not* to have won it, certainly."

SUCH a man would never do anything so melodramatic, so essentially theatrical as to announce that he is "through with pictures," that he is about to make his "farewell appearance." Even if it were so, which it isn't.

I lunched with the Munis. Muni ate his habitual luncheon of fried eggs and bacon. We sat and talked there in the Green Room on the Warner Brothers lot where, the day before, Muni had made the last shot of *Zola.* And I saw Muni (Mrs. Muni, everyone who knows him well calls him Muni, never Paul) for the first time in months denuded of beard, mustache, Chinese make-up, various hirsute adornments. And looking at him so, I wondered again at his consistent disparagement of his own personal attractiveness.

For he has said to me, so often, that he knows he has no sex appeal, that he is not a "personality," that he has not that which, effortlessly, makes a Gable or a Taylor popular before they step in front of a camera. He said the other day: "I remember so well the first time I played a part without make-up, as myself. I went home and said to Bella: 'I felt naked. I felt ashamed. I wanted to hide. I can't play Muni, of all people!' And it's true. I can't. I am only at ease when I lose Muni as completely as my ability permits in the character I am playing."

It is a part of the modesty which has made him great, no doubt, this conviction that he would not rank in straight personal appeal with the Gables, MacMurrays, Flynns and so on. But it is to my mind, without foundation in fact. (Remember Muni in *Bordertown?*) For the Muni without the make-up is good enough to look at. Bronze skin, thick, dark hair, dark eyes, brilliant and brown, white strong teeth, restless, strong hands. It is the face of a dreamer, a thinker, a poet. His face is of a man of action, of strong passions and deep tolerances—a face with shades and contradictions, but no shadows.

NO, MUNI is not making a "final appearance." Nor has he ever said so. He has one more picture to make after *Zola,* on his Warner contract. He will probably not make that picture for another three months. And after he makes it and his contract is fulfilled he will not sign another long term contract—never again. He will stay away from the screen for anywhere from six months to three years, more or less, as he chooses. He doesn't know how long he will rest. He doesn't *want* to know. That's just what he doesn't want—to watch the clock, to live with schedules, plans, production dates. He is going to take a long, deep, lung-filling, soul-satisfying leave of absence . . . after thirty years. He wants to travel. He wants to be able to walk up a gangplank, not have to be carried up. He wants to read all the books he's never had time to read.

He wants to live without the ever-present fear that a script will rear its head, ugly or otherwise. He told me, laughing, that the last trip he made was to Moscow with Bella. When they arrived in the Soviet city there was a script, of all things, waiting for him! Not a very good script, either, he said. But there it was. And so it has always been. From the Great White Way to the last outposts of civilization, and for the thirty years of his life since his uncarefree little boyhood he has been followed by scripts. They have pounced at him out of dark corners.

Bella Muni (the wife who forsook her own career on the stage, sacrificed her own ambitions and never knew, and doesn't now, that it was a sacrifice, to be with Muni in Hollywood, wherever Muni needed to be . .) Bella said: "I told him if he didn't take a long rest I'd desert him! I want a chance to get acquainted with the man I married."

I said: "But—but the money?" I did a little rapid calculating. I had to stop. The loss to a man in Muni's cinematic class of some two to three years was incalculable to one who still says: "How much more than a hundred dollars is *that?*"

"WE DO not need very much, Bella and I," smiled Muni. "I know that I can speak for her as well as for myself. We've been married long enough for me to be certain that sable coats and orchids are not among Bella's requirements. We have few wants and they do not include the desire for luxury. When we had our ranch in the valley it was the kind of a home any man making a moderate salary could have maintained comfortably and without strain.

"Now we have bought this new home in Palos Verdes. It is larger than the ranch house. It looks more elegant. It sometimes frightens me a little when I look at it. I wonder what we are doing, living there. But we bought it in such a way that it is perfectly compatible with our means. And if I should never work again, if I should find that the screen is through with me or that I do not want to work again—no matter what happens to me or what I choose to do or what is done to me—well, just the natural course of events in this business gives us enough, you know, to insure safety of our families.

"I am not a dreamer, not an idealist to the extent that I have left Bella and myself unprepared for contingencies. Whatever happens we will not be left high and dry, Bella and I. And as things are now—well, even now we live, perhaps, more comfortably than we actually or personally require. As a man makes money, does what is known as 'rising in the world,' certain things are expected of him. His scale of living automatically augments, to put it that way. Dependents 'occur'. And more money is necessary. But we could always cut down. We would not need a secretary if I were not working. We wouldn't need a chauffeur. We would not need the servants we have now. We would manage with one car, any kind of a car—or none at all, if it came to that. Our house is paid for. We can only sleep in one bed at a time, occupy one chair, eat one meal apiece, at one time.

"We have never been extravagant because we haven't extravagant tastes. We weren't brought up to know the meaning of the word. We never entered into the life of Hollywood in the sense of going to parties or giving them. We are not in any sense money-conscious. That must be it. I have been told, often, 'Edward G. Robinson is making so much money' or 'Dick Powell has just signed a new contract—d'you know what he is getting now?'

"It never matters to me what others have, or make. That's their business. I feel that I

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Hollywood Fashion Tips

[*Continued from page 69*]

a dark red linen blouse with black onyx studs . . . I couldn't help but think how simple my Fall wardrobe problem would be if my grandfather were still alive. He always had the brightest horse blankets in town!

JEAN PARKER was telling us about a double-duty black crepe dress she is having made. Just the thing for one of those indecisive grey-or-sunny days. The black crepe, shirtwaist type dress with belt of white hand-knotted hemp is grand for street wear when you aren't sure about the weather. But Jean has provided for sunny days with a princess-type coat of quilted white linen, brought in at the waist line with a Roman stripe sash of soft cashmere wool. And Jean probably left the Derby with a headache, because we spent the rest of the luncheon suggesting ways and means of varying your wardrobe with a plain black dress as the foundation. There's no limit to the ideas!

JUST as we were going out the door, in came Gypsy Rose Lee (she's Louise Hovick now, but I always forget) in one of the smartest-looking fur coats I've seen for a long time. Fur coats are generally just coats, but not this one, which she told me was designed by Royer, out at 20th Century-Fox. The coat—of a very light weight grey galyac—was made in the redingote style, that goes so well over print dresses. Louise was wearing hers over a red raw-silk dress, printed in tiny white palms. A close toque of the galyac with two bright red tassels pulled through the center of the crown, was perched on her head.

ONE more thing before I sign off for this month. Just want to warn you, that if you get varied and violent perfume scents wafted from the direction of Hollywood, just know that Jeanette MacDonald is trying out one of her numerous wedding gifts. Because Jeanette has just received a pigskin kit containing one hundred small phials of all the brands of famous French perfumes . . . So while you're sniffing the breezes and trying to catch yourself some free perfume—I'll do my usual snooping around and uncover some bankroll-breaking ideas for next month.

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Farewell for Muni?

[*Continued from page* 86]

know what I am worth and I see to it, of course, that I get that amount. I want no more and no less. I do prefer to have some say in what I am doing rather than to have fabulous sums of money for fabulous things. We have all and more than we can use. We will never want any more than we have right now.

"BUT that is a bit beside the point," smiled Muni, "the thing I want to emphasize is that I am NOT saying farewell to the screen. I don't know how that story got about. Even if it were so I wouldn't say it. How can anyone tell how he will feel six months, a year from now? I can't. I am planning to stay away from work for an indefinite period of time. What I am really planning is—*not to plan at all.*

"I may find at the end of six months that habit has clamped so deeply into me that I will be restive and want to get back to work. Bella warns me that this may happen. I don't believe it. I'm almost sure that it will not be so. But Bella is right. I can't *know.* Perhaps a stage play will come up—too right for me to be able to refuse. Perhaps a film. I don't know and I don't want to know. I only know that I am not, with conscious forethought, 'retiring'. I may work again in six months. I may not work again for three years. I *may never work again.* I can't say and I haven't said . . I want to catch up on some living," smiled Muni, "that's all. I'm tired. I feel drained. I feel impoverished emotionally. I want time off to know my wife better. I don't know how she has put up with me, as she has. It hasn't been fair to her. We have bought our new home in Palos Verdes, high in the hills, overlooking the sea. It is so beautiful, the view so magnificent, I am tiresome, I warn you, when I begin to talk about it. I sit out-of-doors nights until after midnight. I hate to go in. The roses, starlight, the smell and sound of the sea, the lights far down and far away . . .

"I know that I have had too little of such as this. I want time to live in our home. I want time to read all the books I've never read. I want time to garden, to know, for the first time in my mummer's life, the earth and gardens, the way things grow, the sky, the sea. I want time to travel. I want to catch up on friendships, old and new. I want time, plenty of time, *to do nothing.*

"I KNOW what might be said of me . . . I have been in Hollywood a little over eight years. In that eight years I have made only thirteen pictures—*Zola,* by the way, is my thirteenth. I know that this is positive dilettantish, sheer inertia, compared to the productivity of other stars. One might well wonder why I want or need a respite at all. But, you see, it's the way I work. I may not always, nor even very often, give a *good* performance—I always give a *hard* one. I must work very hard. It is the only way I can deliver anything. It is my way. It is strenuous, exacting and frequently painful.

"There are men who can read books on the train, who can concentrate while a radio is playing in the same room with them. I can't. There are the inspirational players who need only glance at a script, memorize their lines, step on the set and give brilliant performances. I can't. I never have been able to work that way. I remember when I was a little lad on the stage. I'd get to my dressing-room in the theatre at ten in the morning for my performance at eight-thirty in the evening. I'd spend the whole day pottering about with make-ups, experimenting, trying different effects. I have not changed. I am, temperamentally, made this way, I suppose. There are people who accomplish things with a minimum of effort. I am not one of them.

"The studio used to call me and tell me they would have the script of my new picture in my hands two or three weeks before production. They know better now. They know that I must have a script at least eight or ten weeks beforehand. It takes me every minute of that time to prepare. I read every book I can find about the character I am to play. I must have read twenty books on *Pasteur,* as many or more on *Zola,* besides all of his own work.

"I keep note-books. I have some sixty or seventy pages of notes in my own handwriting on *Zola*—notes on his characteristics, on his reactions to given situations. I make comparative notes. I study the man from the outside in, then reverse the process. And so, painfully, slowly, bit by bit, I try to make Paul Muni into *Louis Pasteur, Scarface, Zola,* whatever character I am playing. I try to annihilate Muni, to lose all trace and track of the fellow, to burn him in effigy until he rises a *Pasteur* or a *Zola,* from the ashes of his literal self."

"Muni," said Bella, whose understanding of her husband marches side by side with her love of him in her eyes, in her loyalty, rather than in too-easy words, "Muni is like this in everything. And always has been. He was a serious little boy—serious about his school work, what he had of it. Serious about his play, his friendships. He still is. If he reads a book he must absorb, understand every syllable of it, every shade of meaning. If he plays ping-pong he must learn the science of the game, practice endlessly until he plays as expert a game as it is possible to play. He couldn't be any different. He *is* this way, and always has been . . ."

WHICH accounts, certainly, for the fact that though Muni has made only thirteen pictures in over eight years, he does need a rest. Though there is, too, another explanation for the Muni minimum. He is, he says, very difficult to cast. Or rather it is difficult to find parts suitable for him. He insists that he cannot play the parts a Gable, a Flynn, a Taylor can play. Producers disagree with him. He has been offered, he has been begged to play every kind of a part ever written for a star. His range, he has been told, runs from a Freddie Bartholomew to a Lionel Barrymore. Producers have said to him time and again: "You can play *anything.*" He has been handed just about every script ever scripted on the Warner lot. Parts played eventually, perhaps, by an Errol Flynn, a Pat O'Brien, a Dick Powell. He has, since *Pasteur,* been offered the biography of every man who ever made a faint enough impression on the surface of the earth to get into printer's ink. He does not want to be known as "a biographical actor." Just as, after *Scarface,* he fought the very real and threatening danger of being typed as an actor of gangster roles. He doesn't want to be typed at all. He does want to be, and so he is, sufficiently *disindividualized* that the "soul of all men may circulate through him, as the common air" . . .

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get the idea, Larry, that she is one of those flighty, effervescent French girls whose name should be *Fifi* just because she owns a French poodle and was excited about her new contract. She isn't.

She is—well, I may have trouble telling you just what she is, even though her personality is one I shan't forget in a hurry. The thing is, there is no one like her. I can't pick out a single star and say: "Annabella reminds me of that one." Because she is unique.

As you saw for yourself, since *Wings of the Morning* is in color, her eyes are a dark brown and her hair is blonde—real, not peroxide. I am sure of it because it isn't the uniform color that comes out of a bottle, but full of lights and shadows the way real blonde hair is. With that comes what you might well describe as a "provocative" mouth, beautiful teeth and a clear olive skin. Effective, don't you think?

She isn't the curvacious Clara Bow, Carole Lombard "It" type, though. She is lithe and boyish. But she doesn't carry herself like a boy. She walks with ultra feminine grace and poise. She is about five feet, four inches tall and weighs 110 pounds.

She wears a size four shoe and a six glove. The day I saw her she had on a hostess gown of white chiffon and apple green satin, embroidered in gold, a costume for her new French picture. She looked—I started to say beautiful but now, I can't decide whether she was beautiful or not. There are better adjectives to describe her—piquant, vital, attractive, for instance. There is an ever so faintly Oriental slant to her eyes and a certain tilt to her nose which rob her of the art calendar type of beauty, I suppose. But I, myself, would rather look like her than any calendar subject I ever saw.

YOU asked me, I think, to compare her with Simone Simon, since both are French stars. Well, I am not sure I can. They are too entirely different. Simone's personality is childish; Annabella's is sophisticated. Simone is "cute"; Annabella is glamorous. Simone has a difficult-to-define sex appeal which is at times unexpectedly alluring; Annabella's charm is consistently effective.

They are both ambitious. I am sure of that. But where Simone, arriving at Twentieth Century-Fox, relied on tears and temperament to win her what she wanted, Annabella will, I think, quietly show the iron hand in the velvet glove if she considers it necessary. She won't cry nor walk off the set when things don't please her. She will keep her own council, appear to yield. And then, cannily combining logic with a sure knowledge of the power of feminine persuasion, will ultimately get exactly what she wants.

She got her own way at New World Pictures in a certain little matter which had to do with the billing of her name and Conrad Veidt's in exploitation of the picture, *Under the Red Robe* in which they co-starred. A friend of mine "in the know" told me about it before I left London.

Seems that Veidt's contract called for top billing, while Annabella's called merely for "equal billing" with Veidt. You can see that such a thing contrived one of those well known *impasses* which often involve the "rights" of the two ambitious stars. Veidt remained firm about the top billing. Annabella, after only a small amount of *parlez vous*-ing, appeared to give in. But what she really did was to think up a counter plan which did not interfere with the letter of either contract.

"Ver' well," she told the director of the advertising campaign, "M. Veidt may have his top billing, but there is nothing in his contract to prevent my name from being presented in the double space!"

So that is the way the thing turned out, and billboards and theater marquees throughout Europe will give Annabella the most effective billing, after all, because they will look something like this:

CONRAD VEIDT
ANNABELLA

SMART girl, don't you think? And determined. She was also determined to learn English. So she went to London and, pretending to be a French student, got herself room and board with a cultured English family, made chums of the household's two daughters, had "dates" with neighborhood boys and became such an integral part of the suburban community in which the English family lived that she spoke the language in four months!

Hollywood, incidentally, was back of all this. She was there once about five or six years ago, making the French version of *Caravan*. But she couldn't speak a word of English, then, and she hated this incompetency.

"I had the miserable time," she said, smiling ruefully. "I felt ver'—what do you say—dumb. I would go to partees and just sit in the cornair because I could not speak with the others. Yes," she repeated, "I had the ter-ree-ble time."

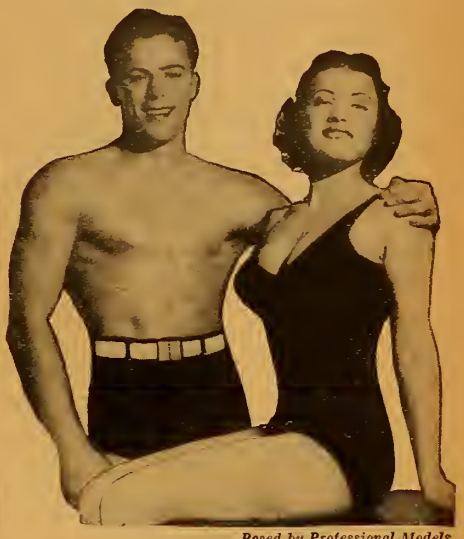
But when I ventured to say I bet she wouldn't have "the ter-ree-ble time" when she goes to Hollywood again, she agreed, simply and without vanity. "Yes, I think I have fix' that." she said. Seems to me she has a way of "fixing" things when she puts her mind to it, wouldn't you say?

There was also the time at New World Studios near London when, finishing her work for the day a couple of hours earlier than she had expected, she found she had no chauffeur to drive her home—a distance of about ten miles. So despite the fact she was still in the 17th century costume required by the picture she was making, she slid into the driver's seat of the huge town car provided for her by the studio, and drove the thing home herself on the lefthand side of the road, English fashion, without a license and with no sense of the incongruity of a 17th century lady chauffeuring herself along the sedate English countryside.

The studio people were pretty upset when they heard she had driven without a license (a mammoth offense in Britain, I guess) but she only laughed—and that was that.

STILL, you mustn't get the idea that Annabella is a wilful, headstrong girl, forever seeking her own way, because that isn't true. She will, for instance, work cheerfully and tirelessly, as long as the cameraman needs her, making stills—which, as you know, is something every star finds difficult, annoying and wearying. One day while at New World Pictures, during the filming of *Wings of the Morning*, she spent ten hours with a photographer, driving to various parks and other places with pictorial possibilities, there to sit on the grass feeding squirrels while the camera clicked; to poise

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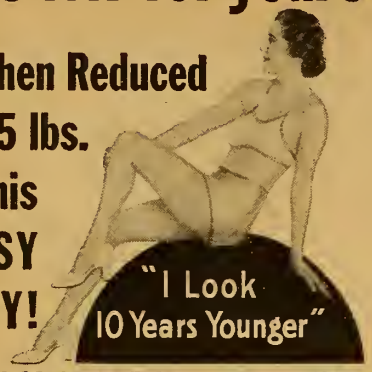
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precariously on the brink of fountains while the cameraman sought new "angles" for his picture; to pose good-humoredly with a fractious horse which an enterprising publicity man "borrowed" from a perfect stranger they met riding in Rotten Row. She even thought up stunts herself and when the session was over at last, emerged from it as cheerful and also as immaculate as when she started.

That is another thing about her. She has the Parisienne's genius not only for wearing clothes but for always looking as though she has just come out of a bandbox. She doesn't have a lot of clothes, though, this despite the fact that she is considered one of the best-dressed women in France.

"What for, should I have many?" she inquired of me. "I live the simple life. What for should I purchase gown after gown which I could wear only once, perhaps, before the styles, they change?"

AT THIS point I am somewhat disconcerted to see how long this letter is getting, in view of the fact that there is still so much to tell about Annabella.

For instance, I mustn't fail to mention that she has a sense of humor. . . . The adaptable kind that takes the nonsense of others in stride. It was Henry Fonda who conceived the game of "Light Button" during the filming of *Wings of the Morning,* but Annabella was an apt pupil. You play it by simply turning on electric lights which, hitherto, have been off. The one that turns on the most in a given time, wins. Henry and Annabella played it most of the time, to the annoyance of various and sundry studio employees. They would be going along a corridor together, or through some office when suddenly, one of them would make a dive and click! Score for somebody. Annabella confided to me the other day that Henry won. "He had the eye of the eagle," she added, regretfully.

Still, despite her zest for "Light Button," she also has a sense of dignity. She won't do things she considers "unsuitable," i. e. pose for stills in a bathing suit, even though she looks very elegant in one. "I am the actress, not the cuties," she said to me, and the subject was closed.

She has no complexes as far as she knows, although she doesn't like the shut-in life of a city and she *does* like to eat a strange mixture of flour and water cooked into a sort of gruel. She is crazy about Greta Garbo as an actress but can't say exactly who her favorite actor is. She loves swimming and tennis but is not the typical sportswoman. She is too feminine.

She is shrewd. "Don't write at once all there is to know about me," she begged as we said goodbye. "If you do, your readers, they will lose interest in me, *n' est ce pas?*

AS FOR her personal life. . . . She was born on the French Bastile day, July 14. She is about twenty-five. Her father is a well-to-do French business man. Her real name is Anna Carpentier, but she changed it to Annabella when she first went into the movies. She lived in a convent until she was sixteen. Six months after her graduation, she was "discovered" by a French film producer.

"It had to be," she added when she told me all this. "Me—I had longed to play in the pictures since I was ver' small. . . ."

She was married before she was eighteen and has a daughter about five years old. That marriage didn't last, though, and she doesn't talk about it. She is married now to a French film star, Jean Murat. She runs her household easily and efficiently and seems to find plenty of time for her husband and youngster whom she adores, and to accomplish everything else she wishes to accomplish. Knowing as much about her as I do, I should say to that, simply: "She would!"

She likes to be different from anyone else. "If red frocks are the vogue, I choose the blue," she confided to me. She is a talented pianist and finds time for her music, too. She likes people but not the so-called "gay life." "The smoke of the night clubs, it hurts my eyes," she explained, "and the gaiety, it seems not real but only noisy. I prefer the walk in the woods."

She takes her work seriously, completely losing herself in every role she plays. In one dramatic scene from *Under the Red Robe* in which she had to cry, she kept on sobbing several minutes after the cameras had stopped "rolling."

And that is Annabella as best I can describe her. She will arrive in Hollywood next November and I hope she will have a friendly welcome. She wants Hollywood to like her and is prepared to do her best to make this wish come true. She is very thrilled at the prospect of working there; very determined to make good. I think she will. I think she will be a great star. I think she has what it takes.



Business of mending her "own" finds Sylvia Sidney, the striking shop girl in Goldwyn's *Dead End,* covering the holes in her shoes with pieces of newspaper. This is one of the graphic scenes from the picturization of the New York stage play now being filmed

Now Back at the Head of the Class

[*Continued from page* 38]

they were making history, that the picture would go down in movie annals as one of the greatest, and that a scintillating star was actually, about to be born.

Perhaps it was a combination of circumstances that made this one of the most memorable characters ever seen on the screen. Janet was herself in *Diane*—young, wistful, naive, bewildered by the problems of life. The studio orchestra played the plaintive strains of *Here is My Heart* hour after hour to awaken her budding emotions, and under the expert direction of Frank Borzage, she created a wealth of heart-gripping pathos and beautiful sentiment. *Too,* she was falling in love with Charlie Farrell—that first, ardent, idealistic love! The honesty of all these emotions flamed across the screen and burned its indelible path.

JANET GAYNOR was proclaimed a star that May night in 1927, when *Seventh Heaven* was previewed and she became Box Office Favorite No. 1, a title she retained each year until 1936. This amazing record—nine years of absolute screen supremacy—has never been paralleled by anyone else in motion pictures.

Of course, Janet loved *Diane,* but she was haunted by this role for years, having to go right on playing sweet, sugary heroines in cotton stockings and shabby clothes—perpetual *Dianes,* because the public would not let her grow up but insisted she continue to be the beloved little waif who pulled their heart-strings.

"I tried to be a good sport," explained Janet, "even when I knew my films were not aiding my future. Youth is sweet and very lovely, but I was growing up and *out*growing *Diane.* I had no desire to hold time in check because each age has its own joys and compensations. I wanted to qualify as an actress, capable of portraying mature women and their problems; fascinating romantic angles, domestic clashes. I never asked to play sophisticated roles, though I've been quoted as doing so. I know my own limitations, I know exactly what I can do and what I can't.

"To survive in this business and accomplish what you wish, you must learn to be very wise and see all angles in order to avoid the pitfalls that can so easily send you into obscurity. It is a familiar saying, but so true, that an actor is only as good as his last picture. What I ask from life is happiness. And to me, happiness is success in my work—making worth while pictures and giving sincere and interesting portrayals."

Now, in *A Small Town Girl,* and *A Star is Born* Janet proves she is an accomplished actress and—a "glamorous" one, as well. Maturity has heightened her beauty, and she can wear clothes with distinction and charm. She has gained poise and confidence without sacrificing either her bubbling humor or her charm, and if all this doesn't spell *glamour,* what does?

AT THE moment, she has no plans for her next picture. She would like to rest and play around during the summer and not start working until November, but on her desk, in the big living-room that stretches across the entire front of her beach house and only a few feet from the pounding Pacific, are piles of scripts which she is reading. Actress that she is, were she to find a story she liked, I'm sure she would forget all about vacation and want to plunge right into it.

"Nothing," she said, "brings me such a thrill as making a picture. Beside what innate talent one may have for acting, there is an exacting technique to master and each role becomes a new test of ability, a new adventure. I love everything about motion pictures and when I'm making a film I consider it a one-time job and do nothing else."

Janet doesn't have to worry about her future. She has never been extravagant and has wisely saved her money. I am told she has a million dollars safely invested. She enjoys the freedom and independence of free lancing and I doubt if she would consider a long-term contract again. She plans to make two pictures a year, never more than three, and right now, she would like to do a costume play. Personally, I'm hoping she will have the opportunity of bringing the talking version of *Little Old New York* to the screen, and while I'm wishing—wouldn't Tyrone Power be ideal for the hero?

Whether at the beach or in her Hollywood home, which is on an out-of-the-way avenue and completely hidden from view in a wilderness of trees and shrubs, she lives simply. She keeps but one house servant, Fanny, and a chauffeur, Clifford, both of whom have been with her some eight years. Only when she is making a picture does she have a personal maid, otherwise, she prefers the independence of waiting on herself. She entertains very seldom and never more than six guests at a time.

ONE of the sweetest friendships in all Hollywood is that which exists between Janet and her mother. She always calls her Gaynor, and the affectionate inflection she throws into the two syllables reveals her deep affection. It isn't merely a mother-daughter devotion that binds them, it is a rare comradeship. Janet says were she to meet her mother, oh, just casually, anywhere, she would be immediately attracted to her and strive to make her a friend.

"I began to train Gaynor very early," she told me, with a merry chuckle. "I determined not to let her slow down or become 'settled' just because she had a grown-up daughter, so I insisted that she play along with me and it is amazing how this formula works. Now, she's the life of the party. It is fun to have her for my best friend and to have her back of me in each step, each problem, and every little triumph in my career. It has developed a perfect understanding between us.

"We are thoroughly congenial in our tastes. For instance, we like to read the same books at the same time so we can discuss them. We go to football games and are the noisiest rooters in our section. We attend symphony concerts, plays and pictures, love to travel, and are never bored when we are together.

"The excitement of modern life threatens to spoil us for the lesser moments, yet we cannot stand on tip-toe all the time, we need simple things mixed in with the more important events. That is the reason Gaynor and I spend so much time here at the beach cottage by the ocean, where we are not in view of the public, and where we can put on slacks and romp like ten-year-olds as



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"I've learned this," continued Janet, "if you outgrow or lose any one thing, invariably, something else comes along to take its place. The world changes by the minute, there is no use straining at the leash, it is better to adopt its new ideas and fall into the rhythm of its step.

"Right now, I'm enthusiastic over the new home I am planning in Hollywood's beautiful Outpost. It will be my first attempt at building, for this cottage and my place down the beach from Honolulu, were already built when I bought them, so you can imagine the agonies I am going through deciding this and that. It will not be pretentious, just a real home, picturesquely dropping down a hillside and having three floor levels. It is one of the most exciting experiences I've ever had."

ONCE again, Janet is a top box-office favorite. She's ready for big roles because she has lived; she knows frustration and disappointments. There have been heartaches, too, and a broken marriage that destroyed precious illusions.

She insists, very emphatically, that there is no present romance. Not even a hint of one. Yet she is made for love, and while real romance has eluded her, it is bound to come. When it does, Janet assures me she will take it because she believes that love and marriage, a husband and children, mean more to a woman's happiness than all the screen careers in the world!

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 59]

Little Theatre groups, and learn the art of acting . . . But Ronald has his own ideas. He doesn't want to be an arty actor. He wants to stay in Hollywood and learn to be a writer—not only of plays and screen plays, but of nontheatre stuff. To date, Leslie and Ronnie haven't settled things.

There Is a Santa Claus!

A WARM pat on the back to Joan Marsh for one of the finest gestures of the year. Learning of a certain young fellow who's been trying to find work in Hollywood, in vain, Joan investigated. She learned that he's broke, has a wife and four children, with a fifth expected; that they were living from hand to mouth in an auto camp.

Letting him keep his self-respect, Joan gave no charity; instead hired him to do some work on her Laurel Canyon estate, promising him she'd keep him on until he can find a job of his own. And meantime, she went out, bought complete wardrobes for all four kiddies—and a layette for No. 5, on the way.

Getting Around Wedding Rings

TOUGHEST job in Hollywood is hiding the wedding rings married stars insist on wearing, camera or no camera. With such as Maureen O'Sullivan, Myrna Loy, it's superstition never to remove their wedding ring . . . Maureen solves the problem by wearing a larger ring with a stone, over her wedding ring in film scenes. Myrna Loy also wears a second ring over her wedding circlet . . . Virginia Bruce, when married, used to slip a flesh-covered artificial finger over her ring finger! . . . Jeanette MacDonald has already served notice that now as Mrs. Gene Raymond, she'll insist on always wearing her wedding ring. The studio is having a "concealer" ring made to fit over it for takes.

They Did It For The Kiddies

BECAUSE Cesar Romero, Bob Wilcox and Larry Parker were so jubilant over finishing work in *Armored Car* at Universal, Los Angeles' biggest children's hospital has 22 new dolls for its playrooms . . . You see, Cesar and Bob and Larry celebrated by going to the beach resorts near Hollywood, throwing balls, darts, arrows, and other gadgets at targets . . . They won 22 assorted dolls—from Chinese babies to the kind you wind up and set doing a hula hula . . . The next day, the trio of funsters delivered the dolls in person to the hospital.

Burglar Bungler

BILL GARGAN recently went for one of those "electric eye" burglar alarm systems, that sends off gongs and things when the beam is broken by an intruder . . . Only trouble was that Bill forgot about it, and when he came home late the other night, tripped the alarm, himself, by walking forgetfully through the beam. Gongs clanged, in a couple of minutes police sirens howled, and Bill was surrounded . . . Even after that, he forgot to turn it off, and just before dawn, the whole thing happened again. Only this time, it was Bill's Scotty that had broken the beam while wandering about the yard! . . . Now Bill has sold the "electric eye" system.

La Temple—Ballerina

SHIRLEY TEMPLE has grown up to the ballet lessons age. She has joined the famous Ernest Belcher Ballet School.

Greek-Goddish

MOST greek goddish man in Hollywood is Glenn Morris, the new *Tarzan*. What's more, he works hard to stay that way—just as hard as any of the movie lovelies, with their marcels, diets, conditioning. For instance: he can't drink coffee after breakfast because it'd interfere with his beauty sleep that night. He can't eat starches, sweets, lest that lovely waist become bulgy. Daily, he works out one to two hours, on running, jumping, rope climbing, parallel bars.

Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page 60*]

with reports that, at last, George and Mrs. Raft have settled their divorce hurdles.

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HEAVEN'S gift to lonely Hollywood males seems to be Simone Simon, 20th-Fox's temperamental Frenchicken. Most nights, you'll find Simone nite-spotting it; most nights you'll find her with a different collaborator. Most recent escorts included Director Willie Wyler, Felix Rollo, and most recently, Jon Hall, the new sex-appeal menace who's playing the lead in Sam (the Great) Goldwyn's *Hurricane* . . . No slouch at spreading his charm is Jon, himself. Besides pouty Simone, Hall has been outstepping with Mary Carlisle and Andrea Leeds.

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CUPID'S COUPLET:
June Clayworth and Sid Rogell,
There's a twosome that's hotter'n blazes.

● ● ●

BLACK EYES FOR CUPID:— "What's the use of having a husband if you never see him?" asked Kay Sutton. Then she answered her own question: "None." So she's filed suit for divorce from famed Cameraman Eddie Cronjager, to whom she'd been married a whole year, but seen rarely during that year because studio work kept them apart most of the time.

—After just one month short of a year of matrimony, Henry Wilcoxon and wifie, Sheila Barrett, have called it quits. Separation came less than a month after they'd returned from London, where Henry's been making movies.

—Completely filling a witness chair, Oliver Hardy, unfunny for the moment, told a judge that his wife had told him she no longer cared for him, wanted him to get a divorce. The judge gave it to him. Soon afterward, elephantine Hardy, smiling again, was stowing away a Hardy-sized dinner at a Hollywood night club with pretty Viola Morse.

—Paving the way for his marriage to Gloria Dickson, new star material, famous make-up man Perc Westmore and Mrs. Westmore got themselves an amicable divorce. Perc makes no secret of his intent to marry Gloria as soon as the California one-year-interlocutory period is over.

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Gypsy Rose Lee and Rudolf Friml—
Ain't *THAT* a twosome? — *Gott in Himmel ! ! !*

● ● ●

HOLLYWOOD CUPIDATA:— Virginia Field rollerdoming with Jock Jordan . . . Tom Brown ditto with Dixie Dunbar . . . Jean Rogers filling in as twosomer with Dick Purcell while he spats with steady-gal June Travis . . . when Mack Gordon writes those love lyrics, he's thinking of Helene Moler . . . Gene Markey playing the playboy since wifie Joan Bennett got the divorce, stepping out now with Rochelle Hudson, then with Alice Faye . . . and Joan, not staying home herself, out with popular David Niven . . . screenifty Margaret Tallichet doing the New York roundabout with writer Arthur Kober . . . June Knight, lonely for Bob Ritchie, consoling herself with David Hutcheson . . . Wendy Barrie all excited about Woolly Donahue . . . Loretta Young, who still can't shove Sonja Henie out of No. 1 position in Tyrone Power's life, finding time to spend with Screenwriter Joseph Mankiewicz, recently divorced . . . it's all on ice with Dorothy Day and Walter Kane . . . Eddie Anderson squaring himself with Shirley Ross, after a battle, by giving her a silver bracelet . . . Anne Shirley, who was all that way over Owen Davis, Junior, not long ago, admitting that she and John Howard Payne are engaged . . . Binnie Barnes splitting dates between John King and Jean Negulesco . . . Marjorie Gateson telling the world that she and Kerry Conway are but definitely altar-headed. . . .

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Austin Parker and Phyllis Brooks—
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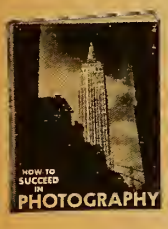
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The Barrymore You Don't Know

[*Continued from page 66*]

Lionel is one of the few actors who don't act, off-screen. That is, he isn't guilty except in one respect. His gruffness. That, very definitely, is "put on." It's a disguise, a defense mechanism. He's soft-hearted. Too soft-hearted for his own good.

I know of his limping across the set one rainy day, tortured with rheumatism, when a friend stopped him and asked where he was going. "Over on Stage 5," he said, grimacing with pain. "There's some young fellow over there who's supposed to work with me in a test."

"But they can get somebody else to work with him. You ought to be home in bed."

"I can't go to bed—ouch—when that kid's expecting me. Maybe he wouldn't even get the test if I didn't show up. Maybe they'd hurry the test, or something. Maybe he wouldn't get a break. I—ouch—want to help him."

He didn't know who the youngster was. But that's like Lionel, who says, "We've got to remember we can't be stars forever. We've got to help the kids who will be stars tomorrow." On the same theory, he shows newcomers how they can steal scenes from him. "Now, remember that trick," he will tell them. "You'll want to show it to somebody some day."

HE HAS a reputation as a genius of make-up. Actually, he avoids it—except when a role calls for whiskers or a mustache. Then, he will submit to it under protest, as he did in playing Andrew Jackson in *The Gorgeous Hussy*. And he nearly went crazy during that picture because he couldn't scratch his nose—an habitual gesture of his. He says, "You can put make-up on a man, but it won't make him an actor. Most acting is done between the eyes."

And ask him for hints about voice training, if you want to see him explode as only he can. "What the hell are you talking about?" he demands. "It doesn't matter what kind of voice you have, as long as it fits you. Lincoln had a harsh voice—but it was sufficient for his needs. You hear people tell about Joseph Jefferson's 'fine voice.' Actually, it was husky."

The stories that really burn him to a crisp, though, are the stories that he dozes between scenes. Anyone who knows him knows that they are not true. The eye-closing is a trick he has learned—to save his eyes around the blinding studio lights. One time, he was apparently asleep on a set. Nearby, John and another actor were telling prodigious stories about their hunting prowess. Lionel stood it as long as he could. Then he popped open one eye, and said, "Neither one of you ever had an elephant gun in your hands in your life, and you damn well know it."

When he and John work together, they are constantly clowning. *Arsene Lupin*, in which they appeared as detective and detected, started out as a straight melodrama, but they kept burlesquing their lines, with the result that Director Jack Conway decided it would be more entertaining as a comedy. And a comedy it became.

LIONEL and John don't see much of each other off-screen. "Only when we're in trouble," Lionel says, drily. "Then the clan gathers." When Ariel was pursuing Caliban across the country, it was Lionel who met John's train in Los Angeles and Lionel who talked to the reporters. And when Lionel's wife, Irene Fenwick, died last Christmas Eve, John, who was out of town, rushed back immediately, volunteered to take over Lionel's radio role of *Scrooge* the next afternoon, and rehearsed all night to give the performance.

Lionel, always retiring, has been even more so since the death of his wife. Married in 1923, they were one of the world's most devoted couples. He is afraid of interviews since her death. Some blundering idiot would be sure to ask him to talk of Irene. And he knows no words to describe her, to describe how he misses her. Yet, even today, Lionel Barrymore is not a lonely man. Not a friendless man. Not a resolute hermit.

Hollywood still has him wrong. He does spend a great deal of time in solitude, yes. But it is not a lonely solitude. The things he most likes to do are simply things that require s o l i t u d e. They are one-man pleasures. Reading, for example. Painting and etching. Playing the piano, composing.

He has a two-story English-type house in Beverly Hills—comfortable, cosy, but not elaborate. Its principal feature is the library. But he spends most of his spare time, even between pictures, in his dressing-room. That is his office, his workshop, his general hang-out. There he has his piano, his easels, his phonograph, his radio. There his friends look for him. Two of them—Amos 'n' Andy—recently broadcast from his dressing-room.

Some of his other friends are David Mannes, the symphony conductor; Charlie Grapewin, whose hobby is inlaid woodwork; Gregory Ratoff; Lewis Stone; Henry Huntington, the lawyer; Jack Dempsey; McMonnies, the sculptor; Eugene O'Neill, the playwright ("we used to go to the same saloon every night")—and the old men of the sea, down by the waterfront.

ASK him to describe his daily life, and his manner is: "There's nothing to describe. Aside from my work, it's no different from what it would be if I lived in Schenectady or Kansas City or Timbuctoo. There's nothing I want, beyond three meals a day and eight hours of sleep, and a little time off."

He still pounds a punching-bag, and Mike Cantwell, who was Max Baer's trainer and now a Barrymore buddy, says, "The average man would be in a tough spot in a tussle with him. His footwork may be slow, but if he connected with that right, it'd be curtains."

He isn't even thinking of retiring. He says, "Character men don't have to retire. They improve with age. And this is the day of the character actor. When talkies first came in, sophisticated lines sounded strange, coming out of the mouths of babes. The public demanded actors who looked as if they were capable of creating the lines they were speaking. And here we are—coming into our own.

"No," he says, with that dry irony of his, "as long as my parts are interesting, and I can steal scenes, I'll be happy. I'll live from day to day, like a mothball in my grandmother's muff. As long as I have work to do, I'm not worrying about what I'll do if, and when, the work stops. That would be like worrying about a manicure when you're waiting at the guillotine . . . And anyway, there's that old fellow up in the Verdugo Hills, who said he could use me, now and then."

The Girl George Brent Married

[*Continued from page 63*]

didn't go looking for a movie contract. That just happened. At my first dinner party in Hollywood—at the Paul Lukases'—one of the other guests was William Grady, then casting director of M-G-M. He asked me to make a test. I did, principally to get inside a Hollywood studio and see how different they were from Australian studios. Actually, there was little difference, except in size.

"Edward Small, the producer, saw the test and, when he heard that I was going on to England, signed me to play opposite Robert Donat in *Clementina*. He was amused at discovering me. He said that he happened to know that RKO and Paramount had seen the film, *Down Under*, and had been wiring offers to Australia. And, all the time, I was in Hollywood . . . Then, *Clementina* was definitely postponed—and also, the sailing date of our ship still remained indefinite. RKO, meanwhile, urged me to sign a contract. I finally did.

"WHEN Mrs. Mackay was at last able to sail, I was making *China Passage*. Also in the cast was Vinton Haworth. They thought my name too confusingly similar to his. I was born Joy Howarth—then rechristened Jocelyn Howarth by Australian films. RKO changed my name to Constance Worth. I'm not quite used to it yet. Sometimes, when people call 'Constance' on the street, I still don't realize for a moment that they're calling *me*."

She had been here about eleven weeks before starting work. She had been here about fourteen weeks when she met George Brent. And, considering George's reputation as a hermit, it's a wonder that she ever met him at all. She admits it herself.

"I had engaged an attorney, to arrange an immigration quota-number for me. He was also George's attorney—a fact I didn't know. I happened to be at his house one evening, discussing this quota-number matter, when George, just back from his first vacation in three years, happened to drop in for a moment. We met. He saw me home. And—well, that was the beginning . . .

"In the next three months George went out more than he had in the three years previously. We dined out, danced, drove, talked—usually with Mother as a chaperon.



Mrs. George Brent—Constance Worth—also shows affection for Skippy, one of the most famous dogs in the movies

She arrived for a visit the day after I met George.

"Our going together was as unforeseen as my having a Hollywood career. I had seen him on the screen, of course—and liked him. I liked his sense of humor. But I never thought I'd be telling him so. And certainly I had no dreams of our falling in love. And, after we did start going out, the last thing either of us thought of doing was eloping. George had no idea of marrying again, and I had no idea of marrying. But—marry we did.

"The fact that I was going off on location, to Catalina Island, for scenes for *Windjammer*, precipitated matters. The thought of being separated, even for ten days.

"THE company was leaving at 6 o'clock on a Monday evening. Monday morning, George and I drove down to Mexico—were married by a Mexican magistrate, without knowing what he was saying, except through an interpreter—then started back immediately. At the border, we ran into difficulties; quota-number trouble. We were delayed, so that we didn't arrive back in Hollywood until 8 o'clock. Everybody had been waiting for me for hours. I had to say 'Goodbye' to George then and there—and, on my wedding night, rush off to location.

"We intended to keep our marriage secret. We didn't want to be spotlighted as newlyweds. We wanted the quiet and solitude that newlyweds have in every other place but Hollywood. And we almost succeeded. Unfortunately, gossip columnists have spies even in Mexico. We were found out. But as nearly as I can discover, no one has yet found out the actual date. It was May tenth.

"George flew over to Catalina Island several times while I was there—and every trip was a nightmare to him. We were working on an old sailing vessel, which wasn't any too seaworthy, and, besides, the sea was rough. People were slipping, falling, getting hurt. He told me, 'Do be careful—you'll kill yourself.' The day I came back, he gave a vast sigh of relief. *That* worry was over.

"Then, three days later, the studio called to tell him that his bride had just been rushed to the hospital, unconscious, with an injured hip and paralyzed legs. The doctors weren't sure I'd ever walk again. I had tripped, running across a dark sound stage, fallen against something. It was twenty-six hours later before the paralysis left my legs. I was in the hospital for days. Ever since, until today, I've been in bed at home, an invalid—subjected to daily electric-lamp treatments. Oh, we've had a beautiful honeymoon!

"And the crowning climax came the other morning. The telephone rang before we were up, and I answered. A woman reporter was on the other end of the wire. She said she had heard a rumor that George and I were parting—and she wondered which of us was getting the separation. I gasped, '*Wha-a-at!*'

"I awakened George—I was so upset—and told him what she had said. He listened very sleepily. Then he said, 'Don't let it worry you, honey—it'll happen every other day in this town,' and turned over, and went back to sleep.

"His peace of mind was reassuring. But I'm afraid it's going to take me a little time to get used to Hollywood . . ."

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Jean

[*Continued from page* 62]

calling Bullocks-Wilshire to ask them to be sure to have her dress ready in time. There seemed to be some question about it. I said to Jean: "Why worry about it, wear something you have." And Jean laughed at me, "Yeah? But I only have two evening dresses and *one of them is three years old.* Believe it or not, I haven't *got* a dress to wear . . ."

Which reminded me of how a young secretary in the publicity department said to me one day: "I was over at Jean Harlow's house yesterday. I asked to see her clothes. Do you know, *I have as many dresses in my wardrobe as she has!*"

THERE is a story Jean told me once—a story which has never been told before. It illustrates that which needs no illustrating, the love that was more than a love which existed between Jean and the mother who always called her "Baby." Jean had said so often that all the success in the world, all of the incense of adulation would fade away if her mother were not near her, the source of everything . . . In her young triumphs, in her tragedies, in her bright delights Jean turned always, instinctively and surely, to her mother. They never failed one another . . . and that they never failed is the balm Jean has left her mother now . . .

But this is the story: A few years ago Jean's mother was desperately ill. With a face whiter than the white flowers she loved—for Jean loved all white things, flowers and snow and ice, white satin, white velvet, white crystal, white jade—Jean waited for the doctor to speak. He said at last: "I believe you can take it, Jean, and so I am going to tell you the truth. Your mother has three hours to live if we do not operate. If we operate she may live indefinitely, she may live for the duration of the operation, or—"

Jean said, "*Operate.*"

She took her mother to the hospital. They didn't speak. There was no need of words between them. That, too, must be a comfort now . . . that there was never need of words between them. Jean then stepped into her car and drove to the studio where she was making *Beast of the City.* No contract had yet been signed. And with all her heart the girl was hoping and praying that her performance in the picture would win her that coveted bit of paper.

She stepped on the set and went through the making of the hardest scene she had ever had to play. She was playing the role of a hard-boiled little girl—so hard that not one of life's pities could penetrate her glazed surface. She was playing a scene in a shadow-box such as are used by criminologists for showing up the reactions of their victims. The hot white lights were focused on the box. Jean's role called for her to play the scene without discernible trace of emotion. *She couldn't do it.* Try as she might she couldn't conceal the agony she was suffering, couldn't control the tears that poured out of her eyes—tears she didn't know were falling. She knew that she was failing. She could see the director's face, let down, disappointed. She thought of things like, "the show must go on," "the clown who laughs while his heart is breaking."

She knew that if she could act now when her heart was breaking, she would prove beyond all doubt that she was an actress indeed. Oh, yes, she knew that not a man in the studio, from the watching powers in the Front Office to the props on the set but what would applaud a girl who could portray convincingly a heartless little wretch while the tenderest thing in her world was dying . . . *She couldn't do it.* No, she couldn't do it. "It was," she told me, "as if in some strange way, the life in me was ebbing away, too."

They tried another scene—the high spot of the picture. Jean was to be shot. She was to struggle against that shot, against death. Into the scene she must put all of the rebellion and instinct of self-preservation of a vital, beautiful girl who does not want to die. She couldn't do it. She didn't want to fight against death, you see . . .

And then suddenly the tide seemed to turn. Jean said: "That is the best way I can describe it. Five minutes before that scene was ended a tide turned in me. There was a sudden access of power that seemed to infuse my very veins. I found that I was fighting like a fury to ward off that shot, to live. For five minutes that struggle went on and then the director called: 'Cut!' and such applause went up as all but deafened me. I stepped off the set. Blanche, my maid, came running toward me. The sun had come out all over her dear, dark face. She said: 'Miss Jean, honey, your mother has rallied and will live. The hospital called—*jes five minutes ago!*'"

JEAN told me, one day not very long ago that she was not afraid of anything in the world except one thing—being hurt by the people she loved. In their hands, she said, was vested the only power on earth to frighten her, to hurt her, to take the laughter out of her life . . . and feeling as she did how she would shrink from hurting all those she loved—and so very especially her mother and Bill!

And so it seems to me that those she loved can give her no greater dedication than the effort *not* to be hurt by one who would not have caused them a shadow of a pang if she could help it . . . May we all help her to help it . . .



—Fawcett Photo by Rhodes

The Jack Oakies attended the MacDonald-Raymond and Pickford-Rogers nuptials. And Jack wore tails instead of a sweater

Is Leslie Giving Us the Run-around?

[*Continued from page 61*]

terfere with bathtub crooning. Or rather vocalizing. His tub ditties are the delight of his neighbors, so I've heard.

As for dancing, he'd rahther not. He's not a good dancer at all, doesn't have any aspirations to be, and thinks it's much more comfortable to stay seated at the table and let somebody else do it.

FEW things he enjoys more than pretty ladies, yet he is the soul of domesticity. In that, he's so essentially British! Domesticity is a great English virtue; Leslie Howard has it in its most fully developed form. He's always had the same wife, and is still delighted about it, which is rather odd to Hollywood. She's a very good wife. She knows all his little habits, his weaknesses, his strong points. She loves him. One of her greatest tasks is to keep Leslie Howard dressed like Leslie Howard. Otherwise he'd be dressed like Buddy Ebsen. His own ideas of clothes are compressed within the word "comfort." If he's got a pair of comfortable pants on, a comfortable jacket, a beret, he's happy. It's up to Mama Howard to see that he keeps his things matched up, spruced up, otherwise in order.

He has two pets. That's what he calls them, anyway—one's name is Ronald, the other's name is Leslie, Junior. They're his children. And not, as you might expect, both boys—Leslie, Junior, is a girl. She's the apple of his eye. Nothing is too good for her. Ronald, who's going on 20 now (did you know Leslie was 44?) now and then doubles for papa when autograph hunters swarm. There is resemblance enough between the two so that, frequently, Ronald gets away with it, and papa doesn't have to sign the books.

With those who work with him, Leslie is simply tops. That goes even for the director. Archie Mayo is his favorite director. Archie is as rotund as Leslie is slim. They get along famously together. Mayo knows just how much to expect from Howard, and gets it. Howard knows just how much he can put over on Mayo, and does it . . .

One of the things he can (and does) put over, is just about being worthless after 4 o'clock, any afternoon. It's axiomatic, by now, that anything shot with Leslie Howard in it after 4 p. m. has to be retaken the next day, any way, so they don't bother much about shooting him after 4 p. m.

Anyway, as 4 approaches, Leslie begins announcing that it's rahther well time for a spot of tea, isn't it? Sagely, Mayo agrees, and Leslie wanders away over to the studio cafe and has his spot of tea. Very often, he wanders home and has it. But Mayo is a smartish lad. One has to be to have stayed a tops director as long as Archie. You can depend on it that Archie has the rest of the afternoon pretty well set for shots that don't really require Leslie Howard's artistry to carry. Mayo is never surprised when Leslie doesn't come back. He often is IF Leslie does come back.

They do a lot of clowning on the Howard set. It isn't like the Muni set, for instance. You'd rather imagine, superficially, that there might be a parallel—after all, Howard, like Muni, is spouting incessantly for publication about Art and Acting, and you might, if you didn't know better, get the idea he was very serious about it. On a Muni set, for instance, all must be serious and earnest. Especially if it's a heavy scene.

But on a Howard set, you can depend on clowning and tomfoolery—so long as it doesn't interfere with the shooting. Leslie Howard does his acting when there's acting to be done. When there isn't, he wants to be let alone to do the thing wherein he once summed up his most definite, most motivating ambition in life:

"—to do what I wish!"

IN THIS *It's Love I'm After*, Leslie Howard is, today, fulfilling at least one wish. He's getting away from heavier roles and doing a light, humorous thing. He's a matinee idol who acts 24 hours a day. He likes the role. Incidentally, at the very opening, you'll see him being *Romeo* again—for the action opens with him on the stage on a scene from *Romeo and Juliet*. But from there on, the action is modern, fast and funny. Yet, with the role to his liking, Howard still sticks to his "I don' wanna act" song.

"Although I'm playing a matinee idol," he told me, "—a role that presents plenty of opportunities for 'having fun' as you might call it—the role of an actor who revels in putting on a show during every waking moment, yet I can truthfully say that I do not enjoy the actual acting of a picture. Pictures can, in my opinion, provide for the actor only a vicarious sort of pleasure.

"I really would like to produce, direct, write, and quit acting altogether. However, the world is always suspicious of a change of front, isn't it? So many people of the motion picture industry seem to feel that once an actor, always an actor. They seem to believe that because he has been a successful actor, he cannot become successful at anything else."

That's the way he talks. And he looks down that long nose at you, as I told you, and there's a twinkle in his eye. And he says he's going to quit acting. And you look down at your foot, because you have an odd sort of sensation of your leg being pulled . . .



Leslie Howard has Olivia de Havilland playing opposite him in *It's Love I'm After*. He's not quitting the movies



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Make the most of your beauty. Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE's beauty editor, will be glad to help you. And there are some interesting beauty hints for you on page 51 of this issue.



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Whatever you do in the long, shining days of summer . . . keep your hair always neat and flattering. How? Take a tip from Hollywood's smartest stars...use Hollywood Rapid Dry Curlers. Keep an emergency supply. Roll your hair for a little while on them . . . and frame your face in new loveliness. Then you'll know why "the Curlers used by the Stars" are so popular, not only in Hollywood, where they are made, but throughout America and 52 foreign countries.

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Madelyn Jones—19, five feet, 95 pounds with hazel eyes and reddish-brown hair—is the grand prize winner of Search for Talent Contest—the prize being a movie contract with Walter Wanger. She'll play soon in *52nd Street*

The Grand Prize Winner of Search for Talent Contest

After a year's search Madelyn Jones of Salley, S.C., wins a Walter Wanger contract

MADELYN JONES, 19, is the winner of the Walter Wanger movie contract which brings to a close the one year Search for Talent, sponsored jointly by MOTION PICTURE Magazine and the Hump Hairpin (Hold Bob Pins) Company of Chicago. Irving Richard Green, sponsor of the nation-wide search, hurried Miss Jones from her home in Salley, South Carolina, to Chicago and thence to Hollywood. Two days later the petite contest winner was appearing in *52nd Street*.

Before getting her studio screen test Miss Jones was personally made up by Max Factor, famous cosmetic expert, and at the studios Kenny Baker and Pat Paterson, the leads of the Wanger musical, and Director Harold Young were most considerate in making her screen debut memorable. Later Mervyn LeRoy gave Miss Jones a small part in his picture, *Mr. Dodds is on the Air*.

After editing the tests of divisional screen test winners they were forwarded to the judges, Walter Wanger, Joan Bennett and Alex Gottlieb. Miss Jones was the unanimous choice but Evelyn Earle Gresham of Chattanooga and Jeanne Whitney of Duluth were complimented on their personalities. Miss Jones is five feet tall, weighs 95 pounds, has dreamy, hazel eyes and reddish-brown hair. She is a graduate of Limestone College, Gaffney, S. C. "After such a fine start," she says, "I'm going to try my best to find my place in pictures. My contract with Mr. Wanger has been the most pleasant surprise of my life and I am very grateful for it."

Divisional Search for Talent winners were: Madelyn Jones—Salley, South Carolina; Gerda Egloff—Dallas, Texas; Jeanne Whitney—Duluth, Minnesota; Ruth Lucille Brink—St. Louis, Missouri; Louise Kaye Karchmer—Chicago, Ill.; Evelyn Earle Gresham—Chattanooga, Tenn.; Betty Middleton—Brooklyn, New York; and Jeanne Megerle—Fort Thomas, Kentucky.



On her first day in a Hollywood studio Madelyn Jones is welcomed by Pat Paterson

Before getting her studio screen test winner Madelyn was made up by Max Factor

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LAURENCE REID
Editor

OCTOBER, 1937

Volume LIV, No. 3 Twenty-sixth Year

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YOUR WITNESS on the STAND



with Winifred Aydelotte

who tells you things you never knew till now

Q. Is Jeanette MacDonald supposed to die at the end of *Maytime?* My friends are arguing with me about it, and I say she doesn't die.

A. Sorry, you lose. She dies.

Q. How much money is paid to extras during one year?

A. In 1936, the amount that went into extras' jeans was exactly $3,200,000.

Q. Could you tell me where Marlene Dietrich buys her stockings?

A. Most of the big stars buy their stockings from a man named Willys who brings them to the studios. I don't know who manufactures them. Miss Dietrich, Claudette Colbert and Lily Pons all wear the same kind, with non-reinforced toes and heels. They can be worn only once. Mae West wears an ingrain stocking and always of a light suntan color. Jean Arthur must buy hers in car loads for she always puts on a new pair—never a pair that has been washed. She won't wear 'em. Willys tells me that Greta Garbo wears one thread silk stockings, size 9½, which surprises you, doesn't it, while little Anita Louise wears a size 11.



—*Acme*

Marlene Dietrich's hose are of such delicate texture they can be worn only once

Q. How long have Laurel and Hardy been a film team?

A. For eleven years.

Q. How much did it cost to make the picture *A Star Is Born?*

A. It cost a little over a million dollars.

Q. I know that when a scene is shown on the screen of people in a train, the train really isn't moving. But what gives it that motion as if it were careening along on steel rails? You can't rock a train.

A. The secret is steel springs. The train car that you see on the screen is built on a platform four feet above the stage floor and it balances on a steel keel-piece. Giant coiled springs support the sides and they are equalized so finely that the walk of any passenger down the aisle sets the car rocking with the exact rolling motion of a speeding train.

Q. When Victor McLaglen or some star like that is seen sweating, is that real or do they put water on his face?

A. Usually neither. Natural perspiration, for some reason, does not photograph well, and it isn't always possible to work up a good job of sweat even here in Southern California. The perfect screen perspiration, which is applied by the make-up man, is two parts witch hazel, one part mineral oil and one part glycerine. It is applied with a fine-spray atomizer, settles instantly into beautiful little beads, and stays put.

Q. What is Edward G. Robinson's real name and where was he born?

A. His real name is Emanuel Goldenberg and he was born in Bucharest, Rumania.

Q. Are the still pictures that appear in magazines and in front of the theatres made during the scene or do the stars pose again after each scene for them?

A. They are never made during the scene. Sometimes the stars pose for them after the scene is made; sometimes they go to the still department and pose for them when they aren't busy on the set.

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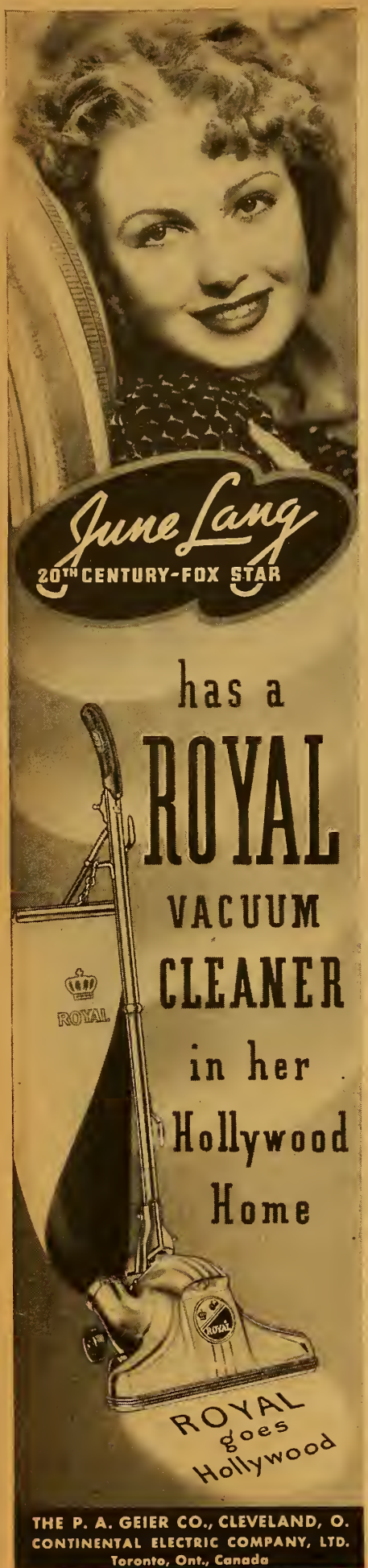
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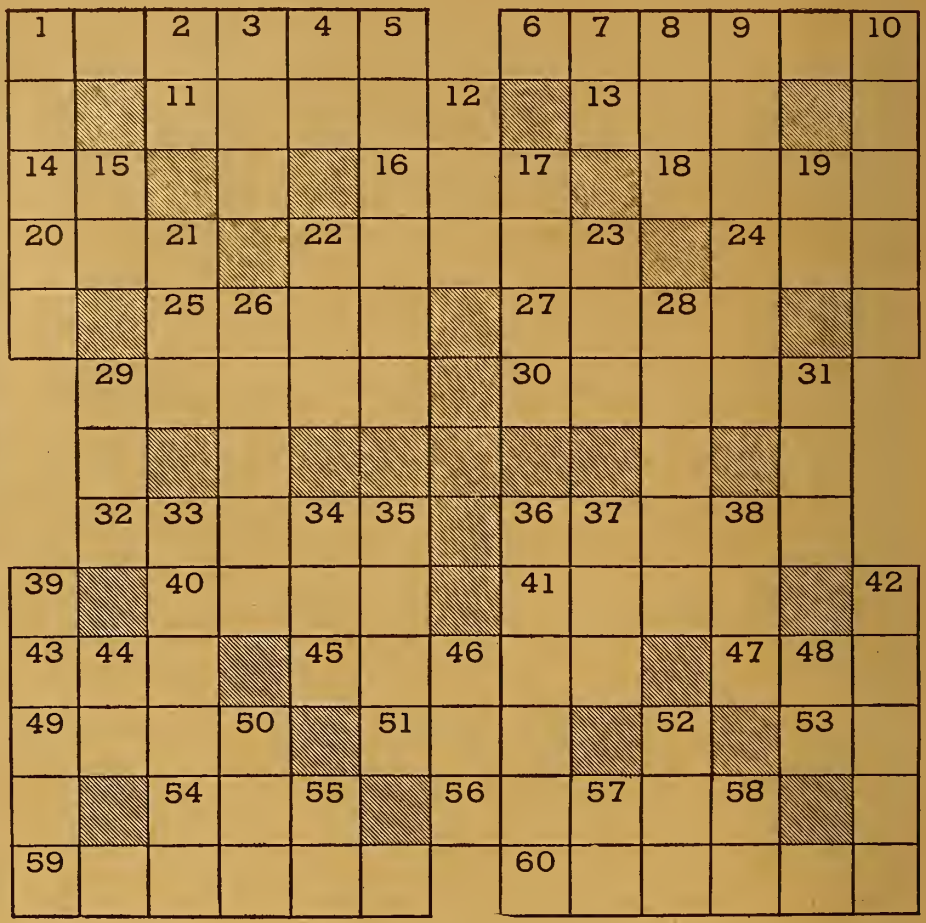
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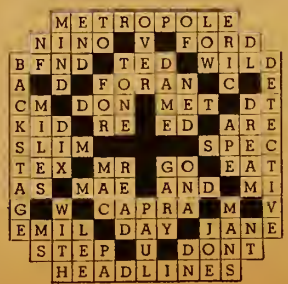
ACROSS

1. Star of *Wee Willie Winkie*
6. You saw him in *The King and the Chorus Girl*
11. Comedienne who was *Stivers* in *Angel's Holiday*
13. *Men* —— *Not Gods*
14. *Souls* —— *Sea*
16. *Dexter* in *The Last Train from Madrid*
18. Lionel Barrymore's men in *Captains Courageous*
20. Mickey Mouse's worst enemy
22. He was *Professor Sturm* in *Nancy Steele is Missing*
24. Short for Mr. Colman
25. Fans do this since movies became talkies
27. *A Day at the* —— (sing.)
29. Her first name is Peggy
30. Remember —— Clayton?
32. Has a speaking part in a motion picture
36. Star of *As Good As Married*
40. First name of Mr. Hamilton
41. What Mr. Vallee is called
43. *Sing* —— *Be Happy*
45. Co-star of *Knight Without Armor*
47. *Ever Since* ——
49. His last name is Lawrence
51. Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers were recently ——
53. One of the Ritz Brothers
54. Jack Haley and Rochelle Hudson play opposite in *She Had To* ——
56. Feminine lead in *Michael O'Halloran*
59. Child actor whom you've seen in Our Gang comedies
60. One of pixilated sisters in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*

DOWN

1. *Manuel* in *Captains Courageous*
2. Initials of star of *Angel*
3. *I Promise to* ——
4. Initials of Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller
5. Mrs. Harry Joe Brown
7. Boy star of *Dangerous Holiday*
8. Motion picture stars work under —— lights in studios
9. Mrs. Adolphe Menjou
10. *Fifty Roads to* —— (pl.)
12. Artificial setting for a motion picture
15. Tad Alexander's initials
17. —— *on the Jury*
19. Initials of Miss Oliver
21. *Turn Off* —— *Moon*
22. Claudette Colbert works at this studio (abbr.)
23. He resembles Mickey Mouse
26. First name of Mr. Foxe
28. 1 Across is one
29. Descriptive of Billy Gilbert
31. Martha Raye and Hamilton Westmore eloped to —— Vegas to wed
33. *Laura* in *It Could Happen To You*
34. —— *Galahad*
35. Descriptive of Stepin Fetchit
36. *Muriel West* in *Call It a Day* (poss.)
37. *It Happened* —— *West*
38. Ginger Rogers has blue ones (sing.)
39. He portrayed *Great Guy*
42. Feminine lead in *You Can't Buy Luck*
44. Mr. Asther's initials
46. —— *Faces of 1937*
48. Randolph Scott was born in this state (abbr.)
50. *Girls* —— *Play*
52. Last word in motion pictures
55. Initials of Mr. Keene
57. Mr. Eddy's initials
58. Short for one starred with Jean Arthur in *Easy Living*

Last Month's Solution



Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!

How a Society Bride's Sensational Dance Stopped a Divorce

Park Avenue Had Convulsions When Wealthy Lucy Warriner Stopped At Nothing (Well, Almost Nothing) To Break Up Her Husband's Engagement Party for His Next "Wife"



"Don't tell me you got that sun-lamp tan in Miami!" stormed Lucy.



Who'd have dreamt that lovely Lucy Warriner would ever shock society—even to save her marriage.

Lucy and her singing teacher tried desperately to explain their night out.



Still happy socialites—til debutantes and divorces interfered.

Why did his wife have to hide Jerry in the bedroom when her best friend visited her?

WHAT would *you* do if your million-dollar fiancee surprised you in a very "pally" situation with a girl she had never met—and if that girl happened to be the wife you were about to divorce? Jerry Warriner wormed his way out by saying "Meet my sister". And "my sister" proceeded to put on a hair-raising act that scandalized society, and brought Jerry's house of cards tumbling round his handsome head.

Let's turn back the calendar and see how it all started. One fine winter afternoon, home comes Jerry with a vivid sun-lamp tan. From what should have been a Florida vacation! But was it? No, indeed! Jerry, the benighted soul, finally tried to explain that he had whiled away a week or two in a gin and poker marathon with his one-time pals!

Now that in itself might have been enough to besmirch the fairest picture of domestic bliss. But Lucy was a lady. She was determined to play dumb and not utter even one tiny little word of reproach. She was prepared to welcome her wandering boy with sweetness and light. Only Fate barged in, as Fate will do, and upset Lucy's neat little apple-cart.

"Yoo-hoo, Lucy! Surprise! I'm home", shouted Jerry. But only the dog barked. A glance at the table revealed the morning paper still untouched, and Lucy's letters unopened. When lovely Lucy finally did arrive, it was in last night's evening clothes, and with her tall, dark and handsome singing teacher in tow. Jerry, still smarting from Lucy's accusations about his "Florida" siesta, refused to listen to explanations, and the happy home life of the Warriners was shattered with a resounding crash.

Nothing would assuage Jerry's wounded sensibilities but a divorce, which he promptly proceeded to procure.

Time flitted by. Another 24 hours and the Warriner divorce decree was to become final. That was to be the cue for Jerry to announce his engagement to the madcap heiress—Barbara Vance. But Lucy stamped her pretty foot and shouted "No". She wasn't going to allow any such thing. She wasn't giving up her one true love to "the girl with millions of dollars and no sense", just because her husband refused to recognize facts. But oh, what to do? How to make Jerry see the light?

Then an idea struck Lucy as lightning strikes a tree. That night the wealthy Vances were throwing a hotcha party for Jerry and their Barbara. Society's darlings would be there en masse—and that, Lucy decided, was the time to strut her stuff.

How she posed as poor Jerry's sister, how she threw the party into an uproar with a dance that made the assembled dowagers' eyes pop, makes one of the most hilarious sequences ever thrown on the screen.

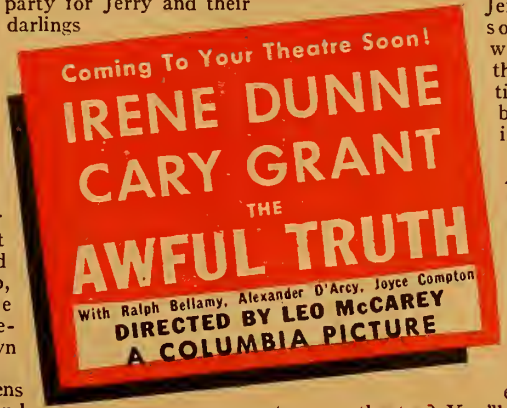
But what happens after that to Lucy and Jerry's romance is the really big surprise you'll find in Columbia's new picture, "THE AWFUL TRUTH"—the fastest, gayest, most exhilarating comedy in years. Irene Dunne plays the wife, Lucy Warriner, and if you saw "Theodora Goes Wild", you have some idea of her comedy capabilities. In one scene, Lucy is stopped on the road by two motorcycle cops because her radio is going full blast. She's lost the control knob and can't turn it down. The policeman tries to fix it. "We don't have to do this", he says. "It's only a favor to you".

"It's no favor", says Lucy "We enjoy the music".

COP: "Have you people been drinking"?
LUCY: "No. Have you people"?
COP: "What's your license number"?
LUCY: "I don't know. They change it every year. What's the license number on your motorcycle? No fair looking now"!

And so it goes merrily on. Cary Grant is Jerry Warriner—handsome, debonair, and with a charming wit that gets him out of the tightest places. You'll be quoting and requoting his clever lines.

Don't miss "The Awful Truth". It's a grand screen play, the work of Dwight Taylor and Vina Delmar, author of "Bad Girl", remember? And none other than Leo McCarey, of "Ruggles of Red Gap" fame, directed. When is it coming to your theatre? You'll see it in the papers. Keep your eyes peeled for the announcement.



(Advertisement)

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

Here are the very latest inside answers to Hollywood's romances, weddings, spats, divorces and blessed events

By HARRY LANG



The dancing girls with the nifties surrounding hoofer, Lee Bowman, "go off to Buffalo" in *This Way Please.* Lines are spoken by Buddy Rogers, Mary Livingston and others

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Constance Worth and Georgie Brent;
Married in haste, now they repent.

• • •

ADRIENNE AMES and Eddie Sutherland were twoing the other night at the Trocadero—Michael Whalen and Phyllis Brooks are seen together—Director J. Walter Ruben and Judith (ex Mrs. Cliff Edwards) Barrett may dash altar-wards—Douglass Montgomery and Whitney Bourne have been hitting the night spots—Miriam Hopkins and Antole Litvak are still ardently romancing—Wesley Ruggles is just about monopolizing Toby Wing—Anita Louise and Buddy Alder linger for hours over a table-for-two—Johnny Downs and Eleanore Whitney re-unite after a flare-up—Claire Trevor and Billy Bakewell are a new combination—Duke Don Alfredo Salviati is burning up the wires these days to talk with Gertrude Niesen long distance—Gene Markey still squires his ex-wife, Joan Bennett, to an occasional night-spot—Joe Mankiewicz has fallen hard for Loretta Young—Drew Eberson is giving presents to Glenda Farrell—they do say that the friendship between Lee Russell and Herbert Marshall will blossom into love any day—Kay Francis and Delmar Daves out deep-sea fishing—

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Louis Hayward and Ida Lupino
Say they won't marry, but how do *we* know?

PAULA STONE appears at a night-spot with Allan Lane one night, Henry Willson the next—and then confuses everybody by doing a two-some with Bert Kalmar, Jr.

Gene Markey can't seem to make up his mind. Before he was married to Joan Bennett he was so-o devoted to Gloria Swanson. Since he and Joan have called quits he seems no better off. For he's seen one night with Joan at a premiere or a night-club and the next he's back re-romancing with Gloria.

Cecilia Parker is another of those gals whose swains are hard to keep track of. When she went to the hospital recently for an appendectomy, Eric Linden was disturbed (he was once reported engaged to her) and so was Johnny Downs who also was rumored engaged to the lovely Cecilia. But the hero of the occasion was Ensign W. S. Lederer who heard of the illness 300 miles out to sea on the *U. S. S. Lexington.* Ensign Lederer immediately flew to San Diego and from there to Los Angeles. He was that worried.

Ginger Rogers flits from one eligible beau to another—Cary Grant, Jimmie Stewart, Pat de Cicco. Right now the head man appears to be Al (horsey set) Vanderbilt.

[*Continued on page* 12]



The cute Folly who'll debut soon in *The Goldwyn Follies* is Zorina, ace ballarina of the Monte Carlo Ballet



THE PROOF IS IN THE WEARING!

Wherever you go . . . whatever you do . . . *Kotex Sanitary Napkins stay Wondersoft . . . Can't Chafe . . . Can't Fail . . . Can't Show

Only Kotex has 3 types

Because one-size napkin will not do for every woman—no more than one-size hat, dress or pair of shoes. Besides women's personal needs are different on different days. Only by trying "All 3"—Regular, Junior and Super Kotex—can you meet each day's exact needs!



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KOTEX* SANITARY BELTS are designed to wear with Kotex Sanitary Napkins. These narrow-type belts adjust to fit the figure. Dainty, secure clasps prevent slipping. Three types: "De Luxe", "Wonderform" and "Featherweight" . . . priced for any purse.



Posed by Professional Model

SKINNY, PALE SICKLY?

EATING "ENOUGH" DOESN'T PREVENT DANGEROUS "Multiple Deficiencies" VITAMIN and MINERAL SHORTAGES

Keep You from Getting the Real Good Out of Food—Often Leave You Skinny, "Half-Sick", Weak and Ailing.

Gains of 5 to 15 Lbs., New Strength, New Energy Reported Regularly by Skinny, Sickly Thousands Who Have Helped Correct These Multiple Deficiencies with Kelpamalt Minerals and Vitamins.

If you are skinny, weak, tired out, sickly—unable to gain an ounce of flesh or strength no matter what you eat, you may actually be suffering from slight unnoticed deficiencies of vitamins and minerals that may often easily be corrected. Unless the food you eat contains ALL the minerals and vitamins essential for the body's chemical processes, even a lot of food can fail to yield adequate nourishment. The system itself needs ALL these certain vitamins and minerals to be able to utilize food. Often it is the lack of minerals and vitamins required in tiny amounts that cause most of the troubles. Everyone knows what happens when the body is short of even a small bit of iodine and iron. The most eminent biochemists now say nearly one-third of the required number of minerals cannot be had in the average daily diet.

Merely adding one mineral or vitamin is not enough when there is a deficiency of several vital elements. Unless they are ALL present, digestion is impaired, elimination is poor, there is faulty growth, weakened resistance and the nourishment in food is not converted to strength and energy. These multiple deficiencies may go on for years without causing serious ailments. You may just remain in poor health, ailing, sickly, until finally major troubles suddenly occur.

Kelpamalt, a mineral and vitamin concentrate made from an amazing Pacific Ocean plant, contains the resistance building vitamin A; the growth and body building Vitamin G; the blood building vitamin C, and the bone building Vitamin D. It contributes to the supply of calcium, phosphorus, manganese, potassium and magnesium; is especially rich in assimilable iron and copper, and is one of the best known sources for naturally occurring iodine which is now known to be vitally important to the health and proper functioning of the blood, liver and glands.

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Try Kelpamalt for a single week. Thousands report they are amazed at the improvement Kelpamalt has brought them. Gains of 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks are not uncommon, new strength, new energy, better digestion and elimination—in cases due to common mineral deficiencies. They eat better, sleep better, and almost invariably say they now feel fine. Kelpamalt costs but little to use and results are guaranteed or money back. Sold by all good stores.

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Send for FREE fascinating Instructive 50-page Book on How to Build Strength and Add Weight. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 1286, 27 West 20th St., N. Y. C.

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER



The new sex menacing man, Jon Hall, and Dorothy Lamour find this movie business a pleasure. They were ordered to acquire deep tans for their roles in *The Hurricane*

[*Continued from page* 10]

TOM (Younger Set) BROWN, who has been playing the field for a coupla years, up and did it. Yep, he married Natalie (Bubbles) Draper—the ceremony taking place aboard a yacht beyond the 12 mile limit off Wilmington, Calif. They were married on Firecracker Day (4th of July to you). The 12 mile limit entered the picture just so a few liquid refreshments could be served.

• • •

THE Ol' Tattler, who has been hearing of wedding-bell predictions for Lynne Carver for several weeks, has to report that she went through with the altar-stuff. Lynne, who is one of the promising young M-G-M-ers, was hitched to Nicholas Nayfack at Yuma the other day. Who is Nicholas, you ask? He's one of the important relatives, being a nephew of Joe and Nick Schenck (the mighty movie moguls) and is an assistant to Louis B. Mayer.

• • •

THAT fellow who has been taking all of that nice Metro-Goldwyn art for so many years—we are paging Clarence Bull—has also become a breadwinner, having married Mary Frances Kitchell, non-professional.

[*Continued on page* 14]



Getting in the last licks of summer is Dorothy Moore, a nifty package who, anchored to RKO, is sailing fast to stardom



By JOHN SCHWARZKOPF

THERE are a hundred magic keys that unlock the doors of Hollywood but you must know where to find them . . . A few have these keys presented to them as result of circumstances . . . but it remained for William Lundigan . . . now playing his first lead in Universal's *That's My Story*, to plan and mold his own career . . . Instead of going to the movies he made them come to him . . . instead of hammering at the gates of casting-offices he projected his voice and personality over the radio . . . and in such compelling manner that he was offered a contract . . . Talent scouts were surprised to find the radio announcer to be ideal screen material . . . Over six feet tall . . . good-looking and with light brown hair, he looks a bit like Robert Taylor . . . a trifle like Robert Montgomery . . . Many actors are unable to assay their own possibilities, but Lundigan did so and then cashed in on them. His father . . . wealthy Syracuse merchant . . . wanted him to be a lawyer . . . but friends told him he was fitted best for movies . . . "Very well," he said . . . "if I have any talent it'll be noticed quicker over the radio." . . . So he went to station WFBL in Syracuse . . . landed the job of announcer . . . Into each broadcast he tried to inject his personality . . . thinking every time he went on the air, "Someone important in movieland may hear me." . . . He waited four years and then Charles R. Rogers . . . in charge of production for Universal . . . heard him and summoned him to New York . . . The result was a contract . . . His first part was in *Armored Car* but his work in it justified the studio in giving him a leading role in *That's My Story* . . . a romantic comedy in which he plays a naive cub reporter . . . Lundigan is shy when interviewed . . . much prefers to talk about the virtues of other young players, but he has some very definite ideas . . . He believes young screen players should shun the white lights . . . seek friends instead among the young players who enjoy outdoor sports such as tennis and golf . . . He enjoys dancing . . . attends many informal dancing parties, but refuses to go places frequented by screen luminaries . . . He lives in Culver City with Robert Wilcox, another young player . . . and they are cared for by an aged Negro "mammy" . . . Lundigan claims to be heart-whole-and-fancy-free . . . but rumor is linking his name romantically with lovely Jean Rogers, another of Universal's budding crop of leading ladies.

Did you know that Grace Moore once won first prize in a county fair baking contest?



My ship's coming in!

LUCKY FOR ME I LEARNED THIS LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

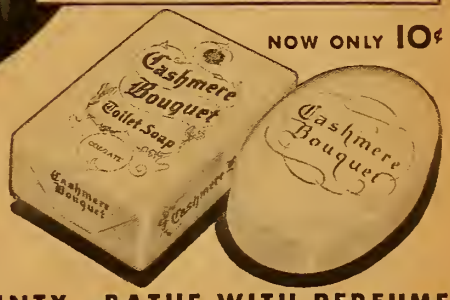


DON'T RISK LOSING LOVE! Bathe with Cashmere Bouquet Soap! The deep-cleansing lather of this lovely perfumed soap removes body odor so completely—and its lingering fragrance keeps you so alluring.



LIFE'S SO DIFFERENT when a girl guards her daintiness with fragrant Cashmere Bouquet baths. To prove it, we'll send you, free, two 10¢ cakes of Cashmere Bouquet! Just write Cashmere Bouquet Soap, 90 Green St., Jersey City, N. J.

NOW ONLY 10¢



MARVELOUS FOR YOUR COMPLEXION TOO!
This pure creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth and radiantly clear!

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP



IF YOU DO NOT *Reduce*

3 INCHES in 10 DAYS

. . . it will cost you nothing!



Quickly Reduces Hips, Thighs and Diaphragm.

BECAUSE so many Perfolastic wearers reduce *more* than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making the above unqualified agreement. Thousands of women today owe their slim, youthful figures to this safe, quick way of reduction. "Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and reduced 9 inches", writes Mrs. Derr.

Immediately Appear Inches Smaller

■ You appear inches smaller at once and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are *actually reducing* at hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm. Every move you make puts the massage-like action to work at just the spots where fat first accumulates.



Takes away Abdominal Fat and "Bulge Derriere".

No Diet, Drugs or Exercises!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living in any way . . . and with the loss of fat come increased pep and energy.

■ Why not test Perfolastic NOW . . . and prove what it will do for you? You do not risk one penny. If it does not reduce your waist and hips 3 inches in 10 days it will cost you nothing! Learn the details of our 10-Day Trial Offer in the FREE illustrated booklet!

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Please send me FREE BOOKLET in plain envelope, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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*Address*_____

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 12]

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Anne Shirley and Johnny Payne
Are strolling together down Lover's Lane.

● ● ●

DICK FORAN and his bride, Ruth Hollingsworth, have found that these "surprise visits" aren't all they're cracked up to be. Dick has been anxious for his family and his new wife to meet. So recently, Dick having a day or two off from the studio, he and Ruth grabbed a plane for the East. Not a word to the family—it was to be a surprise!

Well, it was a surprise all right—but not to the family. They arrived at the Newark airport and drove gaily to the Foran residence in Flemington, N. J.—all prepared for open arms and a round of festivities. But the surprise was on them—for Dick's family had decided that they, too, would take a trip and his mother and father had gone motoring somewhere.

So Dick and his bride sat around glumly all day. That night they had to take a plane back to Hollywood because Dick had to start on a new picture. The next time, Dick says, everything will be carefully planned in advance!



Jimmy Ellison combines honeymoon and job. Recently married to Gertrude Durkin, he took her on *The Barrier* location



Joyce Compton togs out in sweater and slacks so as to take a sail as first mate to Stuart Erwin in *Small Town Boy*

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Buddy Alder and Anita Louise
Are sailing towards Matrimonial Seas.

● ● ●

WHEN Randy Scott graduated from hoss op'ry to the "drawing-room" type of movie there was much head-wagging over the outcome—but Randy came through with flying colors. Recently, however, a director with a sense of humor brought back the past to Randy by riding him hard.

Randy, it seems, was having plenty of trouble with his lines—he simply couldn't remember them! They took the scene over and over and always with the same result: Randy "blew" and they would have to start over. While this was going on, the director whispered something to the property man who immediately disappeared in the direction of the property department. In a minute he was back with an old, worn-looking saddle! The director took it, walked up to the dumfounded Randy, handed it to him and chirped: "Here, get on this—maybe you'll feel more at home!"

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Drew Eberson and Glenda Farrell;
You can tell that they "care" by the love-songs they carol.

● ● ●

JEAN ROGERS and William Lundigan aren't hitting it off so well; she likes him a little more than he likes her—Lili Damita will probably sue Errol Flynn's new sailing yacht for alienation of affection—he spends all his time on the new boat, has christened it *The Bachelor* and says, "No women allowed." When asked about Lili he replied, "She can't come aboard either" —While Joan Davis insists there is still the chance of a make-up scene between herself and her husband—nevertheless they have parted—Lee Dixon, the Warner dancer, and Veda Ann Borg have cooled. Now they say it's all off—Although Barbara Reed and Tom Brown have been lunching together, we think he's still heart-throbbing for somebody else—It looks as though George Raft's marital troubles might, at long last, be straight-

ening out; Virginia Pine is so *very* busy with decoration plans for George's new house—Dick Purcell and June Travis are colder than icebergs.

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Carole Lombard and Clark Gable:
The love-bug has got them and that's no fable!

• • •

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON'S home started out to be a "simple little place" but has grown, by leaps and bounds, to mammoth proportions. Starting out with one large central room, the house has been sprouting wings in all directions. Now, however, Eddie feels that enough is enough!

From first to last though, the place of honor has been given to a trunk that stands in the central room. In this trunk is a rare collection of costumes: one costume worn by each of many famous stars in some great picture.

There's a place of honor in the trunk, too—and that is taken by his most prized costume; one worn by Marie Dressler in *Tillie's Punctured Romance.*

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Tony Martin and Alice Faye
Are getting more and more "that way."

• • •

HERE are what all the guys and gals are digging high and low to find: Basil Rathbone collects fencing foils; Freddie March, fishing reels; Joan Blondell collects ivory elephants and Lionel Barrymore collects etchings; Betty Furness looks everywhere for antique jewelry; Joan Crawford's colonial glassware is the envy of all lovers of Americana; Harry Carey and Cecil B. DeMille both gather together all kinds of firearms.

[*Continued on page* 16]



Emerging from babyhood and peddling bike under his own steam is Norman Scott Barnes, 2½-year-old son of Joan Blondell

LOVELY FASHION MODEL REVEALS FIGURE-SECRET



118 lbs. of allure! Divinely slim yet divinely rounded. Nature didn't do it all! Like all smart models, this girl finds that clothes simply will not fit unless she wears a girdle. "My girdles fit perfectly for months!" says Alicia Quigley, famous model, "because I restore the shape by washing my girdle often with pure Ivory Flakes."

"GIRDLE-BULGE" CURED OVERNIGHT

This "sloppy girdle" with unsightly bulges is the result of too few washings.

The same girdle . . . its shape restored overnight when washed with Ivory Flakes.

WHAT A FIGURE!



"Use flakes of pure soap" stores tell me

"When I ask salesgirls in fine stores what they mean by pure soap, they always say 'Ivory Flakes'," explains Miss Quigley. "They say Ivory Flakes are the only soap flakes made of pure Ivory Soap that's safe even for a baby's skin. Ivory revives elastic and other fine materials."

Alicia gives you washing hints: "Wash girdle in lukewarm Ivory Flakes suds, using soft brush. After rinsing, roll in towel to remove water. Shake and hang up *at once!* Girdle will be dry by morning—as snug-fitting as if new!"

IVORY FLAKES

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • MADE BY PROCTER & GAMBLE

FACTORY TO YOU

NEW REMINGTON NOISELESS PORTABLE



10¢ A DAY

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.
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AT LAST! The famous Remington Noiseless Portable that speaks in a whisper is available for only 10¢ a day. Here is your opportunity to get a real Remington Noiseless Portable direct from the factory. Equipped with all attachments that make for complete writing equipment. Standard keyboard. Automatic ribbon reverse. Variable line spacer and all the conveniences of the finest portable ever built. PLUS the NOISELESS feature. Act now while this special opportunity holds good. Send coupon TODAY for details.

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We send you the Remington Noiseless Portable direct from the factory with 10 days' FREE trial. If you are not satisfied, send it back. WE PAY ALL SHIPPING CHARGES.

GREATEST TYPEWRITER BARGAIN IN 10 YEARS

Imagine a machine that speaks in a whisper... that can hardly be heard ten feet away. You can write in a library, a sick room, a Pullman berth without the slightest fear of disturbing others. And in addition to quiet its superb performance literally makes the words seem to flow from the machine. Equipped with all attachments that make for complete writing equipment, the Remington Noiseless Portable produces manifolding and stencil cutting of exceptional character. Furnished in black with shining chromium attachments. Find out about this special offer without obligation Mail coupon today!

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FREE CARRYING CASE

Also under this new Purchase Plan we will send you FREE with every Remington Noiseless Portable a special carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood. This handsome case is covered with heavy Du Pont fabric. The top is removed by one motion, leaving the machine firmly attached to the base. This makes it easy to use your Remington anywhere—on knees, in chairs, on trains. Don't delay... send in the coupon for complete details!

SEND COUPON WHILE LOW PRICES HOLD

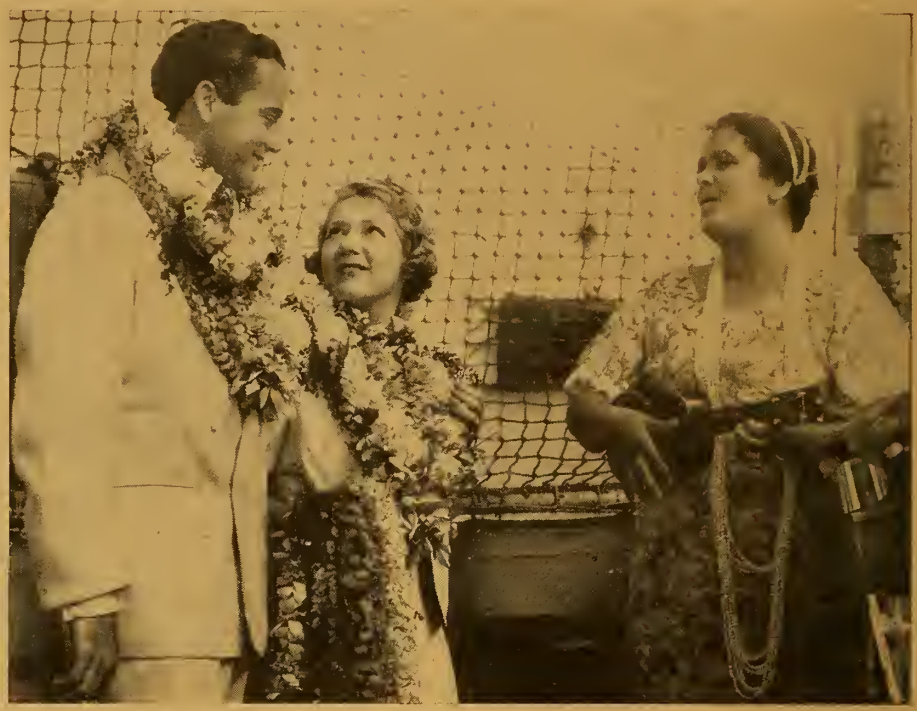
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315 4th Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please tell me how I can get a new Remington Noiseless Portable typewriter, plus FREE Typing Course and Carrying Case, for only 10c a day. Also send me, without obligation, new illustrated catalogue.

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Address_____

City_____ State_____

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER



When Buddy Rogers and Mary Pickford arrived for that Honolulu honeymoon they were decorated like those Derby winners

[*Continued from page* 15]

THERE'S one sitchiayshun which has us as worked up as the aging busybodies who crochet on summer hotel porches back East (pardon our loyalty to the Southern California Chamber of Commerce and the Travel Bureaus). And this is it? When-n-n-n-n is Roger Pryor going to get that chance to join wifey, Ann Sothern, on the Coast? Poor Annie has to take those



Not satisfied with owning a stable of more or less fast hosses, Bing Crosby opens his million-dollar racing plant at Del Mar, thus bringing back summer racing to So. Calif.

fortnightly hops to Chicago every time she wants to see her band-leading husband. The Tattler thought that when his time was up at Chicago's College Inn that he would get some spot on the Coast, mebbe right in Hollywood. But the Pryor band was moved into Chicago's swank Edgewater Beach Hotel for the summer. They like Roger in the town on Boul. Mich. Perhaps some day they'll like him on Boul. Sunset. And keep him there. Can't something be done for Annie's sake?

• • •

WELL, Doug Junior and Marlen-e didn't travel Europe-bound on the same boat. Our Eastern G-Man (Gossipeer in this case) reports that crowds, ganging up the passageways to see Doug, had an idea that Mrs. Sieber was aboard—and in hiding. And that she would emerge from a tourist cabin and trek up to a sumptuous suite on A-Deck the minute the boat pulled out of the dock. But Marlen-e was not aboard the *Ile de France*. And Doug and his valet sailed alone. Marlen-e sailed the following week on the *Normandie*. With hubby, Rudolph Sieber and daughter, Marie. Doug will be back in a few weeks. Ditto the Dietrich.

• • •

SONJA has left Tyrone for a few weeks, journeying East for a vacation and huddling in conferences over plans to present her ice ballet in the big towns this coming winter.

• • •

AS THIS is written the Robert Youngs are expectin' a little bundle for the bassinet.

[*Continued on page* 104]



Mayo Methot and Humphrey Bogart are thataway about each other. Here they are dancing at the Ambassador Hotel



WHY AREN'T BABIES BORN WITH BLACKHEADS?

7 out of 10 women blame their skin for blackheads, when they should blame their cleansing method

By *Lady Esther*

Everywhere I go I hear women say "Oh! well, there's nothing I can do about it, I guess I was born with this kind of skin."

They're referring, of course, to hateful, mocking, stubborn blackheads. But stop a minute and think! Did you ever see a baby with blackheads? Of course not. Then where do those blackheads come from?

These blemishes are tiny specks of dirt which become wedged in your pores.

How do they start?

It's sad but true, blackheads take root because your cleansing methods fail. You know you can't wash blackheads away. And they only laugh at your surface cleanser. The longer these blackheads stay in your skin, the blacker and more noticeable they grow.

Switch to a Penetrating Cream

See with your own eyes, the amazing improvement in your skin when a cream really penetrates the dirt in your pores.

Let me send you, free and postpaid, a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, so that you can prove every statement I make. It is an active cream. It's penetrating, because it penetrates pore-dirt. You can see the results. You can feel the difference.

When your free supply of cream arrives, smooth on enough to cover your face and neck. At the very first touch your skin will perk up. Why? Because my cream is a cooling, soothing, refreshing cleanser.

When you wipe it off, you may be shocked to see how grimy the cloth looks. But it's a sign this penetrating cream goes after deep-down dirt that causes those blackheads.

Write now for your free supply

Just send me the coupon today, and by return mail I will send you my generous gift tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. I'll also send you all ten shades of my Face Powder free, so you can see which is your most flattering color—see how Lady Esther Face Cream and Face Powder work together to give you perfect skin smoothness. Mail me the coupon today.

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*)

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me a free supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream; also all ten shades of your Face Powder, free and postpaid.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ontario*). (37)


Once again he sings Pagan love songs as he woos and wins a lovely daughter of luxury.
RAMON NOVARRO
in
The SHEIK STEPS OUT
with LOLA LANE · GENE LOCKHART · KATHLEEN BURKE · STANLEY FIELDS and BILLY BEVAN
directed by Irving Pichel · original story and screen play by Adele Buffington · Associate Producer Herman Schlom
A Republic PICTURE

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin':

HERE I am, back from one of the most *strenuous* days spent at a Hollywood golf club! And for why did I go dashing up hill and down dale with a niblick or sumpin' in my hand? Just to bring you the news of what all the gals are wearing this fall! . . . I started out with Olivia de Havilland, for what she gaily termed a "round of golf." And no wonder she was gay—her outfit was the most *perfect* thing. She had on a soft, grey, woolen skirt topped by a sweater and cardigan of grey and canary yellow . . . I was specially intrigued by the sweater and cardigan for they would be grand for the girl who must watch her budget. Both were hand-made (why don't you get out your knitting needles, lazy-bones?) and the sweater was yellow, trimmed with grey—and the cardigan, vice versa. Oh, *you* know what I mean! And the lovely part is that each item could be worn separately or together with different things. Just the outfit for a day in the country—and *so* becoming with all those autumn leaves falling softly about you.

BUT the only thing that fell softly about Olivia were big hunks of fairway that I dug up with each swing. I was really in a dither, when Anita Louise strolled up looking simply dazzling, and asked politely if she might "go through." It seems I was holding up the whole course . . . And right there I simply gave up. Anita is one of those rare girls who always looks as though she just stepped out of a band-box. Today she was wearing a dress of bottle-green jersey that set off her blondness to perfection. The skirt was full and had two large patch pockets—and down the entire front (and serving as buttons) were teeny, tiny golf clubs carved out of brown wood! The belt was of brown leather and had tricky little places in which to keep golf tees. Of course we all Oh'd and Ah'd in open-mouthed admiration . . . Now I know that comparisons are odious and all that sort of thing but I took one look at Anita and one look at my own dishevelled appearance—and beat a hasty retreat to the club-house.

I STROLLED into the lounge and there sat Loretta Young having tea—and looking just *too* lovely for words. She was wearing a perfectly simple dress of chocolate brown—its severe lines relieved by trimmings of turquoise blue! The trimmings were in the form of lacings—and the gown, instead of buttoning or zipping, *laced* up the front. She looked just too, too, fetching, I can tell you! . . . And I was just thinking, as I eased my weary bones into a chair, that *all* the glamor isn't saved for the screen, (or some such profound thought) when Carole Lombard came tearing up to say gleefully that she had a few days off and was driving North for a rest. Now she may have needed a rest—but she *never* looks it. Vital is the word for Carole . . . She always has such a nice scrubbed look too! It doesn't matter whether she is wearing something simple or something frilly, she has that well-groomed appearance that we all strive so hard to get.

CAROLE'S entire traveling costume was of suede—a mulberry-colored ensemble of dress and cape. The cape was waist-length—sometimes a difficult thing to wear gracefully—but Carole has just the air to carry it off. She interrupted my ravings to say that she really had to dash—she wanted to get started before dark . . . So Loretta and I walked over to see Madge Evans who had just dropped in for a few minutes on her way home from a day's shopping . . . Now Madge always leaves me gasping. She has that air of doing what she sets out to do. You wouldn't catch *her* floundering around a golf course—oh no! She'd do it right or she wouldn't do it. And she looked so efficient too in her tailored suit.

IT WAS a grey suit with the thinnest pencil-stripe of black running through it. The skirt was perfectly plain with kick-pleats on the side. Her accessories were black—and the only piece of jewelry she wore was a large silver E pinned to her blouse at the throat. She looked really smart. There's nothing like a good tailored suit, I always say! . . . In fact all the girls agree that everything must be kept simple. Next month I'll be writing you all the exciting news of the winter wardrobes. See you next month.

Mlle Chic.



SEND COUPON for TANGEE'S MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET, containing generous samples of Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, and Face Pawder . . . **10c**

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F107

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Check Shade of ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel Powder Desired

Name _____ Please Print
Address _____
City _____ State _____



A DEVASTATING WAY TO DESCRIBE A GIRL

A GIRL might just as well wear a tag when people refer to her as "Oh, *that* girl!"

For she is marked as a person unpleasant to be with—a person to be avoided because she carries the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

You can't expect people, men especially, to tolerate this in a girl, no matter how attractive she may be in other ways.

The smart modern girl knows that her underarms need *special daily* care. Soap and water alone are not enough.

And she knows the quick easy way to give this care. Mum!

Quick to use. Harmless to clothing. Half a minute, when you're dressing, is all you need to use Mum. Or use it after dressing, any time. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. And you should know this—that Mum prevents every trace of perspiration odor without affecting natural perspiration itself.

Don't label yourself as *"the girl who needs Mum."* Use it regularly every day and you'll be safe! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM



USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO and you'll never have a moment's worry about this source of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration



By LEE BLACKSTOCK

IT IS quite usual for a boy's voice to dive from choir soprano to basso profundo at a certain tender age . . . It is almost unheard of for a full-grown man's voice to change from a lusty baritone to a lyric tenor . . . When Bill Brady was a freshman in George Washington University he won a Bing Crosby contest . . . singing with the same gravel-and-groan qualities that the King of Crooners baritones . . . But when you see this same Bill Brady crooning love ditties to pretty Harriet Hilliard in RKO-Radio's musical, *New Faces of 1937* you will hear emitting from his thrush-like throat, dulcet lyric tenor notes . . . When Bill showed up at the studio for an audition, his manager told RKO musical critics . . . "My client can sing for you in either baritone or tenor range . . . which will you have." . . . "We'll have both," said the critics, "and then decide." . . . So Brady sang in both registers . . . and the critics decided he should be a tenor. So a tenor he is . . . and according to Bill . . . a tenor he will remain . . . leaving the heavier and fuzzier notes to Messrs Crosby, Eddy, Crooks, etc. . . Brady can hardly believe he is in Hollywood facing bright promise of stardom . . . Only a year ago he was a George Washington freshman . . . studying to be a journalist . . . One day Bill remarked to his mother that his best friend had entered a singing contest . . . Mrs. Brady told Bill he had a better voice than his friend . . . and persuaded him to enter the contest. . . . Bill imitated the popular Crosby so well, he won the contest. . . . That summer he accepted a singing job . . . in a little club in Reading, Pa. . . . He and some friends took a jaunt to Atlantic City during the summer . . . and he was requested to sing a number . . . two Broadway producers heard him . . . asked him to come to New York . . .There followed a series of stage and night-club engagements including George White's Scandals . . . The Paradise Cafe . . . The Versailles . . . and The House of Morgan . . . Then Brady's manager signed a motion picture contract for him . . . Brady is 23 years old . . . has dark, wavy hair and blue eyes . . . He is so fond of music that he has a radio in every room in his house and one in his automobile . . . He plays golf for exercise and shoots in the low 80s . . . He is definitely sold on Hollywood and plans to make his permanent home in the film capital.

Did you know that even automobiles require make-up for movie scenes to eliminate the glare?



MEN behind the STARS



TAY GARNETT

Director of *Slave Ship*

DIRECTOR TAY GARNETT, whose *Slave Ship* is the season's sea-thriller, is a native son of California. But his ancestry is Irish. And perhaps this accounts for the adventurous blood in his veins. Before he found film fame, indeed before he ever saw a motion picture camera, Garnett, whose name is pronounced like the jewel, was an actor, an artist, an author and an aviator. Not to mention his stint as a thorough-going newspaperman and a sailor of the bounding main.

Garnett's love for the sea is evidenced by his recent world cruise aboard his yacht *Athene*, and it is also reflected in his pictures. For beside *Slave Ship*, he has contributed to the screen such outstanding cinemas as *S. O. S. Iceberg, Destination Unknown, China Seas* and *One Way Passage*. The latter picture has the distinction of having played a return engagement on Broadway a full five years after its first showing.

But Tay is not strictly or solely a "sea-going" director. He practically started the newspaper columnist cycle with *Okay, America*, which cinemactor Walter Winchell proclaims the best of all columnist characterizations. And he brought the *Frankie and Johnny* saga to the screen as *Her Man*. A production which ran for three years in Paris and grossed a 700% profit for its makers. His newspaper experience stood him in good stead when he directed *Love is News*, and his acting adventure helped in the making of his next release, *Stand-In*.



Tay Garnett instructs Elizabeth Allan and Warner Baxter just how he wants a scene played in that salty *Slave Ship*

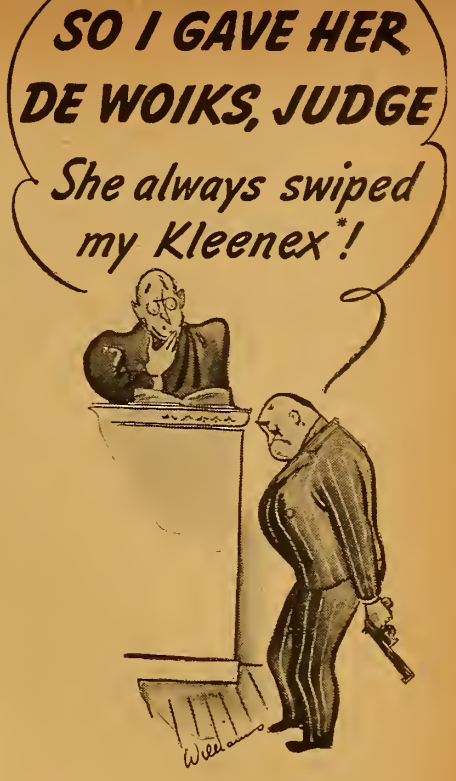
GARNETT'S entrance into motion pictures came through a book he wrote while flying as a war-time aviator. Hollywood sent for him and he wrote comedy for Mack Sennett and Hal Roach. Harry Langdon's greatest success, *The Strong Man*, bore the Garnett hallmark. Later he was signed by Cecil B. DeMille, and worked on the script of *White Gold*, so memorable a movie that it is being re-made at the London studios of Alexander Korda.

Tay's first directorial effort was *Celebrity*, a story based on the career of Gene Tunney. His future productions will include three titled *World Cruise, Trade Winds* and *Singapore Bound*. And for these he filmed background during his exciting sail around the world. It is probable that one of these will mark Director Garnett's transition into a full-fledged producer, a "Tay Garnett Production" made for the newly formed company of "Renowned Artists" and released by "United Artists."

Garnett's wanderlust led him to romance when, upon one of his roamings, he stopped long enough in London to witness a performance of *Charlot's Revue*. One of the principal actresses in the show was Helga Moray, and by the time Tay had visited the theatre a dozen times he had convinced Miss Moray to become Mrs. Garnett. Now she accompanies him on all his wanderings and has become an expert cameraman, filming strange scenes on the travels which will one day entertain and thrill you on the screen.

This candid camera catching of foreign footage is more exciting than it sounds, and not a little perilous. For instance, in the crowded interiors of China, Indo-China, Malaysia, India and other far-off places, Tay and Helga have frequently faced native mobs that might easily have turned dangerous. But Director Garnett has seen too much life and action to be turned aside. He thrives on adventure and delights in sharing it with you in his pictures. Perhaps it's the Irish in him.

Meeting Tay Garnett you might mistake him for a banker, an important executive or a visiting nobleman, or even for one of the actors on the set, for he is always formally dressed. He doesn't affect the nonchalance other directors do. No riding clothes, open collar or polo shirt for Tay, he is usually seen wearing his hat and with a walking stick in his right hand. He is so meticulous in his dress that we wouldn't be surprised if he dons a dinner jacket at eight even if he is dining alone under the stars somewhere in the Malay jungle. Here is a native of Hollywood who hasn't gone Hollywood.



Stand up for your rights, men . . . adopt the

KLEENEX* HABIT

during Colds

● When sniffles start, every man knows how important it is to adopt the habit of using Kleenex Disposable Tissues. Keep a box of your *own* at home, another at the office.

Soft, soothing Kleenex is easy on the nose. It saves money; costs less than handkerchief laundering. What's more, Kleenex Tissues tend to retain germs, thus check the spread of colds through the family.

And men—don't forget Kleenex to wipe spectacles, to clean pipes, to dry razor blades.

Keep Kleenex Tissues in Every Room And in the Car, too.

To remove face creams and cosmetics . . . To apply powder, rouge . . . To dust and polish . . . For the baby . . . *And in the car*—to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.



No waste! No mess! Pull a tissue—the next one pops up ready for use!

KLEENEX*

DISPOSABLE TISSUES

(**Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office*)

Prize Letters
HOW READERS RATE THEM!

BLOWING OFF STEAM

$15 Prize Letter

I'VE just heard that Bing Crosby isn't permitted to pose with his three children for publicity pictures. Now, that's about the last straw. The press agents and the rest of 'em certainly seem to rate the intelligence of the average movie-goer very low. We go to the movies to be entertained, not to go goggle-eyed about an actor who can make love to an actress he slightly knows and in many cases doesn't like any too well. For heaven's sake, give us credit for some common sense and the ability to appreciate the actor for his acting and not for anything in his private life.—*Mary Nolan, 1515 East 86th St., Cleveland, Ohio.*

A LITTLE CHILD LEADS THEM

$10 Prize Letter

FROM her recent pictures and people's comments, I have reason to ask myself whether or not little Shirley Temple is slipping from her comfortable position among the higher stars. And until now I have been unable to find the answer. But, after seeing *Wee Willie Winkie,* I have decided that she is not losing her high rating and probably will not lose it for some time. And, it was Shirley, herself, who helped me to decide, for even with a swell actor like Victor MacLaglen, Shirley is able to hold her own. Unlike her previous pictures she sings only one song, *Auld Lang Syne,* but her acting has improved considerably. And, after all, that is what we look for in any great actress. If any of you have any doubts as to Shirley Temple's sure-footedness on that steep mountain called the Box Office, please see *Wee Willie Winkie.—Dorothy Kroskop, 517 W. Hillcrest Blvd., Inglewood, Calif.*



Shirley Temple

BRAVO, BRAVO!

$5 Prize Letter

M-G-M has done it again! Not satisfied with producing some of the finest pictures from many of our classical books they have now given us an epic to top them all. That's the way I feel after seeing Kipling's *Captains Courageous.* The magnificent acting and the heart-throbbing action are among the finest I have ever seen. Spencer Tracy's fisherman is so great it defies description, while Freddie Bartholomew and Lionel Barrymore contribute unforgettable performances. A picture to be seen again and again and to be remembered forever—that's *Captains Courageous.* It is like its name—courageous in undertaking such a difficult story and courageously emerging as a glorious triumph.—*Nathaniel Rutherford, 2642 Stanton Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.*



Spencer Tracy

WORTH WAITING FOR

$1 Prize Letter

THANK you for your story about Anna Sten. It's what I've been waiting for since she disappeared so suddenly and completely after making three great pictures. I was thrilled by her loveliness and talent in *Nana,* her first picture, and my admiration increased with her superb performance in *We Live Again* and *The Wedding Night.* I waited eagerly for more pictures but in vain. I became impatient and furious with producers. Here was a true artist, a great actress, a flaming, vivid personality and her talents were being wasted. But, I kept on waiting and hoping that Anna Sten would come back and now that she has I won't be satisfied until I see her as the beautiful *Lady Emma* in *The Divine Lady,* a perfect part for her. I'll just keep on hoping and waiting, for Anna Sten is worth waiting for.—*Louise Fleming, 2401 Franklin St., Michigan City, Indiana.*



Anna Sten

THEY DON'T FORGET

$1 Prize Letter

PEOPLE are always interested in new stars and screen personalities, but what of our old favorites? Many like myself are interested in them, particularly in such great stars as Clive Brook, Ruth Chatterton and Diana Wynyard. A few years ago Brook and Miss Wynyard starred in an unforgettable picture, the Noel Coward success, *Cavalcade,* and what was their reward? Miss Wynyard didn't even receive another starring role and Brook vanished from the screen. (He's acting at present in English films—Ed.) And as for Miss Chatterton she recently appeared in a picture, but was it really she? Cast as the elderly school-teacher in *Girls' Dormitory* she was sacrificed for a newcomer, Simone Simon. Now I ask you, Hollywood, are we being fair to these great personalities who have given us so many hours of entertainment?—*Leonhard Dowty, 8016 Birch St., New Orleans, La.*

PRIZES FOR LETTERS!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over *one hundred and fifty* words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

HEIL HALEY

$1 Prize Letter

THIS letter is going to be unusual. It isn't going to be about Robert Taylor, Nelson Eddy or Clark Gable. Instead, I want to draw your attention to a young actor who has been plugging along for quite a few years, always giving a fine, sincere performance, while someone else basks in the glory of the picture. He can't sing like the great Eddy, he doesn't dance like Astaire, but he has a likable personality and when he smiles he warms the heart. How could I mean anyone else but that grand trouper, Jack Haley? In *Wake Up and Live* he gives a performance that should make him a star. His wistful charm and sly humor help make the picture the fine piece of entertainment it is. He deserves the best and I hope he will never again be cast in Class B pictures.—*Madge Riley, 149 South Seventh St., New Castle, Indiana.*



Jack Haley

MARKED WOMAN

$1 Prize Letter

THERE is only one lady in all Hollywood who can get me into the theatre on the strength of her name alone and despite critics' ratings of her pictures. She has lately been seen as the girl friend of Edward G. Robinson and the none too pure dance hostess. The depths that she put into these different, difficult roles, shows the faith her legion of fans had in her has been amply justified. May I say she is a "Marked Woman"—marked with the courage and dramatic ability to become the leader among Hollywood's women stars. Congratulations, Bette Davis, I hope you remain on the screen for years to come.—*Schuyler C. Hill, Box 556, Centralia, Wash.*

Hollywood's *Trick Parties*

CLARK GABLE thought it would be fun to turn the tables on Carole Lombard—in payment for some of Carole's jokes on her friends. So he called fifteen of the leading feminine lights of Hollywood and invited them to a tea the next day at Carole's house. He explained that Carole and her secretary were busy on a picture that day and had asked him to do the phoning. The fifteen guests promptly accepted.

Not a word was said to Carole—and the next day (Sunday) Clark gleefully "dropped in" to see Carole in the afternoon—and incidentally of course to watch her face when the guests began to arrive.

But somehow Carole got wind of it—followed two hours of frantic preparation, and when Clark appeared, a slightly breathless but triumphant Carole, attired in a lovely tea-gown, met him at the door. Neither spoke of the impending "party." When the guests began to arrive Carole met them with all the composure in the world and conducted them to a beautifully appointed table that simply groaned with an elaborate tea!

Clark's face got redder and redder and when Carole suggested sweetly that he must feel out of place with "all these girls" he beat a hasty retreat.

CHARLIE BUTTERWORTH sighs for the good old days "when a party was a party!" "Now," says Charlie, "every time I go to somebody's house, expecting gaiety and frivolity—what do I get? A piece of paper—and a pencil stuck in my hand! It's Guggenheim, Anagrams, Twenty Questions and I. Q.'s until my alleged brain simply lies down and goes to sleep out of sheer exhaustion.

"Darn it," growls Charles, "I've *been* to school. Now I want a little fun!"

PARTY-HIGHLIGHTS of the month: Because Mrs. Reinhardt thought it would be fun, friends took Max Reinhardt and his wife to one of the famous Hollywood "drive-ins" for a farewell dinner. They ate in the car, then were taken to a drive-in-theatre to view a movie . . . Hugh Herbert had several trailers in his back-yard all summer, for the use of visiting relatives. At the end of the summer, the relatives departed—trailers and all! . . . Alice Faye is serving lunch on the set these days—ever since she had a new grill installed in her dressing-room. It has all the latest gadgets and is Alice's pride and joy. However, as a cook Alice is a good actress—so the hairdresser pinch hits. . . At a party given recently by George Burns and Gracie Allen for Jack Benny and Mary Livingston, it was decided that anybody who mentioned movies or radio during the evening would be fined ten cents! Everybody agreed that that was a swell idea—and when the evening was over it was found that the "kitty" contained nearly enough money to buy M-G-M!

TWO of the most inedible birthday cakes presented in Hollywood: One, to Louis B. Mayer, was made of gardenias; the other, made of rubber, was presented to Nelson Eddy. Everybody nearly popped while the Oh-so-polite Mr. Eddy endeavored to cut his rubber cake.



Warren Hull tears himself away from the fans at our Movieland Tour Party to oblige the missus with a dance

Discovery of the Year!



OSCAR HOMOLKA,
FRANCES FARMER, RAY MILLAND
and others of the cast of Paramount's
"Ebbtide" in Technicolor
use the new

SCREEN and STAGE MAKE-UP
by Elizabeth Arden

GRACIOUS, talented, young Miss Farmer has been proclaimed the finest new star of the season. Throughout the new Paramount production of "Ebbtide" in Technicolor, she reaches new dramatic heights both in the ability she displays and in that glamour which every star *must* possess!

But they made *another* discovery in Hollywood this season! The most distinguished feminine stars of the screen, who use Screen and Stage Make-Up by Elizabeth Arden before the cameras, have discovered that its glamorous quality can glorify their private lives.

There are moments in every private life which deserve to be glorified. Maybe you're planning to be in amateur theatricals or in a fashion show or would like to snatch the glamour of Hollywood for very special parties! Do it with Screen and Stage Make-Up!

A complete group of theatrical preparations designed by Elizabeth Arden — sold by exclusive Elizabeth Arden retail distributors everywhere. The booklet "Professional Information" A-2, may be obtained by writing Screen and Stage Make-Up Laboratories: 5533 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.



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Lipsticks....convenient swivel top.....$1.00
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Student's Make-Up Box . . . A professional kit for amateurs . . . contains an adequate assortment of five make-up foundations, four liners, rouge, black and brown make-up pencils, powder and generous bottle of make-up remover.....$2.50

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The greatest number of Attractive Pictures and Intimate Stories ever between the covers of one Film Magazine



Jane Withers takes a stand with grandpap Walter Brennan in *Wild and Woolly*

TIP-OFFS on the TALKIES

brief Review of the Recent Releases

AAAA—EXCELLENT; AAA—GOOD; AA—FAIR; A—MEDIOCRE

Exclusive—AAA—Intended as an expose of the newspaper world, this is actually a gangster picture offering many thrills. And, while Charlie Ruggles is prominent in the cast there is only one—albeit a good one—comedy sequence to relieve the seriousness of this opus dealing with the conflict between rival papers. Frances Farmer is outstanding as an ambitious young newspaperwoman and Fred MacMurray delivers one of his finest jobs in the role of a city editor. Others deserving mention in this large, capable cast are Ralph Morgan and Lloyd Nolan.—*Paramount.*

Under the Red Robe—AAA—For those of you who haven't read this famed novel, *Under the Red Robe* deals with the political intrigue in France under Cardinal Richelieu. The production is colorful and handsome, but British reserve was over-exercised, detracting from the romantic lure of the story. Of chief interest is the excellent cast consisting of Conrad Veidt, Annabella, Raymond Massey, Romney Brent and others too numerous to mention.—*British-20th Century-Fox.*

Saratoga—AAA—The noticeable attraction about this racetrack story is the final appearance of Jean Harlow. But, in fairness to the other members of the cast and the producers, mention must be made of the entertainment values of the picture. It is an exciting, lively comedy and a creditable success in every production sense. Clark Gable, Lionel Barrymore, Frank Morgan, Walter Pidgeon and Una Merkel in company with Jean Harlow did excellent trouping.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Easy Living—AAA—A rousing, boisterous comedy with Jean Arthur at her best makes this one of the things you must see. Amusing situations, sophisticated farce and high-grade slapstick with a fresh "boy meets girl" angle entertains you in grand style. Ray Milland scores as the romantic lead and the cast is exceptional, including Edward Arnold, Luis Alberni, Mary Nash and Franklin Pangborn.—*Paramount.*

The Singing Marine—AAA—This filmusical offers Dick Powell in a role particularly suited to his talents. It's gay and lively with pleasing tunes and genuine comedy. The romance is well taken care of by Powell and Doris Weston, a charming newcomer. Harry Warren and Al Dubin are responsible for many of the musical numbers.—*Warner Bros.*

The Emperor's Candlesticks—AAA—Luise Rainer and William Powell match wits as secret agents in a charming story about love and intrigue. Maureen O'Sullivan and Robert Young also have a short, but sweet romance. The supporting cast is enhanced by such capable players as Frank Morgan, Henry Stephenson, Bernadene Hayes and Douglas Dumbrille.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Super Sleuth—AAA—A very funny mystery comedy with Jack Oakie in the title role. If you like to play Whodunit in the movies you are going to be disappointed, as this isn't intended to be serious. Deliberate in its comedy value it succeeds in drawing outbursts of laughter. Oakie, an actor who has played numerous detective roles, thinks he is an ace sleuth. You go and see this and see what you think. Ann Sothern adds her charming personality and talent in the romantic angle.—*RKO-Radio.*

King Solomon's Mines—AAA—An engrossing adventure film outstanding for its pictorial beauty. The locale, the African veldt, lends thrilling atmosphere to a party of adventurers (Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Anna Lee, Roland Young and John Loder) who go in search for Anna's father who is on a dangerous hunt for the fabulously rich mines. The drama is relieved and at times emphasized by the glorious voice of Paul Robeson, a tribal chieftain. Native witchcraft and ceremonies add thrills. The cast is commendable.—*Gaumant-British.*

Love In A Bungalow—AA½—A model house, a happy-couple contest and young love add up into a light romantic farce. Nan Grey and Kent Taylor are the romantic leads and Jack Smart, Hobart Cavanaugh and Richard Carle are responsible for the laughs. It's fresh and lively.—*Universal.*

London By Night—AA½—An expensive production helps to put across this second rate mystery melodrama which credits a dog with detecting the murderer. A thick London fog adds suspense and mystery. George Murphy, Rita Johnson, Virginia Field and Eddie Quillan are impressive in their parts.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Wild and Woolly—AA½—Janie Withers, the most refreshing youngster in films, scores again, in a small town story packed with human interest. Built around a celebration for the early Pioneers, it provides a healthy smack of the Old West and an opportunity for Janie to entertain with songs. Surrounding little Miss Withers is some capable talent, particularly Walter Brennan who acts as her grandpappy.—*20th Century-Fox.*

Wine, Women and Horses—AA½—The color and thrills of the racetrack are convincingly portrayed in this entertaining film offering Barton MacLane and Ann Sheridan in the leading roles. There are some exceptional racing shots, smart dialogue and intriguing situations, adding up to a suspenseful, exciting melodrama. MacLane fits the role perfectly and Miss Sheridan displays her talent and beauty to advantage.—*Warner Bros.*

One Mile From Heaven—AA½—Warm and human is this novel newspaper story which is motivated by the love of a negro woman for a white child she calls daughter. The story, rumor has it, was suggested by famed Judge Ben B.

THE CREAM OF THE CROP

of the new season's most romantic and spectacular new Hollywood films will be presented, in sparkling fiction form, in the October issue of MOVIE STORY Magazine. You'll thrill to the sophisticated story of Marlene Dietrich's new drama, *Angel*, in which she again co-stars with Herbert Marshall; you'll delight in the mirthful charm of *It's All Yours*, starring Madeleine Carroll and Francis Lederer, and tingle at the exciting story of *Sophie Lang Goes West*, starring Gertrude Michael. If you haven't already gotten acquainted with MOVIE STORY, better reserve your copy *now* at your favorite newsdealers!

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!



Anna Lee and John Loder in a stirring desert scene from *King Solomon's Mines*

Lindsay. The interesting cast includes Claire Trevor, Bill Robinson, Sally Blane, Russell Hopton and Chick Chandler.—*20th Century-Fox.*

Marry the Girl—AA½—A nonsensical, giddy comedy. It doesn't make sense but it does make your sides split with laughter. Responsible are Mary Boland, Frank McHugh, Hugh Herbert, Mischa Auer, Alan Mowbray, Carol Hughes and Hugh O'Connell.—*Warner Bros.*

She Had to Eat—AA½—Many laughs and a few thrills are delivered by Jack Haley, Rochelle Hudson, Eugene Palette and Arthur Treacher in this screwy little comedy. A kidnaping sequence thrown in for a thrill.—*20th Century-Fox.*

Hideaway—AA½—This domestic comedy provokes many laughs through the characterization of Fred Stone, a lazy, easy-going squatter. For excitement the producers have injected a robbery. Assisting Fred Stone are Emma Dunn, Marjorie Lord and J. Carroll Naish.—*RKO-Radio.*

Girls Can Play—AA½—Revolving around a girls' soft ball team is a murder mystery, supplying the necessary suspense for thrill seeking audiences. Charles Quigley and Jacqueline Wells supply the romance.—*Columbia.*

The Big Shot—AA½—Guy Kibbee plays the title role of this amusing comedy in excellent style, and Cora Witherspoon as his ambitious wife scores in her characterization. The story idea is bright and novel and offers some delightful farce situations. It's a pleasant variation of the gangster theme. Besides the veteran stars there are a host of personable players.—*RKO-Radio.*

The Devil Is Driving—AA½—A strong indictment of the practise of drunken driving, also an object lesson against reckless driving. Richard Dix is interesting as the district attorney and Joan Perry scores as his newspaperwoman fiancee. Others in this stirring drama are Elisha Cook, Jr., Henry Kolker, John Wray and Charles Wilson. It packs a punch.—*Columbia.*

The Great Hospital Mystery—AA—Omit the word great from the title and you have the story in a nutshell. Jane Darwell, Sig Rumann, Sally Blane and Thomas Beck are the principals and Joan Davis does her best to add some comedy relief. The story is fantastic and unconvincing.—*20th Century-Fox.*

DON'T MISS

any of the following important pictures, previously reviewed in this magazine, if you can help it: *Lost Horizon*—James Hilton's famous novel is immortalized in the screen version. A beautiful story, beautifully presented on the screen. Credit goes to director Frank Capra, Robert Rickin, story adaptor, and, cinemactors Ronald Colman, H. B. Warner and Sam Jaffe . . . *The Good Earth*—Pearl Buck's great novel made into one of the greatest films ever produced. With 1936 Academy Award Winners Luise Rainer and Paul Muni . . . *Captains Courageous*—Spencer Tracy, Freddie Bartholomew and Lionel Barrymore earn encomiums for their stirring portrayals of Kipling's colorful characters of the sea . . . *They Won't Forget*—A stirring, dramatic indictment of the injustice of mob prejudice. A courageous undertaking on the part of the producers . . . *Wee Willie Winkie*—Rudyard Kipling's colorful story of India enhanced by Shirley Temple. America's No. 1 box-office attraction. A tale of adventure and romance . . . *The Road Back*—An emotional, sincere and courageous sequel to *All Quiet on the Western Front.* With Richard Cromwell, John King, Larry Blake.

Lucky old Highlander

First Chief of his Clan—tradition says this old Highland warrior never had a toothache! Tough, chewy foods gave his teeth ample exercise—kept them in prime condition! His descendants eat soft, refined foods, giving teeth too little exercise.



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Sonja in Tyrone's arms!

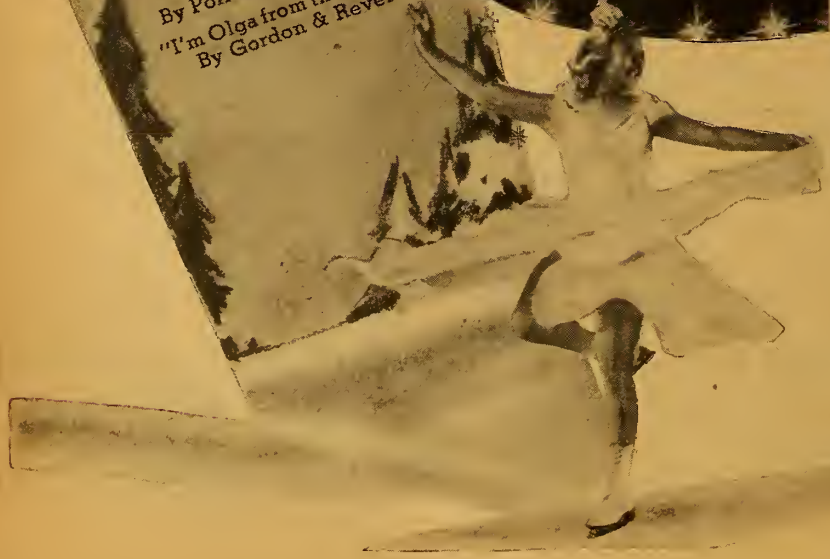
Thrilling as you knew they'd be together . . . in the musical romance you dreamed some day you'd see! A picture gay and magnificent, skimming in shimmering delight along the silvery Alpine slopes! Lovely to look at . . . lovelier yet as you listen . . . spangled with song hits by Pollack and Mitchell . . . and another by Gordon and Revel! All that you've ever longed for in entertainment . . . as your "One In A Million" girl finds her boy in a million!



SONJA HENIE · TYRONE POWER

Thin Ice

A PLEASURE TO HEAR!
"My Secret Love Affair"
"Over Night"
"My Swiss Hilly Billy"
By Pollack and Mitchell
"I'm Olga from the Volga"
By Gordon & Revel



ARTHUR TREACHER
RAYMOND WALBURN
JOAN DAVIS

SIG RUMANN • ALAN HALE
LEAH RAY • MELVILLE COOPER
MAURICE CASS • GEORGE GIVOT

Directed by Sidney Lanfield
. . . who gave you "Sing, Baby, Sing", "One In A Million", "Wake Up And Live"

Associate Producer Raymond Griffith
Screen Play by Boris Ingster and Milton Sperling
From the play "Der Komet" by Attila Orbok

DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production

20th CENTURY FOX

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NAN GREY

Living up to her "smart" reputation is no difficulty for Nan Grey, one of the *Three Smart Girls*. Being no fool, Nan is being featured in three new films and her screenhearts are handsome John Howard, Robert Wilcox, Kent Taylor



DEANNA DURBIN

Such popularity must be deserved! Deanna Durbin, the little girl with the great voice, is the lucky girl in *100 Men and a Girl*. Attentive to Deanna in her new film are Adolphe Menjou and Leopold Stokowski

ROBERT TAYLOR—Two

Nothing has happened within himself to change Bob, it's things that have happened from outside—and they happened much too fast

By MARY DECKER

ROBERT TAYLOR has been taken for a ride! A swift, sudden ride upward that has left him woozy, confused, bewildered, sore at heart and with a vague feeling that his tummy is just a nesting place for fluttering butterflies.

In fact, the unexpectedness of it all has brought forth a group of varied emotions in the lad. Happiness and unhappiness, satisfaction and a nostalgic longing for those days that are gone forever.

It took Bob Taylor just two short years to arrive at the place other actors, such as Bill Powell and Ronald Colman, were years in arriving at. The result? Well, let's take a look at Bob Taylor just two years later and measure him against that other Bob who, only a short time before, was glad to be reaping fifty cents nightly lighting smudge pots for frost-threatened lemon trees near Pomona.

Even Bob must smile as he glances back to that eager young man with the high haircut-look and the pinch-bosomed coat that boasted



It was two years ago that Bob kept steady company with Irene Hervey—who later became Mrs. Allan Jones

Years After

two pair of pants. He lost the high haircut-look about the time he shed the bosom-pinched coat. He became woolly with tweeds that did nice things to his shoulders. He lifted weights for weeks on end and lost that thin necked, gangling boy look. With his changed appearance he lost most of his humbleness, too. He changed from the boy who entered a publicist's office and apologetically asked, "May I please use your phone?" He changed from the lad in screen make-up who quietly entered the studio dining-room and took a place by himself in a corner. And the boy who admired a too bright frock on a passing extra.

He became the confident young man who strode into offices with a "just a minute. Want to use your phone, if I may." He became that sure-of-himself young actor who sailed into the studio dining-room and took a seat at the director's table, no less. He became the knowing man-about-town who cast an appreciative eye over a smart new outfit of a friend and said: "Tweeds, eh? I like a woman to wear quiet things. Tweeds and black for evening. That's my choice."

He became more than that. He became the serious-faced man with lines etched deeply around a firmly set mouth. His eyes took on a steady, weary expression.

A devastating sense of humor would have saved Bob Taylor much pain and sorrow. Would have eased the aches and provided a soft cushion on which to land. Life is real, life is earnest, life is so much hooey, or just another plate of hamburger to Bob. He's the butt of more practical joking than any other hero his size or shape in Hollywood. George Murphy had him so badly kidded about a dressing-room on the set of *Broadway Melody of 1938* Taylor ran, not walked, to the front office to know how come about that dressing-room. So, bear in mind, incidents that could and should be laughed off are too real, too vital to young Taylor.

A YEAR ago I talked to Bob about himself. Without asking or expecting any such con- [*Continued on page 70*]



One of Bob's big roles was with Joan Crawford in *The Gorgeous Hussy*



It was a serious Bob (left) that friends saw with Barbara Stanwyck at Bing Crosby's track





Bob reached the very top when he co-starred with Greta Garbo in *Camille*

Bob admits that he climbed too fast, and now he wants to readjust himself

The Man I Love

You've been reading about "the woman I love" for several months. For a change we give you a story about "the man I love" with Grace Moore talking

By IDA ZEITLIN

IN GRACE MOORE'S living-room stand photographs of the great of all worlds, warmly inscribed to the great singer. One word marks a division between the earlier photos and those more recently acquired. "To Grace Moore," say the former; the latter, "To Grace Moore Parera." She likes it that way. She still gets a thrill out of adding to the name she made famous, the name of the man she loves.

She gives the impression of being an independent person, impatient of control. She is—with one notable exception. Six years ago she walked from a gangplank into love at first sight—the kind of headlong romance that so often goes on the rocks. But her instinct was sound. If there were any rocks, she and Valentin Parera steered clear of them. And as each year has deepened her love for her husband, so each year has deepened her dependence upon him.

"In all ways," she says. "Big and little. Most important is to know he's there, his strength and steadiness. That's the rock I stand on. Then the hundreds of everyday things that make up a life. To know he's concerned with all that concerns me—that a starry night or a swim through blue water makes us feel the same way—that he'll laugh at what I think is funny—and sometimes at what I think isn't so funny, till he makes me laugh, too. I'm dependent just on his presence. When he isn't there, the world seems slightly askew, and when he comes back, it slips into place again. But this is nothing new I'm telling you. Every woman who's really loved a man will tell you the same."

Her speech is swift and forceful, like her movements, like everything she does. It's as if she knew exactly where she wanted to go, and proceeded by the shortest and surest route. She seems to radiate light and life, to be a triumphant embodiment of the gay, the confident, the brilliant—the last person in the world you'd associate with doubt or misgiving.

Yet watch her as she plays a scene [*Continued on page 87*]



Valentin Parera takes Grace Moore (the wife) for a wheelbarrow ride. They're as devoted as a couple of kids



JOAN FONTAINE

Joan Fontaine has more up her sleeve, or rather more in her stockings than a neat pair of legs to exhibit. She is a talented toe and ballet dancer. Posed here like a Degas painting, Joan appears soon with Nino Martini in *Music for Madame*, and later on you'll be seeing her as Fred Astaire's new dancing partner in *Damsel in Distress*

Tyrone's Mother



—Powolny

If Tyrone marries now, says his mother, it'll be unfair to his fan public (the girls) as well as himself

By DAN CAMP

JUST about every day of the week, and Sundays, too, the doorbell rings out at the pretty house where Tyrone Power lives. And there's a florist's boy, with another gargantuan box of flowers for Tyrone's mother . . . And now wait!—wait, before you snort "fooey!" and turn the page. Because this is NOT another of those too, *too* sweet stories about how-oh-so-much Handsome Movie Hero Loves Mama. Tyrone loves mama, all right—but that's not the point. The point is that those flowers mama gets aren't from Tyrone at all. *They're from Tyrone's girl friends . . . !*

Why, Sonja Henie and Loretta Young and Alice Faye, and all those other girls whose names mama doesn't even know—they must be keeping the Hollywood florists rich, sending posies to Tyrone's ma! And Mama Power just loves it.

Now, don't get her wrong. Don't picture her as one of those mammy-ballad mothers, with grey hair and a rocking-chair complex, who just sits and knits and knits and sits. Tyrone's mother, you may as well know right now, is just as young as Tyrone is, under the universally-accepted standards of "you're just as young as you feel and as old as you look." Mama Power is really Patia Power, nationally-famed actress. She's got no silver crown and all that, no toilworn hands to sing about, and there aren't lines in her face that show how she suffered for her bay-hay-bee boy-hoyyyyyy.

No. Tyrone Power's mother is a beautiful, alert and up-to-date woman, with a rich intelligence that includes as a vital necessity a keen sense of humor—not a bitter sense of humor, but one of those rich, tolerant senses of humor that can laugh *with,* rather than *at* . . .

And that's why she just loves all these flowers she's getting from Sonja and Loretta and the girls. She loves the flowers for themselves, but even more than that, she's getting a tremendous kick out of watching the grand free-for-all that's raging among the girls for her son's heart and smiles—and maybe his hand.



Here's how Tyrone looked when three years of age. The place? Hollywood



Here is Tyrone, six years old, with sister, Ann, and mother at San Diego

Sizes Up His Girls

And being a veteran actress, herself—as Patia Power, she's famous in Shakespearean roles, and in many other stage parts—she finds intense amusement and interest in watching the girls "put on their act" for Tyrone! She sits on the sidelines, does Tyrone's mother, somewhat in the role of a stage producer watching actresses try out for some rich emotional role. . . . And with her experience, her knowledge of the subtle and not-so-subtle tricks of the trade, she says to herself, as each of the girls flashes woman's immemorial weapons:

"That was a neat play!" or "She rather overplayed her hand there—but that sudden demure look she gave him was a very clever come-back, I must say!"

OH, I won't mention names. Neither will Tyrone's mother. After all, an umpire or a referee can't tell the contestants, can she, how to play her tricks?

Now, don't overlook this: Behind this interest, this fun, this amusement that Tyrone Power's mother inevitably gets out of watching Loretta and Sonja and the other girls battle for Tyrone, there is a definite and panicky note of apprehensiveness. Tyrone's mother, today, is rather afraid that sooner or later (probably much sooner than would be desirable, in fact!) the game's suddenly going to end. One of the girls will effect the coup de grace—and there'll be wedding bells. In fact, Patia Power isn't merely apprehensive that that will happen; she *knows* it will happen.

"In all my experience," she says, resignedly, "I've never yet seen a woman fail to achieve what she wants of a man, when she sets her mind to it."

And Mama Power does NOT want Tyrone to marry—yet. She's frank about it. Outspokenly frank. It wouldn't, she feels, be fair. It wouldn't be fair to Tyrone; it wouldn't be fair to the people who have built and are building Tyrone to the heights he's scaling. And those "people" include not alone the producers who've given him his chance and their backing, but also the thousands and millions of fans—the girls whose admiration for Tyrone on the screen have catapulted him to a position alongside Robert Taylor, Clark Gable and the other heart-throbbers of the films.

"It wouldn't be fair to them," says Patia Power, simply. "If Tyrone marries now, instead of waiting for quite a few years, as he has said he will, it will be unfair to them—and to himself."

And so—with the picture in your mind, now—the picture of a loving mother, a mother ambitious for her son yet having to sit by and watch some of Hollywood's most expert man- [*Continued on page* 66]



Despite a fondness for girls Tyrone is heart-whole and fancy-free. And his career comes first



—Acme



Tyrone's newest picture is *Thin Ice*—in which he plays opposite girl friend, Sonja

Tyrone's No. 1 girl friend is Sonja Henie. They are palsie-walsie at premieres

"They Think I'm a Bombshell" —FRANCES FARMER

By LEON SURMELIAN



"SO THEY think I'm a bombshell, 1937 version, and the publicity department is afraid of me?" Frances Farmer asked us with a sardonic grin. She sat curled up in the library of her house, and blew smoke rings into the air. She was barelegged, wore sandals, a nondescript dress of rough material, and there was no trace of make-up on her strongly-chiseled face.

"I want to be myself, just me, as I am, but for some reason my actions are considered *revolutionary!*" She gave a little laugh. "I don't see why I should pose for leg-art. I don't look good in a bathing suit anyhow. I like to dress as I darn please. I don't like to wear false eye-lashes. I will not say a meek 'Yes, thank you,' to everybody who has something to do with my career. And the publicity department, I suppose, considers me a rebellious hellion because I will not answer ridiculous questions and say the things they want me to say.

"But believe me," she added, "even though I've had a few feuds with our publicity boys, I sympathize with them. I know what they are up against. So many of them are sensitive. They come to me with their 'angles,' and I sob on their shoulders and they sob on mine."

This Farmer gal has a violent dislike for manufactured glamor in all its varieties, and is not afraid to defy traditional customs of the movie colony. On meeting her in real life, you would never take her for a cinemactress. She doesn't look, talk dress or behave like a movie star. She will wear any old thing as long as it is simple and comfortable, and prefers to go hatless. But she is immaculate in her Spartan simplicity, and exudes soap-and-water cleanliness. She always looks as if she has just stepped out of a bath-tub. She has blonde hair, hazel eyes that shine with intelligence and inner resources, and competent, business-like hands—the hands of a working-girl. A strange combination of strength [*Continued on page* 89]

They call Frances a rebel because she won't say the things they want her to say. But she is only trying to be herself

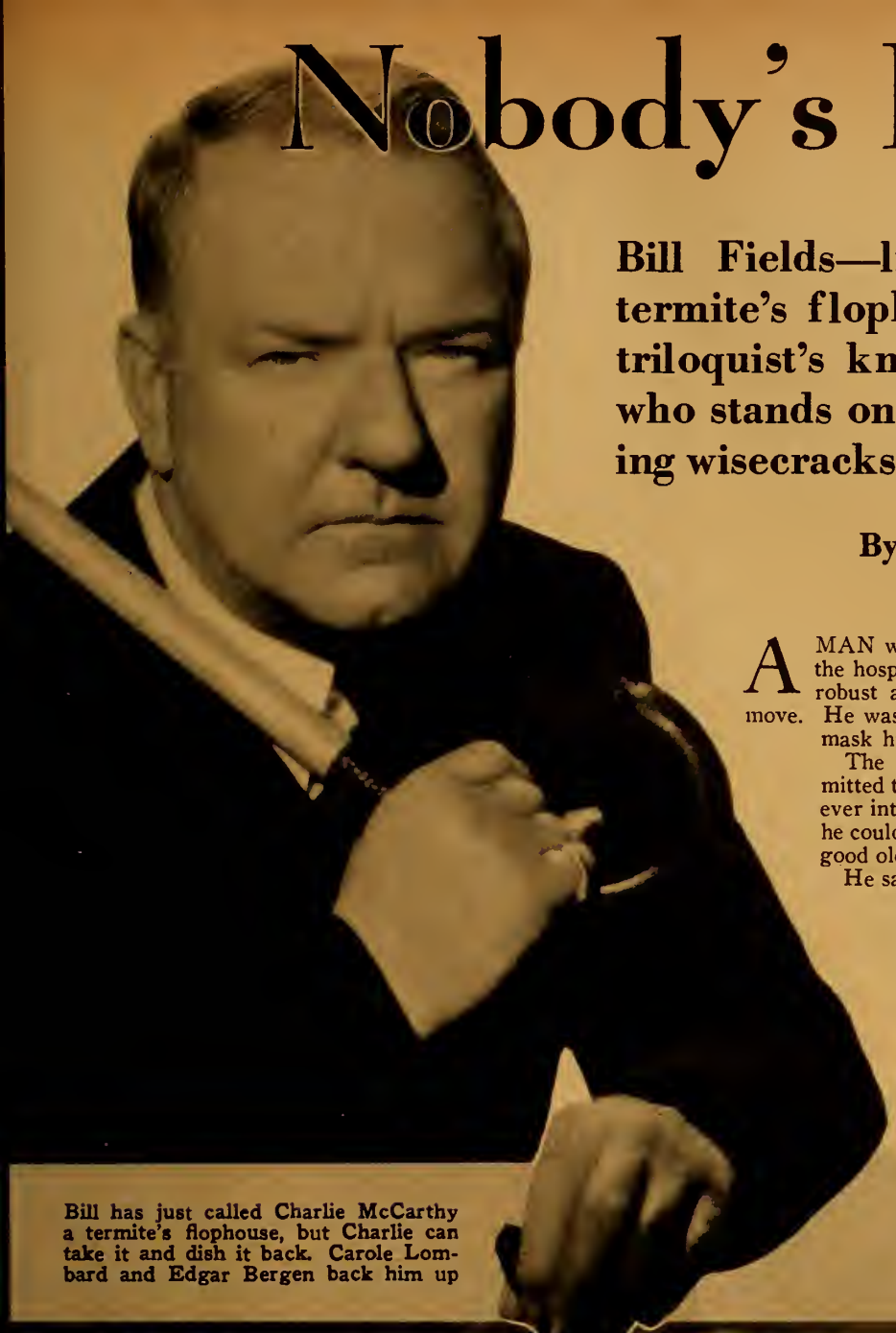


She doesn't see why she has to pose for leg art

Nobody's Dummy

Bill Fields—little chickadees—is no termite's flophouse, sitting on a ventriloquist's knee. He's a born comic who stands on his own hind legs, passing wisecracks and quick on the pickup

By JAMES REID



Bill has just called Charlie McCarthy a termite's flophouse, but Charlie can take it and dish it back. Carole Lombard and Edgar Bergen back him up



A MAN who looked like the ghost of W. C. Fields lay in the hospital bed. A thin, wasted version of a man once robust and hearty. He did not move. He could not move. He was in too much pain. He tried, like a trouper, to mask his pain behind a smile, but the smile was weak.

The sight was torture to the few close friends permitted to see him. He was bearing more than flesh was ever intended to bear. It was only a matter of time until he could bear the pain no longer. Life and Bill Fields—good old Bill, poor old Bill—were almost quits.

He saw the unshed tears that they were trying to hide behind feigned smiles. He pretended not to notice. With effort, with grimaces of pain, he said, "Don't you worry about me. It's going to take more than double pneumonia, triple arthritis and pernicious dandruff to stop me."

His friends went away, shaking their heads in stunned amazement. With one foot in the grave, Bill Fields could still wisecrack, still try to make people laugh.

Today, there are kinks in both of Bill Fields' legs, but he's using both of them. He's up and around and chipper. He's definitely back from the grave. And that isn't all. He had only one career when he fell ill. Now he has two careers. He's even looking forward to a third.

Bill hasn't exactly laughed himself back on his feet again. Medicine and sunshine and rest have done plenty for him. But without that sense of humor, where would he be today? Probably Upstairs, swapping yarns with Abe Lincoln and Mark Twain and Artemus Ward and some of the other boys.

He scorns any presumption that his sense of humor saved him. Bill would. He says he wasn't kidding anyone—especially himself—with his pain-wracked wisecracking. He wasn't having fun.

"I expected the Reaper to knock me over the head any moment," he says, "for being so facetious."

His last picture was *Poppy*, made fourteen months ago. During its filming, he had a bout with something that he thought was rheumatism or "petrified jitters." It was painful, trying to move normally—but the show had to go on. He finished the picture. Then he went down to Saboba Hot Springs, in the sun- [*Continued on page* 84]



ELEANOR POWELL

With everything now ship-shape about the *Broadway Melody of 1938*, Eleanor and her talented tootsies are now engaged in making *Rosalie*, in which she co-stars with Nelson Eddy. The terpsichorean tantalizer will uncover new steps—if such a thing is possible. Ray Bolger, one of the steppingest steppers to take 'em up and put 'em down, also goes into his dance here



In declaring himself in this husband business Jimmy won't get any feminine co-operation
—*Portrait by Ted Allan*

"I'd Make a Rotten Husband" —JIMMY STEWART

Jimmy doesn't spare himself as Mr. Bread-Winner, but many girls will disagree with him

By GLADYS HALL

"I'D MAKE a rotten husband," said Jimmy, unexpectedly. We had been talking, Jimmy and I, about the recent marriage of Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond. Jimmy said, "Gene has the right idea about the way to treat a girl. He never forgets the little attentions. He does everything right, like surprising Jeanette with the house, all furnished and everything. I'd probably forget all about a house being necessary. . . . He always remembers flowers for little anniversaries. Always says nice things. The right things. Now, I—I'd make a rotten husband," grinned Jimmy engagingly.

It occurred to me, walking with Jimmy the short distance between the M-G-M publicity office and the M-G-M commissary where we were to lunch, that he wouldn't get much feminine co-operation on this self-estimate. I thought of all the little, sighing girls' voices murmuring, "he's *won*-der-ful . . ." I thought of Ginger Rogers and Betty Furness and Virginia Bruce and Simone Simon, the feted *flowers* of the film flock who have gone on dates with Jimmy. Dancing with Jimmy. Skating with Jimmy. Motoring with Jimmy. To the beaches with Jimmy. No, James, I thought, no co-operation here.

It was Jimmy's first day at the studio after his long, serious illness, his stay in hospital. He had, he told me, lost "about forty pounds." I put that down to rather gross exaggeration. Forty pounds deducted from the muscular slimness of Jimmy would leave practically no Jimmy at all. He is thinner. But his color is fine, his eyes bright, his smile as deep and amused as ever. And only a slight grimace when he has to turn his head reminds one of the pain he has suffered.

In the commissary, at a table for two, over bowls of chicken broth, our talk was interrupted at least twenty times. The entire studio seemed coalesced into a Welcome Home committee for the reception of Jimmy. Spencer Tracy came to the table and with some of the tenderness of *Manuel* in his nice eyes hugged Jimmy, told him to be sure [*Continued on page* 98]

America's New Sweetheart —JANE BRYAN

By CAROL CRAIG

America is in a mood to glorify the normal American girl. And that's why it is taking to Jane a healthy, young modern



IF YOU want to make good in Hollywood, you have to be "different." You can't be self-conscious. You can't be shy. You can't be normal. You have to be startling. That is an old, old Hollywood truism. And Jane Bryan is the living denial of it.

Self-consciousness is written all over her. She is almost painfully shy. She isn't startling. She doesn't suggest an actress, glamorous and poised and mysterious. She suggests an average young American girl. Yet she is heading straight for stardom!

The fan mail says so, and the fan mail never lies. She has made only three big pictures—*Marked Woman, Kid Galahad* and *Confession.* The public has seen only two of them. Yet, already, Warners are being deluged with letters about her. And Warners, praying for a new feminine star, are rubbing their eyes, and looking again at the unexpected answer—Jane Bryan.

Baffled by her popularity, but heeding it, the studio is casting about for big breaks for her. On the lot, at the moment, one of the year's most ambitious pictures is about to start. A picture directed by a famous foreigner, new to Hollywood. A picture with foreign characters, laid in a foreign setting. In it is an outstanding ingenue role. Warners wanted Jane to play it.

But every time they so much as mentioned her name to the foreign director, he would tear his lush crop of hair. Every time they suggested a test of her in the role, he would jump up and down. "No, no, no!" he would scream. "I won't hear of her! I won't see her! I won't have her! She is *too American!*"

And right there, in case Warners are looking for it, is the principal explanation why Jane [*Continued on page* 94]

SUCH SHEIK



Such sheik? Well, did you ever see a sheik in the movies, at least, who didn't use an unbreakable hold to carry on his amorous advances? The frightened girl (you can almost hear her scream) offering resistance to Ramon Novarro (who returns to the screen in Republic's *The Sheik Steps Out*) is Lola Lane. An American heiress, she mistakes him for a sheiky son of Arabia because of his chic attire. In reality he is a Spanish Count who knows his way around the Sahara's hot sands—and how to soothe feminine fears



With active and passive resistance completely subdued Ramon is about to seal his ardor with an all-conquering kiss. With lovelight in their eyes the sheik Ramon and the chic Lola, right, promise to love, lo-o-ve, lo-o-o-ove each other till the sands of the desert grow cold

—Portraits by Maurice G



Clark Gable says it with a station-wagon—and Carole Lombard is most always by his side. Sometimes there is a backseat driver—or two

Hollywood's Newfangled Courtin'

a new technique in film romanc- orchids and orchestras are out- d. It spells good times and gags

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

, it seems to be good-bye to night clubs nights and "pick-me-up" ings. The Hollywood glamor maidens and their ditto boy ds have discovered the *ultra* in Old Sol's violet rays, the door sports, and a new type of courtin' has established itself nugly call the "movie colony."

ks like the good old days of orchids, orchestras and *hors s* (pardon, please) are past, and Bob Taylor and "Babs" k, Clark Gable and his Carole Lombard, plus dozens of other uos, are making courtship a thing of good times and gags. amor Girl Gertrude Niesen, super-torch singer and fisher- uts it, and neatly, too: "Under present courting conditions can become acquainted with more important selves that od sportsmanship, comradely affection and genuine friend- d these are three very important requirements for a suc- mance."

ks like the Troca-*dear*-o ("You can get a good steak there -five dollars," sez Eddie Cantor), and sundry other sultry have to do without the glamor kids' patronage . . . until e their minds, of course, and tire of picnicking, bowling, riding, station-wagoning, rodeos, beach concessions, zoos, oller skating, night baseball games, et cetera.

s-up whether Spangler Arlington Brugh (Bob Taylor to ark Gable first thought out the idea of tossing into the dis- ses and rhapsody of old-fashioned courtship. And inas- hey refuse to come to blows to decide which one is

SCHOOL HOUSE





When school is over, Lana (Gorgeous Figure) Turner and Wayne Morris enjoy their hot dogs at Santa Monica



Margo and Francis Lederer are more soulful. Soon to be married, they devote two nights out of each week to music

Screendom's No. 1 Great Lover, there is not much chance of their contesting this other mighty item. That's the trouble with the new crop of glamor boys. They are too tolerant, open-minded, modern. The movie town hasn't had a good healthy feud between glamor males for a decade. So the honors for starting a new courtship cycle go unplaced.

At about the time Bob Taylor was 'phoning the honey (Barbara Stanwyck) he had met at [*Continued on page 74*]

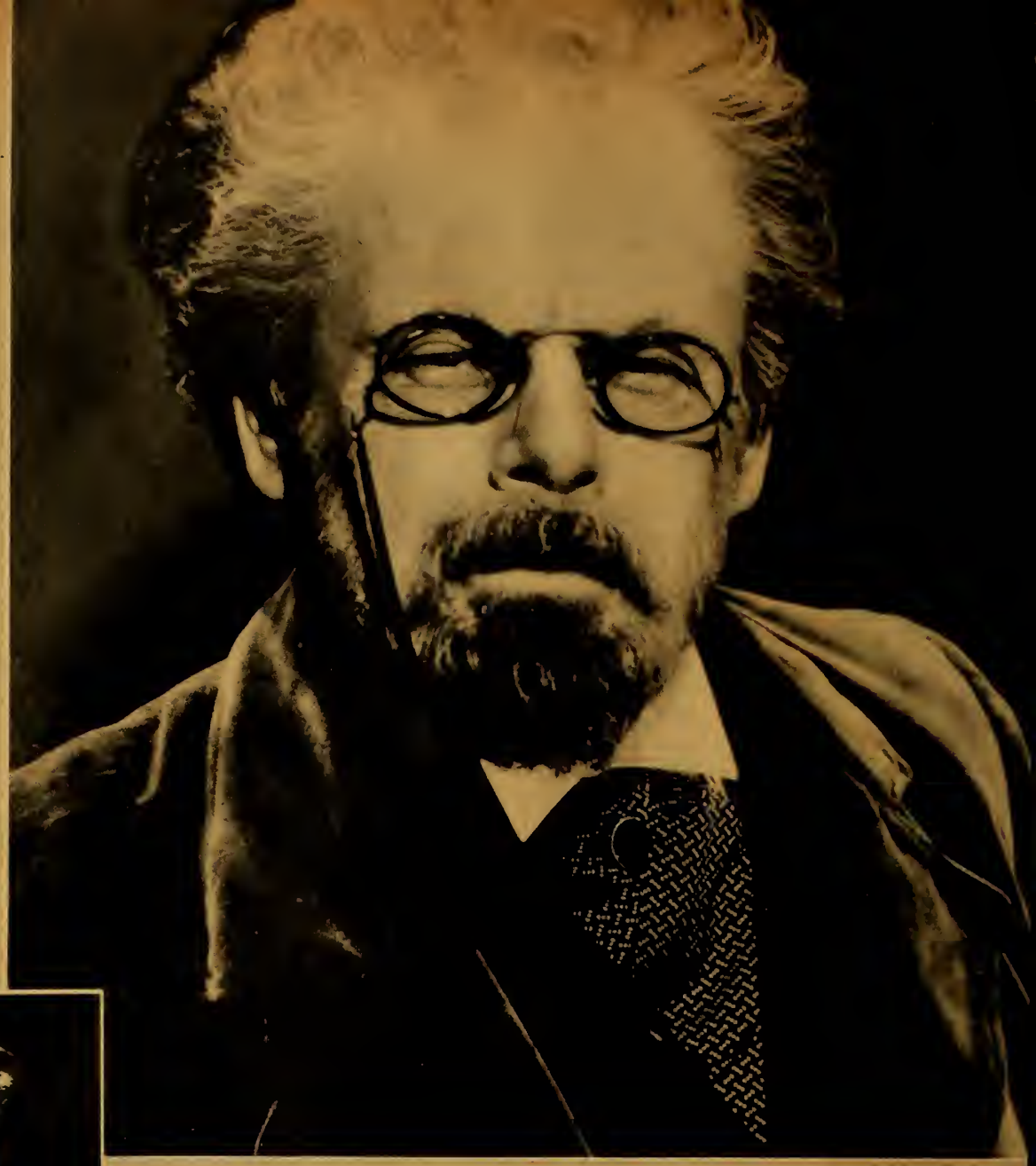


When they want to express sizzling romance, Craig Reynolds and Gertrude Niesen go fishing where tunas bite

Perc Westmore, who took this picture of Gloria Dickson, likes the sea and surf for courtin'—ditto Gloria



Paul Muni is in line again for the acting laurels of the year with his magnificent portrayal of Zola—one of the immortals of France. To see Muni as Zola is to appreciate the finest acting on the screen. It's acting ART

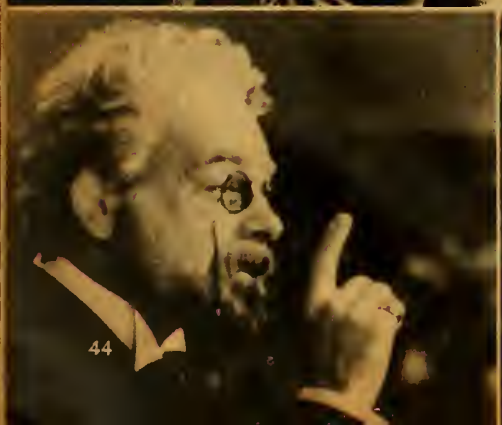


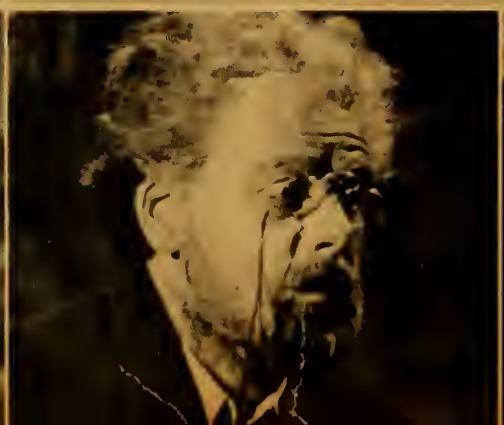


Monsieur Emile Zola

Monsieur Emile Zola? Paul Muni to you. The great French author, philosopher, humanitarian and truth-seeker comes to life in the genius of Paul Muni for characterization. In *The Life of Emile Zola* (a great picture) he gives a study comparable to his *Pasteur*

—Portraits by Longworth & Schuyler Crail







The Glamour that was—and still is—GLORIA

Gloria Swanson's fame has not diminished during a long absence from the screen. Summed up, it spells glamour

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

THE two ex-Russian generals put down their cups of coffee and stared. So did Clark Gable and Bob Taylor and Spencer Tracy, sitting together at another table. Bob's expression was excited. "Swanson!" he said. Clark nodded, his gaze frankly admiring. Spence made her a gallant little bow. "*What* an actress!" he murmured devoutly.

She crossed the M-G-M commissary, a slim, small figure with a mad little hat that looked unbelievably *chic*. Quietly she took her place with her luncheon party.

I felt an elbow nudge my ribs. The Redhead's. She purveys story ideas on Hollywood at the rate of two a minute and never has been known to miss a trick. "Look," she whispered, "there are twenty top stars in this room and *every eye is turned on Gloria Swanson*. That, my dear, is GLAMOUR! Supposing you do a story on *her*—"

"Sold!" I said. But before we could arrange an appointment, a puzzling thing happened. The elaborate plans for making *Amazing Maizie Kenyon* drifted to nothing and Gloria went to Europe. We were forced to wait until Columbia and producer Frances Marion sent her a frantic cable that made her come speeding back to do *The Second Mrs. Draper*. Then we did a marathon out to that Beverly Hills mansion of her's that has been so highlighted in Hollywood history.

Glamour? It's more strongly emphasized in Gloria today than at any time in her whole epochal career. There is a new softness about her. A new tolerance with life and living. She never was a beautiful woman. Today she *is* beautiful. Don't ask me how or why. Possibly it's because she is at that stage which Moliere describes as "the most bewitching in a woman's life." Clothes have little or nothing to do with it.

On this particular afternoon, for instance, she was wearing a dark blue skirt and a grey blouse and an impudent Scott Fitzgerald character hanky sticking out of one pocket. Her hair was straight. Very straight. And you thought, "She's *beautiful*. Exciting. Why in the name of the great god Box-Office, has she been absent so long from the screen?"

AS USUAL, the thought was parent to the word. And Gloria, lounging in the small chair of her five-year-old daughter, Michele, sat up suddenly. "Why haven't I made [*Continued on page 67*]





FRANCIS LEDERER



In private life Francis tells Margo his heart is all hers, out in Columbia's *It's All Yours*, Madeleine Carroll is the reciprocant

SUIT YOURSELF!

Wear a tailleur or a dressmaker suit, but suit yourself for Fall



Looking skywards in a chic one-button suit is Martha Heveran, famous photographers' model. Her Omar Kiam suit of green wool is piped in maroon, matching her maroon kidskin brimmed hat, pull-on gloves and oversize bag from John Frederics. Her jabot blouse of alpaca is checked in three tones



A suede sash in shades of red and grey adds a smart touch to Tala Birell's two-piece grey and black suit designed by Marjorie Michaels. The jacket buttons up the front and slit pockets complete its trimming

Tala Birell selected this smart suit dress designed by Viola Dimmitt for her Fall wardrobe. The simple oxford grey wool dress is topped by a sports jacket of grey, red and black plaid





Nan Grey, above, chose black and gold for her Fall outfit. Scallops trim the pockets and collar of the jacket which zips up front. Right, Betty Wyman, famous model, in a black wool town suit by Omar Kiam trimmed with white ermine lapels and bows



Tala Birell's favorite color is grey so she selects her new Fall spectator suit designed by Marjorie Michaels in grey wool. The tight fitting jacket which buttons up the front has bands of grey caracul outlining the collar and trimming the front of the jacket and it is encircled by a narrow red kidskin belt. Her felt sports hat and accessories are all dark grey

She Has Everything She Wants



Anne Shirley is content to take things in stride — grateful for the plums that drop into her lap

By GRACE MACK

IT SO happened that I had never met Anne Shirley, so while I was waiting for her to arrive I took a look at the studio's biography of her, to put myself up-to-date on the facts of her life. This is what I read: *"She's an eager, wistful, flame-haired lily . . ."*

Now it may be that I am suffering from imagination paralysis, or maybe I need some new rose-colored lenses for my glasses, for in the interests of truth I'll have to confess that I saw nothing of the "wistful lily" about the girl who breezed through the door a few moments later. What I saw was a starry-eyed kid in powder-blue slacks, low-heeled shoes and blue socks; the sort of girl you might see sipping a soda at your corner drug-store, or riding in an open car with a bunch of kids on their way to a dance or a football game.

In other words, if I were whipping up a word picture of Anne Shirley, I'd say: *She typifies carefree young girlhood.* And the paradoxical thing about this is that Anne, herself, has never really had any carefree young girlhood. Before she was out of the cradle her father died, and when she was fourteen months of age, Anne became the bread-winner for her mother and herself, by posing [*Continued on page 77*]



Anne is engaged to John Howard Payne. There'll be a marriage early this Fall

Hollywood "Humanizes" a Tenor

Nino Martini has not only learned to take Hollywood's hazing gracefully, but to hand it out, too

By MOLLY GARDNER

VERONA'S Nino Martini, the best tenor in all of Italy, some say, has just been given the initiation reserved by Hollywoodians for visiting artistes. And he has come through with flying colors. He is now a member in excellent standing of the cinema colony's Visiting Good Scouts and Regular Fellows Club.

Just why Mr. Martini, a middling-tall, slim young fellow of thirty-one, with fine features set in a small face, and eyes as blue as the Mediterranean at midnight, the lids crinkled from laughing, should have to be initiated again (he's made five shorts, one minor appearance in *Paramount on Parade*, two starring appearances) remains another film city mystery. But, anyway, when Mr. Martini, who has a streak of mischief as broad as Hollywood's own, arrived this season for Producer Jesse Lasky's and RKO-Radio's *Music for Madame*, he had to go through the hazing all over again.

It's been that way with the majority of "Met" darlings who have warbled their way into sightly film contracts. Hollywood looks at these imported canaries with bilious eye, and something resembling a sophomoric prejudice. It refuses to be awed by "ah'd"-voiced interlopers, and the hazing begins. Mr. Martini, whose first name is pronounced plain old "Nee-no" with no fancy twists, is not an exception.

"Pronounce. it *Nino*, with the *'nya'* sound," informs Mr Martini, "and it means 'boy baby' in Spanish." Mr. Martini, we hasten to say, is far from being a baby, unless the child be exceedingly precocious. He is utterly Italian; which, in this instance, means he is utterly uninhibited, wordly, full of sly humor, and joy of life. It explains why he took to Hollywood's hazing like a duck to water. Or a goose.

Many top-notch songbirds have taken less gracefully to the good-natured horseplay of the sets, which is about what the hazing amounts to. Hollywood, with the gusto of sophomore fraternity brothers, is quick to sense those fourteen-karat artistes whose self-love is bigger than their senses of humor. Life soon becomes unbearable to them as they make their film debuts. They are the butts of innumerable pranks.

It wasn't that way with Lawrence Tibbett. Once a movie extra and Coast prologue singer, the film craftsmen looked upon Larry as a prodigal son returned. Grace Moore might have suffered the fate of other of her songbird brethren, but the colonists soon caught on that *La* Moore was as democratic as the ticket her Southern kinfolk regularly voted. And this despite the rumblings about her wrath at Producer Harry Cohn for (1) making her milk a cow in *The King Steps Out*, (2) sing *Minnie the Moocher* in *When You're in Love*, (3) requesting that she sing *St. Louis Blues* in *I'll Take Romance*. Publicity-wise, her set worker friends recognize propaganda when they see it.

Lily Pons, the pint-sized coloratura from Cannes, gave the film inquisitionists no doubts about her sportsmanship. They liked her immediately and in no time were calling her "Snookie." Nelson Eddy had a time adjusting himself to film informalities. He once complained bitterly to me, before his studio realized what valuable property they had in the blond baritone, about the indignities he was put to in the filming of *Naughty Marietta*—the sloshing about in muddy swamps. His carefully guarded throat objected, and laryngitis resulted. But he wasn't the box-office beacon he is now, and nobody paid much attention to the baritone's sore throat.

What fretted Eddy was the way some of the front office boys addressed him. "Hi, Nelse! How's your love life?" they greeted him. That was enough to make Rhode Island Eddy, whose ancestry walks right back to a United States president, Martin Van Buren, burn with long, [*Continued on page* 103]





20th-Fox has put Iva Stewart on a pedestal to isolate her from the crowd. A stock player, Iva's as talented as she is decorative



Doris Weston, who stands on her own good legs, is Warner's new songbird

The TALK of Holly

Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings on in that dear old Hollywood

CLARK GABLE says the experience of working with Mary Dees, in the finishing shots of *Saratoga*, was weird. Mary stepped into the vacancy left by Jean Harlow—and so much did she look like Jean that Clark says it was uncanny. He couldn't get over the feeling that he was working with a ghost.

Booked Solid

IF JOAN CRAWFORD is interested in anything, she wants all her friends interested, too. Joan likes to share her enthusiasms with all her pals . . . So if Joan goes out to buy a newly-published book she doesn't stop at one copy—she proceeds to buy three or four dozen and these are given to her intimates. This is sometimes an expensive little hobby, but it has its advantages . . . Recently James Hilton was a guest of Joan's. He looked over her library and to Joan's surprise told her that she had *five* first editions of his best-seller, *Lost Horizon* . . . Joan doesn't know how many first editions she has given away—but she's hanging on to these!

Topsy-Turvy Town

WORKING on a movie set recently was Betty Blythe, once a multi-thousand dollar a week star, now working as a $7.50 a day extra. And on the same set with her was Walter Brennan—for many years a $7.50 a day extra and now a multi-thousand dollars a week character actor.

Is Your Dog Going Blind?

GEORGE MURPHY has a pet dog that he's had for many years—and the dog has been his close companion through all his ups and downs. Naturally, George is greatly attached to it and was horrified to learn recently that his good old friend was going blind.

He hurried the dog to the "vet," spent several hundred dollars, only to be informed by one and all that there was nothing to be done—the case was hopeless. They said the only kind thing was to put him out of his misery.

And at this point Charles Ruggles stepped into the picture. Charlie is a noted dog fancier and breeder and what he doesn't know about canines is nobody's business. He examined George's dog and recommended bathing his eyes in milk once every hour for several days. That seemed so simple that George wondered if it could possibly work—but he nevertheless determined to give it a try. So every hour the dog got his eye-bath—and if George couldn't be there to do it, well there was Mrs. Murphy. Even the housekeeper and chauffeur were called into service.

To the joy of the complete Murphy menage—it worked! The pooch is completely recovered and George is a happy man again.

Hollywhittlings

WHEN Marlene Dietrich leaves Hollywood for a trip she sends flowers to all her friends . . . John Barrymore and Carole Lombard are each other's favorite troupers on a set . . . Jack Benny is so used to speaking his lines standing before a "mike" that when



Bill Powell resumes work in *Double Wedding* following shock of Harlow's death



Dick Foran, when away from the studio, finds relaxation in his garden with the socialite Missus, the former Ruth Hollingsworth, and their dog, Battle

wood

he has to read lines seated (in making a picture) he "blows"—higher than a kite . . . Gary Cooper's drawl is even more pronounced off the screen than on . . . Gail Patrick and her husband, Bob Cobb, celebrate their wedding anniversary every month . . . when Sonja Henie's tiny hand and footprints were imprinted in the court of Grauman's Chinese Theatre, Tyrone Power was her most admiring witness . . . Mary Boland maintains a two-bed room in a Los Angeles hospital for the use of needy motion picture players . . . Jean Hersholt was once a noted bicycle rider . . . Betty Grable says the reason she is buying a house is on account of she wants a real home; but friends insist she *had* to get a house big enough to take care of the Great Dane that Jackie Coogan gave her . . . Arthur Treacher is so crazy about his dog that he carries a picture of him in his wallet . . . Zasu Pitts is really so attractive that make-up men have their hands full in keeping her "plain" for her movie roles . . . on Errol Flynn's birthday his pals hired six uniformed messenger boys to troop onto the set with a huge cake, and carol *Happy Birthday to You* . . . Jane Withers has bought Jackie Searl's pony



Claude Rains may win that Academy Award for acting in *They Won't Forget*



Mark Twain's *Tom Sawyer* comes to life in Tommy Kelly—12-year-old Bronx youngster



Mervyn LeRoy discovered Lana Turner in high school, cast her in *They Won't Forget*. Looks like stardom ahead



Cantor's crystal spells love for Tony Martin-June Lang in *Ali Baba Goes to Town*



Louise Hovick (Gypsy Rose Lee to you) is well covered in *Ali Baba Goes to Town*



A silent man (G. C.) becomes ardent lover in *The Adventures of Marco Polo*



Mary Maguire of Australia sails into prominence in the forthcoming *Alcatraz*



The dirt farmer about to dig up the top soil in his back yard is George Brent

and as result she eats standing up . . . Joan Fontaine has a novel diet idea: she eats a piece of candy before dinner—then eats no dinner . . . Francis Lederer brings his own lunch on the set when he's working —a quart of milk and four bran muffins . . . Gertrude Michael buys all her lip rouge at the 5-and-10 . . . Boris Karloff was in this country twenty-four years before he got to see New York . . . Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond fed spaghetti and chili to their first dinner guests . . . Shirley Temple caused a laugh-riot when she walked off the set where she had been doing a dramatic crying scene, made a deep bow to the troupe and cried, "Buck Benny rides again!" . . . Fred Keating's bantam hen, "Duke," has a great yen for beer . . . Betty Furness lost her car keys the other day on Hollywood Boulevard. A large crowd of fans helped her hunt for them but it was no go—she finally had to send to the auto agency for new ones . . . Chester Morris fans are thrilled with the new natural colored photographs he's sending out . . . Sonja Henie has applied for citizenship papers . . . Eddie Cantor has to wear unusually heavy make-up so he won't have to shave on the set in the afternoon . . . Gary Cooper believes in Safety First—he carries a rabbit's foot on the dash-board of his car and has a fire extinguisher under the seat . . . Madeleine Carroll lives on the trust fund established for her by her husband, Capt. Philip Astley. Her movie pay checks are turned over to him to be invested in real estate . . . the prize for the Dish-of-the-Month goes to Jack Haley: he likes apple sauce on baked beans . . .

Giggle-o'-the-Month

THE quiet and dignified Herbert Marshall has proved himself to be a past master in the gentle art of ribbing! Recently, while Marshall was working, Dr. Eric Locke, the company manager, came on the set and proceeded to display a new loud-bell alarm clock he had just purchased . . . Gravely Bart examined the clock—and when



Marie Wilson, who has a flair for comedy, has moments of drama in *The Great Garrick*



One of the new blonde hopes in Hollywood is Virginia Dale, who's in *Mr. Dodd Takes the Air*

Dr. Locke's back was turned set the alarm for 6:15! Then he calmly put the clock back in its box and tied it into a neat parcel. . . .

On the way home from the studio, the dignified Dr. Locke was sitting in a crowded bus, when suddenly all ears were shattered by a screaming alarm. To Dr. Locke's utter confusion he found that the racket was coming from the parcel on his own lap! . . . For one awful moment he didn't know whether to throw it out the window, unwrap it or just bear it . . . He decided on the latter course and sat stoically through five minutes of alarm-jangling! Much to the amusement of the other passengers!

Snicker-o'-the-Month

EDDIE CANTOR and Alan Dinehart were rehearsing a scene in *Ali Baba Goes to Town*. It seems that Dinehart was supposed to plunge a knife into Eddie's back, (just a good old Hollywood custom!) but the collapsible knife they were using refused to work—it collapsed on the first blow and stuck. Again and again it was tried with no success.

"Come, come," said Cantor, "Let's get a real knife. That will finish Cantor and then you can all go home."

Eadie Was a Lady

WORKING on a set with Luise Rainer, is Eadie Adams who says she gets "so *mad*" when people say that Rainer is temperamental and high-hat.

"I'm new to the screen," says Eadie, "and naturally I was plenty jittery working with the great Rainer. But I didn't have a thing to worry about—she was marvelous!"

Eadie was sold the very first day on the set. It seems they'd had a great many rehearsals and everybody was nervous about Rainer. Suddenly she turned to the other players and said in her best little girl manner: "You are all so kind to me! You are mos' patient with my fonny accent. I know you mus' all be tired—but I am so-o grateful!"

Does that sound highfalutin'?

"No!" storms Eadie. "She's marvelous!"

Like a Sister Act

KATHARINE HEPBURN and Ginger Rogers are such perfect little ladies! They're working together in *Stage Door* and getting along famously. Even though Katie will get top billing, there are no feuds and Ginger remembers all the polite things her Mother taught her. They even say nice things about each other, behind each other's back!

Katie says: "Ginger is a charming girl." And Ginger says seriously: "That girl can certainly act!"

Gar-Boos

MORE than a year ago Garbo emerged from her Aloneness long enough to tell M-G-M that she wished to play in the movie version of *Tovarich*—a play that was having great success in New York. She asked the story department to buy it for her . . . M-G-M didn't buy it and Warner's did. So that is that. And Garbo is quite annoyed in her own quiet way. (Claudette Colbert will be seen in the part of the Grand Duchess, the role Garbo coveted. —Ed.)



Jean Parker and Douglass Montgomery start a new life together in their Columbia film, *Life Begins With Love*

Elissa Landi favors horseback riding and can take the hurdles

It's the

Out where men become native sons and tourists grab autographs, the movie players go in for all kinds of sports—not forgetting croquet

By DICK PINE

PUT a polo mallet, tennis racket, golf club, or whatever, into the hands of a movie celebrity, and the betting is that he (or she) in scarcely any time at all, gains the reputation of being an expert at that particular game. Able to give the best in the world an argument. When Southern California builds a race-track, it is no ordinary track. No! Ascot, Epsom Downs, Goodwood, Longchamps, Anteuil, Saratoga, and Belmont Park, have to "look to their laurels". (I quote from the press.)

Hollywood does nothing by halves. If it does a thing at all, that thing stays done; and, when reading about it in our eminent and unbiased press, one can learn more adjectives than ever came out of the little red school-house.

Well, let us take a peek into this thing. It's not *all* the vaporings of turgid, high-powered press agents, nor the baa-ings of "native sons" (and daughters). We have people here who can swing

Dolores Del Rio (left) "plays at" tennis, dresses a good game. Frank Shields was No. 1 tennis ace in 1933. Carole Lombard (below) seated with champion Alice Marble, is considered the tennis ace among femme stars

—*Rhodes*

Three of the best golfers are Richard Arlen (top), Bing Crosby and Irene Dunne. Arlen entered the 1936 British Amateur; Irene has made a hole-in-one three times

Sporting Thing To Do

a polo mallet without maiming their horses; people who can find the deep corners of a tennis court: people who can play a round of golf without having to replace a single divot.

Shall we start with tennis? Number one, of course, is Frank Shields, who sprang into the first ten ranking United States tennis players in 1928, and was ranked first in 1933. It's hardly fair to include him, perhaps, since he came into pictures only after he had attained prominence as a tennis player. Not that he isn't making good as an actor. He is. Ask Sam Goldwyn. Sam has "plans" for him. Apart from Shields, the two best bona-fide cinematennists are Errol Flynn and Gilbert Roland among the men, and Constance Bennett and Carole Lombard among the women. Connie tackled her tennis with the same grim determination with which she tackled her career. Practically everyone around her was playing this tennis game. She would look into it. She did. And she has made good at it.

Carole Lombard is often to be found whacking balls over the net to Claudette Colbert, on Claudette's court in Holmby Hills. Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald (or should one now say Mrs. Gene Raymond?) are ardent tennists. If they are not exactly tournament players, they, at least, get a lot of exercise.

MARION DAVIES' tennis parties are on a par with Marion's other parties. She is one of the most gracious hostesses in the colony. People play tennis, madly, all over the place, and for very desirable prizes, too. Marion is fond of the game, and plays it for sheer enjoyment, win or lose, and she does both graciously.

Dolores Del Rio "plays at" tennis. She plays very hard and very often. She has *la dernier cri* in tennis equipment and tennis outfits. For spectators, there is a pavilion in which one sits on overstuffed furniture; there are card tables, and there is a small bar where one can sip lemonade (or whatnot) from glasses embossed with crossed tennis rackets. This crossed tennis racket motif is also carried out in the rugs. The whole is worked out in a color scheme of red, white, and blue. If Dolores isn't one of our very best players, she is one of the most graceful [*Continued on page* 64]



At right is Margaret Lindsay who prefers archery



Speaking of swimming, Joan Crawford calls it her favorite dish

Dorothy Wilson plays badminton, with an instructor for partner

The sport of kings (horse-racing) finds Bing Crosby owning 21 bangtails — and sometimes they win





—*Acme*

Joe E. Brown owns quite a stable and poses with one of his horses to prove it

Spencer Tracy (below) is one of the better polo players





—*Wide World*

Guinn (Big Boy) Williams is Hollywood's ranking poloist, and rates five goals

He's Funny That Way

Haley is the name (Jack, not Selassie) and he has a style of comedy all his own. So that's why you fans are that way about him

By REGINALD TAVINER

ONE day, quite a few years ago, a couple of newsboys were standing on a Boston street corner peddling their papers and blowing upon their benumbed hands to warm them. Just kids hardly in their 'teens, they were talking about what they'd be when they grew up.

"Gee," one of them said wistfully, "I know a guy who makes $35 a week. If I could make $35 a week I wouldn't ever want anything more."

"I'd be satisfied with $25 a week," replied the other. "If I got $25 a week—gee!"

Such were their ideas of riches beyond the dreams of avarice, then. One of those boys was Elmer Ward, now president of the company which makes Palm Beach clothing; he, of course, is now a multi-millionaire. The other boy was Jack Haley, the cinema sensation of *Wake Up and Live*. Jack isn't exactly broke, either.

Between then and now, in Haley's case at least, there's quite a story. It isn't only a success story or a charming love story, although it contains both of these; more than either, it's an intensely human story. For Jack, long Hollywood's Forgotten Man, at last has been thrust into the spotlight as one of its ace funsters.

In Hollywood Jack Haley isn't considered exactly a colorful personage. About him there is none of the the- [*Continued on page* 92]



Jack went big in *Wake Up and Live* —his next is *Danger—Love at Work*



From left to right, Voguettes Ida Vollmar, Dorothy Day and Katharine Aldridge ornament their crowning glory with acacias, a chiffon veil and a velvet bow

Beauty in Color

Place the accent on color for your new Fall make-up

By DENISE CAINE

WHEN you see the luscious colors of Walter Wanger's technicolor picture, *Vogues of 1938,* one of the first things you notice is the lovely hair of the fifteen models, those "most photographed girls in the world" . . . Blonde, brunette or redhead—each model has hair that shows faithful and careful grooming in every gleaming highlight and smooth wave.

In making this picture, the girls had frequent scalp treatments, under the direction of a famous scalp specialist, to prevent the blazing studio lights from harming the texture of their hair and robbing it of its natural oils and elasticity. Special oils, tonics and pomades were used, while brushing and massage kept the scalp muscles exercised. Frances Joyce is shown having one of these treatments, including the professional brushing, application of tonic and the stimulating massage.

The pompadour curls, soft rolls and flower ornaments which many of the models wore in this picture are difficult to maintain unless the hair is in perfect health. Dorothy Day, shown wearing a chiffon scarf over her gleaming curls, brushes her hair conscientiously before she goes to bed and again in the morning. She finds that this brushing, together with the use of specialized tonics, keeps that enviable sheen in her hair. And she's wise enough to know that her hair is one of the reasons she keeps her job! Dorothy uses a brush which is made by the sister scalp specialists responsible for the models' pretty hair. The bristles are long, flexible, yet firm, so that they penetrate through the hair to the scalp, sweeping it free of all dust.

She also uses a smaller brush, which is a miniature of the larger one, to polish and smooth her finished coiffure.

IDA VOLLMAR, the girl with a cluster of acacias fastened effectively in her evening hair-do, also takes special precautions to keep her blonde hair shining perfection. It must not be allowed to grow darker, as neglected blonde hair will [*Continued on page* 82]



Frances Joyce, one of the most photographed girls in the world, undergoes a scalp treatment to keep her hair healthy and lovely

Have you checked up on your looks lately? Hair getting dull and dry? Pores enlarging? Nails splitting? Or are you tired of the same old hair-do, the same face powder? If these or other beauty problems are bothering you, write to Denise Caine. She'll gladly help you and give your problem individual attention. Write to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City, and don't forget, please, to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

PICTURE



THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA —AAAA—

Warner Brothers, through Paul Muni, have given birth to another masterpiece, for *The Life of Emile Zola* is one of the finest artistic creations to grace the screen. Both the producers and Muni were lavish in their recreation of France's great dramatist and exponent of the truth. Muni's *Louis Pasteur* won raves and the Academy Award for him, but as *Zola* he even surpasses that great performance. Muni doesn't act the part of *Zola*, he lives it. He doesn't resort to dramatic trickeries to win your tears and smiles; he does it quietly and modestly. *The Life of Emile Zola* is not really a biographical study, but a picture of a warm heart and a great soul, for the major part of the film deals with the Dreyfus case. Joseph Schildkraut is excellent in the role of *Captain Dreyfus* and Gale Sondergaard scores as his wife. Others in the cast who earn applause are Gloria Holden, Donald Crisp, Henry O'Neil and Morris Carnovsky. And William Dieterle rates encomiums for his direction.—*Warner Bros.*



STELLA DALLAS —AAAA—

You may have read the book, you may have seen the play, or, you may even have seen the silent version of this poignant human drama, but don't use one, or even all three reasons, as an excuse for not seeing Samuel Goldwyn's *Stella Dallas*. The story isn't fresh, but it is designed for emotional effect and it surely succeeds in bringing forth the tears. While it will appeal particularly to women, men also will recognize the realism of this tragedy and they won't be able to escape its spell. *Stella Dallas* is the story of a common woman who is married to a man outside her class. She loses her daughter to him and her great trial of sacrifice is one of the most stirring scenes ever presented on the screen. Barbara Stanwyck in the title role is superb and Anne Shirley as her daughter almost equals Miss Stanwyck's artistic performance. John Boles scores in the difficult role of the father, while Alan Hale excels as the other man. The entire cast was chosen with much finesse—*Goldwyn-United Artists.*



YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING —AAA½—

The title is just a teaser for Fox gives you everything—and, of the best, too, in their latest musical. *You Can't Have Everything* is bright, scintillating and chuck full of box-office names. The story is about a small town girl, Alice Faye, an amateur playwright, who expects to panic New York. Don Ameche, a director of musical shows, discovers Alice, stranded and hungry, and persuades his producer, Charles Winninger, to exercise his charitable nature. Deluded into believing that the money is for an option on her play, Alice's success goes to her head. When her romance with Don is muddled by Louise Hovick (also known as Gypsy Rose Lee) who claims prior rights, Alice takes flight in a bad temper, but is lured back. Her serious play is converted into a musical hit and Alice is completely mollified. Adding their talents to those of the principals are Tony Martin, Rubinoff, the Ritz Brothers, Tip Tap and Toe (a colored trio), and Louis Prima and his band.—*20th Century-Fox.*

CARD INDEX OF

PARADE

THE TOAST OF NEW YORK

—AAA½—

Culled from a colorful period in American history, *The Toast of New York* scores as a comedy drama. Relating the rise of *Jim Fisk* from a peddler to one of the most powerful financiers of Wall Street, it is packed with human interest. Edward Arnold in the role of *Fisk* turns in one of his best performances, and Cary Grant, an associate, is attractively convincing in his part. Jack Oakie, another associate, brings comedy relief, but it is Donald Meek, in the role of *Daniel Drew*, who highlights this drama of American finance. The romantic angle is taken care of by Frances Farmer who as *Josie Mansfield* incites rivalry between Grant and Arnold for her love. Miss Farmer performs with much feeling and warmth and is breathtakingly lovely in her period costumes designed by Edward Stevenson. A thrilling climax is introduced when *Fisk*, mad with power, is determined to corner the gold market and causes the panic.—*RKO-Radio.*



HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME

—AAA—

Considerable expense, a considerable cast and considerable time have been employed toward making this epic of the oil fields an outstanding achievement. The story features a young dreamer who drills for oil on his farm—his dream leading him to thinking how oil will light and heat the world. But before he triumphs he is forced to overcome a flock of obstacles which can only be accomplished in heroic exploits on the screen. It starts off soundly enough, establishing its characters, planting the love interest in the figure of Irene Dunne, a singer with a medicine wagon—who loves and is loved by Randolph Scott—our dreamer. But from the moment that the liquid gold pours forth the story becomes a series of melodramatic climaxes and anti-climaxes—concentrating most of its action in mob battles between the hired stooges of the railroads—and the farmers who fight to bring their oil to the refineries.—*Paramount.*



TOPPER

—AAA—

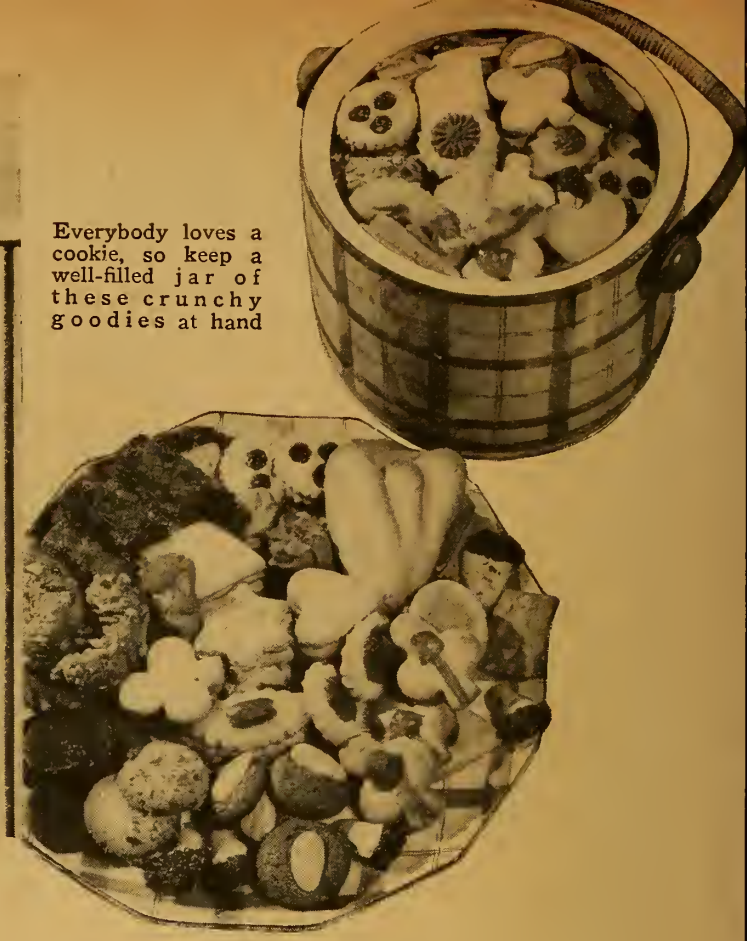
Adapted from the late Thorne Smith's fantasy of the same name, *Topper* is tops in screen entertainment. Pure fantasy, it is novel and delightfully giddy. It employs the technique of "now you see it, now you don't," first used in *The Invisible Man*. The invisible stuff is applied to the ghosts of *Mr. and Mrs. Kirby*, a couple of gay sophisticates, who after being killed in an automobile accident return in ectoplasmic form to do their good deed before they can enter the gates of St. Peter. *Mr. Topper*, a humble, hen-pecked bank president is the object of their charity. Constance Bennett is captivating as *Mrs. Kirby* and her return to the screen is an auspicious occasion. Cary Grant as *Mr. Kirby* and Roland Young as *Topper* both score hits with their swell performances, while Billie Burke as *Mrs. Topper* is charming and sure. Alan Mowbray is grand in the role of butler. It's sheer nonsense, but you'll love it.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*



THE LATEST MOVIES



When Ginger Rogers isn't burning up her energy before cameras, she keeps an eye on the oven to see that her cookies don't burn



Everybody loves a cookie, so keep a well-filled jar of these crunchy goodies at hand

Cookies Star on the Home Lot

Every cookie has its roll. Cast them according to type

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

CALL-ING AL-L COOK-IES . . .
Take your places on the home set! Extras needed for special hospitality scenes—every recipe stars in this popular home baking contest—you may win your husband's love if you read this article carefully.

Yes, believe it or not, every one of your favorite stars has his or her favorite crunchy cookie! Funny thing, that Ginger Rogers happens to carry around a few gingersnaps to munch when Fred Astaire is not asking her *Shall We Dance?* And Wallace Beery and Fred MacMurray couldn't be left with a cookie jar within rifle range of either one of them. As for such charming hostesses as Joan Crawford and Ann Sothern, they report it's "cookies preferred" at their clever studio parties. To Freddie Bartholomew, Shirley Temple, and the younger set, life is just a jar of cookies.

So why not win *your* home popularity contest and feed your family foods liked by movie stars? Bake some or all types of these delicious, crunchy and toothsome morsels frequently, and keep on hand a well filled cookie-jar gone modern.

Cookies thin and dainty, of wafer texture, are exactly suited to the graceful service of the afternoon tea-tray or evening light hospitality occasion when friends drop in. Such delicate cookies are also a pleasing top-off accompaniment to stewed fruits and other simple desserts, when one or two may be laid on the dessert plate, or a gay assortment passed separately.

A well filled cookie jar, whether it be a gaily painted tin box or an old-fashioned earthen crock, is a true treasure chest to boys and men alike, and should be kept in easy reach of those midnight raiders who rifle the refrigerator, hands up. For the cookie jar, provide thick and hearty cookies, with plenty of those special hunger-holders, the cookie with a toothsome inner filling of jam, fruit paste or mincemeat. These are particularly suitable also for tucking into the school or other lunch-box, or for laying out as an after-school snack to be taken with a glass of milk or a hot postum or cocoa beverage.

ANOTHER suggested use for home-made cookies is as a gift to the traveler as a 'bon voyage' box. Different varieties made with care make an attractive as well as appetizing box which "looks a whole lot more" than the small cost of its ingredients. A few cookies are acceptable and satisfying at odd hours, when regular meals may be delayed, or for that final munch while reading oneself to sleep.

Cast Your Cookies According to Type!

As just suggested, there are cookies for every occasion, and each falls more or less into the following distinct types and uses:

ROLLED COOKIES
(Usually cast for more ordinary and serious parts)

Made from stiff dough; rolled out thin on floured board; cut with round or fancy shape cutter. Thick type.

FILLED COOKIES
(A variation of the rolled)

Two rounds of rolled dough put together with fruit filling.

REFRIGERATOR COOKIES
(Suitable for more sophisticated parts and decidedly "up-stage")

Made from rich and fairly stiff dough; thoroughly chilled before cutting or slicing direct from the roll of dough. Tender, crisp and wafer-thin.

DROP COOKIES
(Perfect for dainty or ingenue parts)

[*Continued on page* 80]

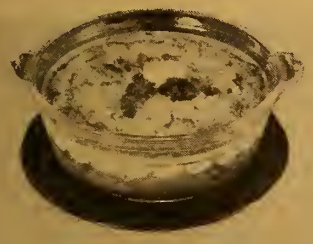
$500.00 — 43 CASH AWARDS

A FREE GIFT FOR EACH ENTRANT FROM BRILLO

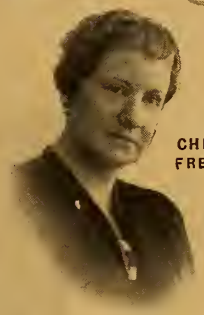
Just Name This

MYSTERY RECIPE

NOTHING TO BUY—IT'S EASY TO WIN!



Here is fun! Adventure! Generous awards in CASH and SILVERWARE. You'll get a free, surprise gift from Brillo, anyway, just for entering. Supply a name for this mystery recipe. That's all. Do it now!



CHRISTINE FREDERICK



Edward Arnold, Jean Arthur, appearing in the Paramount picture, "Easy Living," are judges with Christine Frederick, our Household Editor.

??? MYSTERY DISH ???

2 pounds veal steak	1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
1 pound ham slice	2 tablespoons parsley, minced
4 tablespoons shortening	1 tablespoon lemon juice
4 onions, sliced	2 cups tomato juice
2 teaspoons salt	2 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon pepper	6 hard cooked eggs

Cut veal into 2-inch squares and ham into 2-inch strips. Saute in shortening, together with onion. Add all seasonings. Add tomato juice which has been heated. Cover, and simmer 30 minutes. Remove meats to greased round casserole. Thicken remaining gravy with flour, and pour over meat. Arrange hard eggs on top.

BISCUIT CRUST

Roll chilled biscuit dough ¼-inch thick, and of size to cover casserole, allowing 1 inch all around. Cut dough into 6 wedges and arrange on hot meat. Turn edges under and press on rim. Fashion a "rose" of left over pastry strips, and insert on top. Bake 20 minutes, very hot oven (450° F.). (Serves 6.)

Mrs. Christine Frederick wants a name for her mystery recipe at the left. Think of a name like "Yum Yum Pie," "Delicioso," and send it in today. Make the dish for your own enjoyment, but whether you make the dish now or not, send in your entry today. Be sure and include the names of the nationally advertised products you would serve in addition to this dish to make a complete meal. Such products are advertised in this magazine, newspapers and in other magazines.



3RD PRIZE—this beautiful 61-piece chest of 1881 (R) Rogers (R) Silverware, made and guaranteed by Oneida, Ltd. A complete chest. Everything for serving eight persons. Graceful Palm Springs Pattern. Follow easy rules at right to win. Use coupon below.

A FREE GIFT FROM BRILLO FOR YOU!

FREE SAMPLE—Big BRILLO metal-fibre SOAP-FILLED PAD. Cleans, scours and polishes. Makes aluminum utensils and all pots and pans look like new. Cuts grease. Removes stains and grime. Saves time. Eliminates messy rags and brushes. Enter contest now and get your BRILLO SOAP PAD *FREE!*



KEEPS ALUMINUM BRILLIANT

RULES

1. Submit as many names as you like on separate sheets of paper. 2. All entries must contain names of at least *three* (3) nationally advertised products to be served with the MYSTERY RECIPE. 3. Contestant's name, address must appear clearly on entry coupon. 4. All entries become property of Fawcett Publications, Inc., and may be used in any way publishers wish. Coupons must be in mail before Midnight, November 1, 1937. Coupons will not be returned. 5. Judges' decisions final. Contest barred to employees and families of Fawcett Publications, Inc., or their agents. 6. Equal awards will be paid in case of ties.

AWARDS

$200.00 1st prize; $100.00 2nd prize; 61 Piece Chest of Rogers Silverware 3rd prize; $50.00 4th prize; 20 prizes of $5.00 each; 20 prizes of $2.50 each.

Mail to Christine Frederick, Household Editor, Fawcett Publications, Inc., 1501 Broadway, New York City.

For a complete meal with the above Mystery Recipe I recommend the following advertised products: (Give brand names)

1 Soup ..... 2 Salad Dressing .....

3 Crackers ..... 4 Dessert .....

5 Pickles ..... 6 Coffee .....

MY NAME FOR THE MYSTERY RECIPE IS:

.....

Send Brillo Soap Pad Sample to:

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

It's The Sporting Thing To Do

[*Continued from page 57*]



When Pat Paterson finishes her role in *52nd Street*, maybe she's going to play the part of cupid for she's rehearsing with her bow and arrow. Pat's a perfect marksman, she made a bull's eye with cupid's dart the first time she met Charles Boyer

in action. I don't know much about the "poetry of motion," but I should imagine that Dolores must be its personification. A friend of hers observed recently, "Dolores, darling, I'm sure you could have beaten . . . . . if you had tried harder." Dolores smiled languidly. "Maybe I could have beaten him, but do you think men like to be beaten at their own games?"

Glenda Farrell thought that she just *had* to put in a tennis court on her grounds. She put it in, and played once. Glenda was afflicted with stiffness. Her friends recommended lotions and liniments. She tried them all. Glenda's tennis court has now become a croquet court. Croquet is far less strenuous, but Glenda is far less stiff. And talking of croquet, one of the requisites of Alison Skipworth's design for living was a croquet court. She had one made. Now she's going to plant an orchard on it. But don't get her wrong. Skippy *loves* croquet.

BUT to get back to tennis. When you see *Stella Dallas*, take particular note of the tennis game between Anne Shirley and Tim Holt. They are not "doubled," and they put up a whale of a game. (Note to S. M. Goldwyn: Don't "cut" this scene, and make it impossible for me to take my face out of the red.)

Groucho Marx tells me he plays tennis. I don't ask you to believe it. When I asked him, he may have been thinking of mumbletypeg or horse-shoe pitching. However, Groucho says he plays tennis, and it's all right with me. Incidentally, the other day, Groucho teamed up with tennis "pro," Ellsworth Vines, and they were trimmed by Fred Perry, the tennis king of 'em all, and Charlie Chaplin. It was the world's screwiest match —Groucho saw to that.

Ralph Bellamy and Charlie Farrell are the proprietors of a tennis club out on the desert at Palm Springs. Here can be seen the tennis elite of Movieland—good, bad, and indifferent. Among the "goods" not already mentioned are Robert Armstrong, Marian Marsh (who is the proud possessor of eleven club championships), and Johnny Mack Brown. When I called on Johnny a day or two ago, he was expecting Bellamy to play a set or two on his (Johnny's) court. He begged me to "sit around and play the winner." I sat around all right, but after seeing them get down to business, I excused myself from tennis, and suggested a nice game of *parchesi*. I have seen similar form displayed at Wimbledon. Well, let us say in the earlier rounds, if we must be exact.

You may know that Johnny Mack Brown was the boy who came west with Alabama's Crimson Tide football team, to play in the New Year's Day game at the Pasadena Rose Bowl some ten years ago. He ran away with the game. Not long afterwards, he was in Hollywood, seeking a movie career, and appeared opposite Mary Pickford in *Coquette*. He has been doing very well, ever since. Johnny is quite a strenuous young man, aside from tennis. His squash, handball, polo, and swimming all approach first class.

Among other tennis enthusiasts are Roland Young, Lyda Roberti, and Rosita Lawrence. Roland Young "took" tennis at his English school in preference to cricket. He likes neither cricket nor tea!

I SUPPOSE golf comes next. Almost everybody plays golf, or "plays at it." Consequently, there are golf courses every two or three miles around this Hollywood of ours. And, of course, they are all comparable to St. Andrews, Carnoustie, Baltusrol, Merion, and way points. But, without any preamble, let me present the champeen of all Hollywood. And, in all seriousness, let me tell you that he is a golfer who can hold his own in any company. I give you Bing Crosby, who has recently won the championship of Lakeside, which, to all intents and purposes, means the championship of the motion picture colony. Apart from Bing's aptitude for the game, one of his greatest assets is a complete lack of nerves. I saw him play in his final match. His opponent, who had been touted to win by the wise sports writers, seemed bothered by the gallery. No so Bing. He teed the ball, drove as well as he knew how, approached, and putted, unperturbed by anything.

Not far behind Bing is Dick Arlen. Bing and Dick play together frequently. Last year, while Dick was making a picture in England, he had a clause in his contract which permitted him to compete in the British Amateur Championship. Unlike a number of people, Dick not only *talks* a good game of golf, he *plays* a good game, too. He has to, to be permitted to play in the British Amateur. He didn't win it, but the fellow who did, has a great deal more time to devote to golf than Dick. And don't think that Jobyna Ralston, Dick's wife, is a golf widow. Joby can give a good account of herself. She is the winner of the Catalina Woman's Tournament, and shoots consistently in the low 80's. Harold Lloyd, who has a sporty nine-hole course on his estate, is a fine golfer who shoots in the late 70's and low 80's. Oliver Hardy, (he of Laurel and Hardy) has won two motion picture tournaments. 72's roll off his card like Laemmle relatives from the roster of the "New" Universal! Radio news and gossip commentator, Jimmy Fidler, is also a golf sharpshooter.

THE best woman golfer is generally conceded to be Irene Dunne. Irene's recreation is devoted almost exclusively to the game. She is really very good, and thrice has made a hole in one. Heather Angel, Ruby Keeler, Kathryn Perry and Wynne Gibson are others who deserve honorable mention.

Happening upon Gene Raymond the other day, I asked him about his golf. Gene didn't expand *very* much, but he told me about the best shot he ever made. It happened at the Bel Air Country Club. His tee shot was a most deplorable slice, far off the fairway. However, it found a sign post, off which it bounced to within inches of the cup! I forgot to ask Gene whether he holed it. But he probably did! How the Marx Brothers *do* crop up! Chico tells me that after a drive of some 180 yards on a 450 yard hole, a seagull swooped down upon his ball, and carried it to within twenty yards of the hole! Well, take it or leave it. I wasn't there. Groucho, not to be outdone, told me that the first time he had a golf club in his hands, he made a hole in one! I tried to get a

story from Harpo, but he, characteristically, refused to talk. After the last two anecdotes, maybe it is just as well.

AND now we come to the sport of kings. Bing Crosby bobs into the limelight again. Bing has twenty-one bangtails in his stable. At the last Santa Anita meeting, only one of Bing's entries showed its beak first past the post. He has been doing better, since at the newly reopened Caliente track, but the opposition here is of a slightly lower grade. Bing is president of the Turf Club at the new Del Mar track near San Diego, and has a summer rancho about four miles from the track. Del Mar is attracting good horse flesh from all parts of the country.

Spencer Tracy has a couple of youngsters who should go well at Santa Anita next winter. They are the offspring of Neil McCarthy's *Tick-on*. Keep track of them, and don't say we didn't tell you. Joe E. Brown has quite a stable, and, if success has been somewhat sparse to date, Joe is dauntless. Producers Bill Le Baron, of Paramount, and Harry Cohn, of Columbia, are two of our biggest owners. Bill Le Baron's star, at the moment, is, perhaps, *Brown Jade*. Tag this one, too. Harry Cohn is the owner of Jobella Stables, which contains a deal of illustrious (and expensive) imported blood.

And then there's the story of the Marx Brothers. (This is, positively, the last time I'll mention them, I promise.) When the race craze hit Hollywood, and people began acquiring horses, Groucho (or Harpo or Chico) told their secretary that they must have a horse. That long-suffering lady went out shopping for horses. She found three,—an expensive one, a medium expensive one, and a cheap one, priced at seventy-five dollars. Not knowing much of horse flesh, and not seeing much difference, she bought the cheap one. The Marx Brothers got their horse, but the horse never made any Marx in the record book to date. (Wowie!)

WHILE on the subject of horses, we might as well take up polo. The motion picture colony has not been playing polo very long, but today it is definitely polo-conscious, and the standard of mounts is approaching first class. One cannot think of polo without thinking of Will Rogers. Hollywood may have produced better players, but never a more enthusiastic one. Will *made* Hollywood polo. His name, of course, is still carried on in the polo field by Will, Junior, who is playing quite a good game.

Today, it is a question between Guinn (Big Boy) Williams and Hal Roach, as to who is Hollywood's number one poloist. Maybe Williams with a rating of five goals, has the edge. Roach is a four goal man. Polo is almost a passion with Spencer Tracy, a pupil of Snowy Baker, although the studio frowns upon his playing. Joe E. Brown, Gene Raymond, Jimmy Gleason, Leslie Howard, Walt Disney, and Johnny Mack Brown are all enthusiasts, as are Buddy Rogers, Paul Kelly and Charlie Farrell. They can all be found every Sunday, either at the Uplifters Club, or Riviera.

When Sam Goldwyn's *Stella Dallas* went on location to film a polo game, producers Wanger, Roach and Zanuck took part in the game. Zanuck and Roach received from Sam, the usual extra pay of $7.50. Wanger, because he had a line to say, received twenty-five dollars. I wonder if this makes them professionals!

Also while on the subject of horses, nearly every top player goes in for horseback-riding. Those who don't ride at least can dress horsey. A few of the horsey set own their own nags.

FENCING is rapidly becoming almost a major sport. Fred Cavens is Hollywood's chief fencing instructor. He staged all the fights in *Romeo and Juliet, Prince and the Pauper, Three Musketeers* and many others, and was Douglas Fairbanks' coach. When I called upon him, he was fresh from a strenuous bout with Basil Rathbone. His vote for Hollywood's most expert fencer went to Basil. His opinion is that any good actor must know how to use his body gracefully, and that therefore, our screen luminaries are excellent pupils in his art. Running over a list of his best pupils, he mentioned Ralph Forbes, Reginald Denny, Errol Flynn, Paul Lukas, Bob Montgomery, Robert Donat, and, of course, John Barrymore. And among the ladies, Beverly Roberts and Jean Muir. I remember some beautiful fencing by our old friend Bebe Daniels, in some of her pictures. (When are you coming back to us, Bebe?)

Handball is taking hold, too. Among its addicts are Pat O'Brien, Cesar Romero, Alan Jenkins, Jimmy Gleason, Humphrey Bogart and Jimmy Cagney. Pat holds strictly "stag" handball parties, followed by a barbecue. However, women are generally permitted to come in and cook supper! Freddie Bartholomew has taken up the game and engages in furious workouts with Mickey Rooney. Freddie is also learning the manly art of self-defense from ex-champion, Jackie Fields. And mention of boxing reminds me that Bob Montgomery and Clark Gable do a lot of boxing at the studio gymnasium under the watchful eye of Mike Cantwell, Maxie Baer's trainer.

IT WASN'T so long ago that Hollywood discovered what a fast game badminton is, and the game is making enormous strides. Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone's badminton parties are things to behold. Badminton courts are going up all over the place, now that people have found out that it isn't battledore and shuttlecock, but a he-man's game, faster than tennis. Patsy Kelly is particularly proficient.

Odds and ends from here and there: James Stewart, Robert Taylor, and Allan Jones are deadly rivals at bowling. Jon Hall, who has sky-rocketed into the lead in *Hurricane*, is the former swimming champion of Tahiti. Luise Rainer and Lynne Carver choose archery as their favorite sport. Johnny Weissmuller has a surfboard riding academy on Catalina Island. A novel idea—or isn't it? And Johnny still can beat most any fish in swimming. The same goes for Buster Crabbe, a former champ himself. Most of the film colony enjoys swimming. Those who can't navigate through the water put on their swim-suits, and make-believe in this make-believe town. And the swimming season finds the grandest figures (the girls) decked out in the most gorgeous suits—on display.

Ray Milland is the only actor to have ridden in the Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree, England, the most dangerous course in the world. He takes seven-and-a-half and eight feet jumps in his stride. Nick Lukats, the old Notre Dame football star is well thought of down at Paramount, and they are nursing him along slowly. Ginger Rogers has won the Southern California ping-pong championship. Fay Wray and Dolores Del Rio are two other experts at this game.

When new games are played, Hollywood will play them, and play them with a fierce enthusiasm. Our lads and lassies are body-conscious to the nth degree, which is, perhaps the reason that they hurl themselves so wholeheartedly into strenuous sports. I hate to mention the Southern California climate, but we really can play *any* game all year round; which gives us quite an edge in producing champions. We also like to watch all the sports, too. Take Mae West and take Al Jolson, Ruby Keeler, Pat O'Brien and George Raft. They're always at the Friday night fights. And the whole colony attends the football games in the Fall—even following U. S. C. and U. C. L. A. to San Francisco, Palo Alto and Berkeley when the teams go north. And most of them are more rabid then the undergraduates and alumni in their loyalty. "Bring on Notre Dame! Bring on Minnesota! Who said they could beat us?"



Wayne Morris got those mukkles you saw in *Kid Galahad* through his favorite sport, bowling. When he isn't bowling, Wayne, who was such a sensation in his first film, courts Lana Turner who also scores a hit in her first picture, *They Won't Forget*

Tyrone's Mother Sizes Up His Girls

[*Continued from page 35*]

catchers lay their campaigns for Tyrone's heart, ask yourself this:

Which mother has the tougher job—Shirley Temple's or Tyrone Power's? You all know, because you've read it over and over again, what a tremendous load of responsibility and work and worry Mrs. Gertrude Temple carries. BUT—can't Mrs. Patia Power look at her and say (if she wanted to!): "Hmph! You think *you've* got a job. Hmph, hmph!!! You should have a marriageable and wanted son on your hands!!"

SHARPEST contrast (as long as we *are* contrasting their jobs) between Mmes. Temple and Power is that whereas Mrs. Temple can and does do everything in controlling Shirley's life and work, Mrs. Power can NOT and does NOT do anything to control her son's.

How can she?—even if she wanted to. He's "free, white and 21," isn't he? Mrs. Power may, from her grandstand seat, see him being enmeshed in a cleverly contrived web; she may see him falling, as all men do, for some of womankind's oldest but surest wiles—but she has to sit still and say not a word.

About girls, about romance, about marriage. Tyrone's mother has given him, throughout their life together, only one sentence of advice or guidance from herself. It is this: "Tyrone, my son, I am not and never will be jealous of any girl; but I *am* jealous, and *keenly* so, for your career."

That is all. And it is remarkable that that *is* all she has ever told him, from mother to son, about his girls. Remarkable because of the extreme closeness, intimacy of their lives. There is no part of Tyrone's life and activity that is not an open book to her. He talks everything over with her—or rather, to her, because she does not attempt to tell him, in any way, what to do.

THEY have a splendid house together. She keeps lovely house for him. When and if he does marry, his wife will find it no small work to live up to the standard of "home" that mother has established.

Nights, when Tyrone has been out, his mother is almost invariably awake when he comes in. You see, the garage is right under her bedroom. And no matter how tip-toe quietly Tyrone manages to get in, Patia (being a mother) is awake.

"If Tyrone closed that garage door by a fraction of an inch, I'd still wake up," she smiles. As he passes her door on the way to his own bedroom, Tyrone always taps, ever so gently, on hers. "Awake?" he whispers very softly. He knows darn well she is. She calls to him. And there and then—be it midnight or three in the morning, Tyrone comes in, sits for five or ten minutes on the edge of her bed, tells her about the night he's passed, the people he's seen, the girl he's been out with.

By now, Tyrone's girls are no novelty to Patia Power. "Ever since he was a little boy, he's had a girl," she tells you. "He had his first girl when he was about five or six years old when he was in the first grade in school. That's where he found her. He has had a girl ever since!"

How many? Oh, bosh!—she can't remember *that* . . . ! ! Tens? Hundreds? Millions, maybe.

"How long did his average 'girl' last?" you ask her.

She smiles. "I can't remember *that*, either. As a matter of fact, I never could keep track. I don't know, at all, how many girls he's had, or how long they've lasted—I don't know how long each *girl* lasted, but I know the *condition* has lasted ever since that girl in the first grade!"

BUT it's not been until recently—very recently—that Tyrone has discovered the truth of the old adage that "in numbers lies safety." Up until a few weeks ago, Hollywood observed Tyrone's romance with Sonja Henie, and since Sonja was the only girl in the picture, Hollywood took it for granted that there'd be wedding bells for them almost any day. And then along came Loretta Young. Now Hollywood doesn't know whether Loretta or Sonja will win out, but it's watching anxiously to see. And it's learned that Alice Faye is in the picture, too.

But what they don't know is that Alice Faye is regarded, by Tyrone's mother, somewhat in the nature of a welcome "safety valve." (Imagine Alice being a safety valve!!) What I mean is this: Alice calls Patia Power "Mom." Alice is "sort of" part of the Power household. There's a camaraderie between Alice and Tyrone—*and* Patia—that doesn't exist in the picture when either Sonja or Loretta is the third party. With Sonja or Loretta, the picture is *romance*, out-and-out; with Alice, it seems to be just "palsy-walsy."

Alice sends Patia flowers, too. But Alice sends simple flowers, and she sends the kind she knows Patia likes. Loretta and Sonja send *gorgeous* ones. Tyrone's mother thinks and says that Alice is "nice."

"Don't you ever think, sometimes, that maybe after all Alice will win Tyrone?" someone once asked Mrs. Power.

Surprised, Mrs. Power answered: "Alice? Why—Alice is just a *friend*. There's no romance *there* . . . !"

But ever since, Mrs. Power has been wondering about that. . . .

OF COURSE, Sonja and Alice and Loretta aren't the only girls who want "at" Tyrone. Not by any means. Mrs. Power can tell you all about that. She can tell you about the telephone at their house, for instance. Oh, yes, it's one of those "private" numbers, and you won't find it in the Hollywood telephone directory. But girls, when they want to reach a man, have their ways. And Tyrone's so-private telephone number seems to be posted on the bulletin board of every girls' club and sorority in California, Mrs. Power rather imagines. Anyway, it's always ringing and always there's a strange girl's voice on it.

"May I speak to Tyrone, please?" it invariably asks, then, in Mrs. Power's ear. You see, Mother Power makes it a point to answer the phone herself; that's one of the things she can do to help Tyrone. So she asks who's calling, please?

Well, sometimes that ends it. Sometimes there's merely a disappointed click. But sometimes, the caller is more persistent. Sometimes she comes back:

"Well, who the so-and-so wants to know?"

Then Mrs. Power simply says, sweetly: "Why, my dear, this is Tyrone's mother. Now won't you tell me who's calling, so I can tell him . . . ?"

"Why—ah—this is Miss—uh—Jones," the

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As though they don't see enough of each other in real life Fox have brought Tyrone Power and Sonja Henie together in *Thin Ice*. It sounds dangerous, Tyrone, Sonja!

The Glamour That Was—and Still Is—GLORIA

[*Continued from page* 45]

a picture for two-and-a-half-years? *Because there was no story . . .*

"Oh, I know. All my friends look wide-eyed when I say that. But then I ask them what *they* would like to see me in. What picture, produced during the last couple of seasons, they think I would have fitted. The answer is always the same . . . After trying hard for ten minutes they say, 'Um, I can't think of anything offhand but tomorrow—'

"Tomorrow they can't think of it either!"

It's the strange truth. There's not a part that has stood out as suitable Swanson material. Not a *Zaza* or *Sadie Thompson* in the lot. Nothing of the calibre of *The Trespasser,* one of the most successful talking pictures ever made.

"When I do another picture," Gloria's eyes were eager, "I want them to come out of the theatre saying, 'Wasn't that a good *story!*' I want everything else to be eclipsed by that important fact—that the story itself is strong and well-woven and good . . . The last film I made, *Music In The Air* . . . Her shrug suggested that the less said about it, the better. "It made me more anxious than ever to wait for the right material. But now that Frances Marion is supervising, I haven't a qualm. Before she was a producer she was the best scenarist in the industry and she is one of my oldest friends. Frances can do more in twenty-four hours than any other three people I know. When she likes a person, she fights for them . . ."

And right now she is fighting for Gloria Swanson. Fighting as she once fought for Marie Dressler and Joan Crawford. When Frances rolls up her sleeves and fingers a pencil, things happen. Stories are born. Stories that are strong and well-woven and good . . .

A MAID came into the cool, airy library with a telegram. Gloria excused herself and ripped it open. "It's from Marie," she chuckled. "Listen—'Don't do anything until I get there. Stop. Arrive Sunday. Marie'—

"And she left just two days ago because things were getting too hectic here with the new picture starting and all! I've known her since high-school days and we'd planned a quiet visit together this week, you see. But it was anything but quiet—with phones ringing, studio conferences, fittings, photographers . . . So she went back to her home in San Diego, and now—"

Now Marie is returning because she doesn't want to miss anything! There's always excitement where Gloria is. She draws it like a magnet. You have a sense of life moving in swift, thrilling currents around her. Sometimes swinging her up, sometimes letting her down—but constantly *moving.* No stagnant, humdrum backwaters.

It's been that way since she was born. Since she was the small idol of the army post where her father was stationed. Before she was twenty she was known as the most mesmeric woman in pictures, the most impelling personality. Things happen to Gloria whether she wills it or not. For instance, she did not want to be a star . . .

"It was the last thing I *did* want to be. I wanted desperately to stay under the DeMille banner. C. B. had 'discovered' me and I knew as long as I remained in his unit I'd continue to have worthwhile stories and productions," Gloria explained. "The day he told me that I was to be an independent, full-fledged star and that I no longer needed his guidance I was heartbroken. I had in my hand the one object that is supposed to be the dream of every actress, a starring contract—and I cried!

"It's one thing to have somebody else take the responsibility and wage your battles—and something else again to do it yourself. But I made up my mind I would *not* be typed. The public would never know what to expect of me next. I'd go from comedy to drama, from silky siren roles to gamins. And I did."

AND that is the secret of why the Swanson fame has not diminished. But it took adroit handling—and occasional strategy—to make the producers see her point of view. There was the time, for example, when she wanted to do *Zaza* . . .

It was different from anything she had ever done. Drastically so. She knew it would mean maneuvering to get that part after the Front Office had been building her up in "dress" productions. So—

Gloria told them she had to have an operation. And only New York surgeons could perform it. She would have to have two months' leave of absence . . . Now it was quite true that a minor throat operation was necessary but it could have been done in Hollywood quite as well. With the Front Office groaning—because every Swanson picture meant a fortune in the coffers, and two months is a long time—Gloria entrained for New York. In twenty-four hours she had secured the rights to *Zaza.* And the next morning she appeared at her studio's eastern office. "I've found such a nice little story," she said lightly. "If you let me do it here right away I believe I shall be able to postpone my operation!"

To get another Swanson picture on the schedule they would have let her do *Little Eva.* And so one of her most interesting films was made.

IT'S a curious fact that Hollywood's acknowledged most glamorous woman would rather play character parts than any other. *Madame Sans Gene,* the lusty, freakishly-dressed duchess of Napoleon's court, remains her favorite role.

The premiere of that play took on the form of an ovation. There has been no triumph quite like it before or since, for any screen star. She was undisputed queen of the universe that night. But coming home in the car with her mother and the man who was then her husband, the Marquis de la Coudray, she grew surprisingly silent. Her mother pressed her hand. "On a night like this you ought to be the happiest girl on earth," she said.

Gloria shook her head slowly. "No, I'm the saddest. Because I am twenty-five instead of fifty-five and *this,* already, is the height!"

And the Swanson of today, looking strangely less than twenty-five, still shakes her head. "It's so bad to have success early. It's so hard to live up to it.

"What is the trend for feminine stars now? There is *no* trend—fortunately. We've been 'IT' girls and 'Glamour Girls' and now why can't we be just 'Competent Actresses?'

"I've always gone away after every picture to get a fresh perspective, to find new types. I love traveling anyway, I've been doing it since I was eight years old. Probably," with that swift humor which is part

[*Continued on page* 73]



Jon Hall and Dorothy Lamour are caught in net of romance in Goldwyn's *Hurricane,* the film version of the Charles Nordhoff-James Hall colorful novel of the South Seas



HOW WE TESTED IT IN BEAUTY CREAMS

LABORATORY TESTS on rats were conducted for over three years . . .

1 We fed rats a diet completely lacking in "skin-vitamin." Their skin grew harsh, dry, scaly—old looking. Under the microscope, the oil glands were dried up, the tissues of the skin were shrunken.

2 Then we applied Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Creams daily for three weeks. The rats were still on a diet completely lacking in "skin-vitamin"—yet, with just this application of the cream their skin improved. It became smooth again, clear, healthy.

Now—*this new Cream brings to Women the active* "Skin-Vitamin"

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3 Under the microscope, the oil glands were seen to be healthy again. The dried-up, flattened skin cells were rounded out. The shrunken tissues were normal again!

four of them asked for more. And these are the things they said: "My skin is so much smoother." "My pores are finer!" "My skin has a livelier look now."

skin shows signs of deficiency ... vitamin," try Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream—today.

FOUR YEARS AGO, scientists first learned that a certain known vitamin heals wounds, burns, infections—quicker and better.

They found that certain harsh, dry conditions of the skin are due to insufficient supply of this vitamin in diet. This was not the "sunshine vitamin." Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the "skin-vitamin."

This vitamin helps your body to rebuild skin tissue. Aids in keeping skin beautiful.

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Pond's requested biologists of high standing to study what would be the effects of this "skin-vitamin" when put in Pond's Creams.

For over three years they worked. Their story is told you above. Also the story of the women who used the new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams!

Today—we offer you the new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams!

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The new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams are the same creams you have always known—with the active "skin-vitamin" added. They are in the same jars, with the same labels—at the same price. You use them the same way you did the old. Now this new ingredient gives added value to the millions of jars of Pond's Creams used by women every year.

Try Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream for yourself—today. On sale everywhere.

✓ ✓ ✓

POND'S COLD CREAM—Cleanses, clears, softens, smooths for powder. Pat it in briskly to invigorate the skin; fight off blackheads, blemishes; smooth out lines; make pores less noticeable. *Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."*

POND'S VANISHING CREAM—Removes roughnesses; smooths skin instantly; powder base. Also use overnight after cleansing. *Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."*

POND'S LIQUEFYING CREAM—Quicker melting. Use for same purposes as Pond's Cold Cream. *Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."*



NOW IN POND'S CREAMS
the active "Skin-Vitamin"

ems Larry's own mother had died
behind the boy she had loved so
"It was one of those rare and
l loves that so often exist between
and son," Bob explained. "When
d, Larry, grief-stricken and lonely,
h-hiked to California."
y rate Mrs. Brugh, Bob's mother,
or the boy she had lost to a strange
ook Larry into her home. It's Larry
s Mrs. Brugh's Sunday dinners. It's
ho drives her about. It's Larry's
nd Larry's footsteps she hears on
as he returns home each night after
.

see," Bob explains, "I gained a
through the deal." But there's a
mething wistful, something longed
voice as he speaks.

S second loss came fast and hard
his first. The pleasures his hard-
oney should bring him are denied
hat, he wants to know, is the use

ent trip to Honolulu proved the
his statement. Tired out from
picture-making without any rest,
d forward to that Honolulu va-
know what happened, of course.
l, mauling fans forced him to
e on the same boat that had taken
And not only did he suffer the loss
tion, but he arrived home to find
blazoned with that of a woman
but once.
letter Bob wrote a friend who had
e story over the air. Written on
Stanwyck's stationery, it revealed
g else could, his bitterness, his be-
nt at the injustice done him.
tated before, if Bob could only laugh
e wild fabrications, life wouldn't be
l with thorns. But things like that
unny to Bob . . . And so he suffers.

fession, he poured out to me the story of his unhappy soul. Of his sudden realization that in his unnaturally rapid achievements he had no place left to go. His class-mates at College were still having the fun and the glory of fighting their way up to the top of their professions. And that all the fun was in the fighting to get somewhere. And here he was, there already. But with no assurance he would be allowed to stay there. He claimed he'd already reached the top when he played with Garbo and where was there left to go?

He realized the money (or what little was left after the tax collector finished) and the work were grand. He wasn't ungrateful at all. He was plain scared. Of the dizzy heights he had climbed in so short a time. And even more scared of the life ahead.

Well, it was a gem. A story that would have forever, brought understanding between Bob Taylor and us, his fans. A story that showed Bob, not as a smugly satisfied actor but a boy frightened and crying for help. But no sign of Bob's bewilderment must reach the public. No sign that here was a normal young man calling to us for helpful understanding. And so it was cast aside.

I'm sorry for Bob's sake that that story never reached print. I feel if we had been allowed to understand Bob better all those "pretty boy" names that were hurled his way might have been avoided. Perhaps those lines of bitterness might not be etched in his face today.

If we could measure in the scales of understanding the happiness against the unhappiness of Bob Taylor two years after his success, I venture to say there would be a noticeable leaning to the unhappy side.

I don't mean to picture Taylor as a gloomy Gus. Far from it. But let's take some of the things that have happened to him, not in order but at random, and judge for ourselves.

WHEN Bob Taylor began that eventful ride to success, he was a young boy in love with his sweetheart. That sweetheart was snatched from before his very eyes by studio policy. "No, no," the bigwigs said, "it will kill your romantic appeal."

So Bob began that dizzy climb upward, lonely and alone. Bereft of the only one who could have given him balance and help.

Next, circumstances over which he had no control took from him the close comradeship of his mother. Long, irregular hours at the studio, his many outside business demands made it imperative that he seek a home alone. The thread of understanding was snapped. I know for I put it to him straight one day. "Is there still a perfect understanding between you and your mother, Bob?" I asked. He thought that over for a moment. "Well. I don't think mother ever entered into this movie thing. We are apart yes. We live in two separate worlds these days."

To Bob goes the strange experience of standing back and looking at the boy who took his place. It happened this way.

At the ring of the doorbell one morning, Mrs. Taylor opened the door and there stood a young man, smiling pleasantly.

"My name's Larry Germaine," he said, "I went to school back in Nebraska with Bob."

Hungrily she reached out her hand and drew him in.

AS FAR as his reactions to friends or requests from the publicity department of his studio, Bob Taylor is exactly the same as the day he began. I've known him to race madly from Twentieth Century-Fox studios, where he was on loan, to his own studio at Culver City, to make still pictures for some writer. And use his lunch hour to do it in. Without a word of complaint at that.

He lives in the same small house he's lived in since the beginning. It's in the right section of Beverly Hills but certainly not the swankiest. Joe is still the one man band, running the house and acting as valet and even host in Bob's absence.

No, Bob's hat is the same size. Nothing has happened within himself to change him. It's the things that have happened to him from the outside that have changed Bob.

A year or so ago he'd go sailing up Sunset Boulevard in that bright yellow car of his, a mad blue scarf sailing from his throat in the breeze, a smile on his face a yard wide as he stepped on the old gas pedal.

I watched Bob drive down Sunset just a few days ago. His face was set in firm lines. There seemed to be no joy, no thrill in it for him. I watched the grimness of his mouth as he turned a corner on high. He actually seemed annoyed with the whole business and suddenly I remembered something he had told me sometime ago.

"All my life," he said, " I wanted a big open car of that make. Well, I've got it. But I got it so soon, you see, so fast, all the kick is gone from it. After all I can only get another car just like it. It won't go any faster than this one. It'll be just another one."

Yes, I saw. I saw that even then the thrill was gone. Things had happened to Bob too

fast. The fun of hoping and wishing was all over.

I watched Bob again at the opening of Bing Crosby's race track. If he smiled once that day I didn't see it. Even when the newsreel cameras were turned upon him his mouth remained set and sullen.

Again at the Brown Derby I remembered a lunch hour when Bob strode in alone, needing a shave. Without once lifting his eyes, he ate his lunch in stony silence.

NO, NO I wouldn't say that Bob Taylor, two years later, was happy. I'd say the willingness to cooperate, to give of his time and self were there just the same as the day he began. But outside of that I honestly believe Bob is one of the most unhappy boys in this town of unhappy people.

Right now he's in a period of readjustment. A period in which he is trying to adjust himself to overwhelming circumstances that have entered his life so swiftly. Will Bob find his balance and go on? Will he be able to swallow the many, many disillusionments swift success has brought him and go right on from there? I believe he will. And here's why I do.

When Bob was just a small boy back in Nebraska, he wanted a pony more than anything in the world. Finally, Dr. Brugh bought his son a pony and presented it to the round-eyed lad.

"Where are you going to ride it?" his father asked as Bob leaped on its back. "Oh, to grandma's," the boy said. "Hmmmmmm," was the doctor's only reply.

An hour later Bob was back. "Gee, dad, I can't make any headway. This pony wants to stop every two minutes and eat grass. I guess I won't go."

"And I guess you will," Dr. Brugh said firmly. "You set out, son, with that goal in mind. You'll have to accomplish it. You go to your grandmother's and bring me back a note from her."

Late that night, a tired sore lad handed his father the note from grandma and said with a smile: "Well, dad, I did it."

Figuratively, Bob is remaking that long weary journey to grandma's.

He'll get there, too. And I'll bet dollars to doughnuts he'll be able to say two more years from now: "Well, I did it."



Pinky Tomlin and Bob Taylor were friendly opponents in the Screen Stars' Baseball Game held to aid local charities



● *"Gee, I'd hate to be you, Jocko! That get-up may be peachy for collecting pennies, but you couldn't hire me to wear it on a day like this. The prickly heat breaks right out on my neck to think of it!"*



● *"Boss won't let you take it off, eh? Well, that's life... many's the time I've been rammed into a sweater. Only thing makes 'em bearable is Johnson's Baby Powder. It always fixes those prickles!"*



● *"I could stand a sprinkle myself—this carpet's itchy... How about some soft silky Johnson's Baby Powder for both of us, Mother? Jocko will do his best monkey-shines for you. And I'll do mine!"*



● *"Notice how satiny Johnson's Baby Powder is... It keeps my skin like satin, too!"... Perfect skin is the best protection against skin infections, Mothers! Johnson's Baby Powder helps prevent prickly heat, rashes and chafes. It's made only of finest Italian talc—no orris-root. Try Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream, and the new Baby Oil, which is stainless, pleasantly fragrant, and cannot turn rancid.*

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EX-LAX NOW BETTER THAN EVER!



FOR OVER 30 years, millions of people have been proclaiming Ex-Lax "the ideal laxative" . . . "Ex-Lax is *everything* a good laxative should be!" they told us.

But, in the world of science, there are no such words as "good enough." Skilled chemists are constantly at work, seeking new means of making good products *better!* And in the Ex-Lax laboratories the "impossible" has been accomplished!

After a long period of patient effort, a way has been found actually to *improve* Ex-Lax . . . to make it *even better* than ever before. A more satisfactory and efficient laxative in every way!

- **TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!** No matter how much you may have liked Ex-Lax before, it tastes even better now! Its delicious all-chocolate flavor is smoother and richer than ever!
- **ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!** Always dependable in action, Ex-Lax is now even *more effective!* It empties the bowels more thoroughly—more smoothly—in less time than before.
- **MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!** Ever famous for its mildness, Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle that, except for the relief you get, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative. No shock—no violence!

Ex-Lax works by the "Gentle Nudge" system. It simply gives your intestines a *gentle nudge* at the point where constipation exists, emptying the bowels thoroughly but *easily* and *comfortably!*

Ex-Lax won't upset your system or disturb your digestion. It won't cause stomach pains, nausea or weakness. Ex-Lax affords as near a natural bowel movement as any laxative can give.

If you are suffering from headaches, biliousness, or that dull "blue" feeling so often caused by constipation—you'll *feel better* after taking Ex-Lax! And you'll be grateful for the absence of "forcing" and strain that make the action of a harsh cathartic such an unpleasant experience.

Your druggist now has the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes! *The box is the same as always—but the contents are better than ever!* Get a box today!

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. FG107, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Now Improved—Better than Ever

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Tyrone's Mother Sizes Up His Girls

[*Continued from page* 66]

voice very often says. Mrs. Power tells her then that Tyrone is not home, but if she'll leave a number, since she knows him so well, he'll call She usually doesn't leave the number.

"It's amazing," comments Mrs. Power, "how many different girls named 'Jones' Tyrone seems to know."

IN THE shops, Patia Power has her experiences, too. Just the other day, she gave the salesgirl her name: "Mrs. Tyrone Power." (You see, Tyrone's father was Tyrone, too—the famous stage and screen star of a decade and two ago.)

The salesgirl looked startled for a moment. Then she "got" it. "Oh," she blushed, "you're not his wi— I mean, you're Tyrone's *mother,* aren't you?"

Then, still more confused at fear of having committed another *faux pas,* the girl gushed on: "That is, I mean, you don't mind being known as the mother of Tyrone Power, do you?"

Knowingly, Mrs. Power smiled and answered: "Why, my dear—Tyrone has been known simply as 'Patia Power's son' for so long that I'm proud to take my turn now and be known as 'Tyrone Power's mother'."

But with all the "Miss Joneses" who phone; with all the strange girls who write notes, with all the other beautiful approachers, there is still one thing that keeps Mrs. Patia Power proud and happy about her son. No matter how many other problems and worries she may have as the mother of a bachelor movie-hero, she can and does say: "At least, I don't have to read the gossip columns to find out my son's latest romance. He tells me first."



—*Wide World*

When Sonja Henie left for her vacation Tyrone Power was there to say goodbye. Now, what about those breakup rumors?

The Glamour That was—and Still is—GLORIA

[*Continued from page 67*]

of her charm, "I won't be able to stay in the same Paradise for more than ten months!"

But it's a safe wager there'll be excitement there while she does!

SHE'S so intensely interested in everything. The last year it has been photography, especially—and collecting buttons. "Crazy man's hobby!" said Gloria, "but I'll tell you how it started. Gloria II used to call her grand-dad (my father) 'Buttons' because he wore them on his uniform. I have some of them. And then Irvin Cobb gave me some beaten silver buttons that were Navajo Indian relics. Another friend sent me some magnificent buttons of the Emperor Maximilian with his crest (I have one on a fur coat now), and Vilma Banky brought me some other historic additions from Budapest.

"And I have a button from Cecil Beaton's grandmother's coachman, and a whole array of them from every rank in the Mexican army." . . . It's *Button, Button, who's got the Button* in Gloria's mansion now!

"I wanted to arrange a dark room for developing the negatives but do you suppose I can find four feet of space for it in this entire place? No!" said Gloria.

The telephone rang. Studio calling. Another conference . . . A great musician was waiting in the hall. A maid came in to ask if Madame would take a long distance call from Paris . . . Life moves excitingly for Gloria Swanson!



Gloria Swanson caught the first boat after contracting over the phone for a new picture, *The Second Mrs. Draper*



The Beauty Bath

THAT SOOTHES LIKE A LULLABY

When the God of Sleep is playing hide-and-seek and you just can't seem to get your much-needed rest, there is one pleasant way to entice him.

Merely swish a handful or two of LINIT in your tub of warm water—step in—and relax for fifteen minutes. As you lie in the enveloping luxury of its velvety smoothness, close your eyes and think of a rose bathed in the moonlight of a June evening. Now step out, dry off and slip into bed!

How delightful it is to let the results of a LINIT BEAUTY BATH caress your skin and relax your body into slumberland. You, too, will agree that the world's *most pleasant remedy* for *fatigue* is a restful, soothing LINIT BEAUTY BATH.

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Hollywood's Newfangled Courtin'

[*Continued from page* 43]

Walter Kane's dinner party and asking her to go roller-coastering (imagine!) at Venice with him the next night, Gable was zooming about town in a converted flivver that his new girl-friend, Carole Lombard, had given him with touching sentiment on the previous St. Valentine's Day. (You won't find anything in the etiquette books on this quaint gift custom.) And thoughts of a trim little station wagon, complete with radio and upholstered seats, were churning through Gable's mind.

The afternoon that delivery was made on his wood-bodied chariot found Gable in a dither. The first thing he did was to man his wagon and steam over to Lombard's house. Now Carole, so the story goes, was at dinner, but Gable couldn't wait to have her finish the meat course. "He loaded her into his shining buzz-wagon and away they went—" according to press agent legend, "to go trucking in the moonlight."

It was all right, but their delirium began to infect others. As Gable turned from "Trocin'" to "truckin'", Bob Cobb, eatery *entrepreneur* of the Brown Derbys, and his new wife, Gail Patrick, found themselves back-seat riders in the station wagon. Then the foursome decided to give the horses a treat, and they hitched a trailer onto the station wagon (don't ask me how the four equines liked it) and hauled their mounts to distant valleys on Sunday mornings, early. Once there, the foursome went riding.

Saturdays and Sundays now find the Cobbs and Lombard and Gable regular visitors at nearby rodeos. When they find the time to murmur the "sweet nothings" generally connected with romantic association, no one knows. There's nothing conducive to pretty speeches in roping a calf or "sun-fishing" on a bronco. But maybe the boys and girls who supply us, via the screen, with our vicarious romance are a little tired of making passionate passes at each other for the benefit of the cameras. Maybe they welcome the emotionless open spaces and the sterility of blue sky and bright sun. You can't feel amorous with your lungs full of rodeo dust as you sit, sweating, in the shade of a mesquite bush.

ANOTHER thought, too, in explanation of Hollywood's newfangled romancing is that the stars at last realize that they can be human beings instead of stuffed shirts and sawdust dolls who must play orchidaceous roles in real life as well as in canned drama. They don't believe, any more, that as actors and actresses they must be "seen at the right places," and must not admit to marriage and offspring. They have seized the right to conduct their private lives as they want. The majority of them no longer carry their screen roles into off-screen activities. They can't maintain the illusion of perfection, for one thing. The candid cameras have seen to that.

If the older romancers have a corner on "truckin'" and roller-coasting, the younger film colony members are not slow in finding courtin' diversions just as novel. Too young, most of them, to be reformed night club habitues, many of the younger set find the Pacific's surf an ideal locale for romance. And that doesn't mean effete Malibu, either. It means weinie roasts and surf-boarding and fun at commonplace old Santa Monica. Practically any day when they are not labor-

ing at Warner Brothers' studio you may see Wayne (*Kid Galahad*) Morris and Lana (*They Won't Forget*) Turner there, and Owen Davis, Jr., farther up the beach, at Venice, say, with Current Girl Friend, seeing how much of the impossible stuff sold at the concessions as food they can consume without getting really ill. It's a far cry from "mushrooms under glass" and fine napery at the Vendome.

If you'll focus your binoculars a little to the windward and out over the Pacific, chances are you'll see Glamor Girl Niesen and Glamor Boy Craig Reynolds doing a bit of deep-sea fishing on the bounding main. That's their way of expressing a sizzling romance. Of course Glamorous Gert, as we know her in Hollywood, is an old hand at fishing, winning her letter (a blue "C") off Peconic Bay on New York's Long Island when she was two years old. But landlubber Reynolds was a tenderfoot until he met up with Gertie when she came to talkietown to scorch the celluloid with her torch-singing for Universal's *Top of the Town*.

You should have seen the prettied-up Craig on their first fishing date. He had bought out the sports goods store and looked too, too *Esquire*. On his next bout with the bounding barracuda he was attired differently. Old clothes and a grin. Just a hint from Gertie was all that was necessary. But what about the white ties and tails of formal courtship? Do these sun-burning, shin-skinning diversions lead to matrimony? They did in the cases of Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow, and young Bill Henry and Grace Durbin. The sea and the surf were background for both these altar-ending romances. They are again the background for the piscatorial courtship of Make-up Magnate Perc Westmore and Gloria Dickson, the Federal Theatres' actress who scored in *They Won't Forget*.

MOST menacing of the newfangled ways of courtin' is the bowling habit. Treaders of the "gay White Way" (in Hollywood, the Sunset Strip . . . and it's not what you think it is, you Minsky-minded males) are taking to the alleys—bowling alleys. But think of the terrific muscle the Little Woman can develop in her right arm by constant bowling before the wedding march music sounds off. This paralyzing thought does not deter Myron Futterman (cloaks and suits) from squiring Jane Wyman to the bowling hall. And poiseful Nan Grey, late of *Three Smart Girls*, is a great hand with the one-holed spheres. Heaven help her husband-to-be!

Voted unique was Henry ("Hank") Fonda's courtship of his newest wife, Frances Seymour Brokaw. His was a zoo romance, carried on in the zoological gardens of five countries. Meeting for the first time in London, "Hank" and Frances kept one rendezvous, and many others, at Regents' Park Zoo, stopping, we presume, for tea and crumpets at the cafe near the Board Walk. The quiet of the zoo, even with its chattering residents, was probably preferable to meeting in the madhouse of studios where "Hank" was making a film. When they re-met in Germany, at the Olympic Games, the vast Berlin Zoo with its magnificent aquarium and the fountain and lake full of storks and pelicans near the *Kurhaus* (where they sipped mineral waters) spelled Romance to them. Once married, their honeymoon carried them to zoos at Frankfort, Budapest, Vienna, Paris.

In the meantime, "Hank's" former housesharer, slim Jim Stewart was making novel romance with Glamor Girl Ginger Rogers, whose previous "high" at newfangled courtin' (with a previous suitor) was win-



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No, that isn't Elissa Landi, but Veda Ann Borg pinning a posie on her big moment, Lee Dixon. Lee does an *astaire* in Warner Bros. musical extravaganza, *Varsity Show*

dow shopping in downtown Los Angeles. Yes, actually. Well, anyway, Ginger and Jim deserted the gay spots for picnicking, with friends, often taking Mother Lela Rogers along to broil the steaks over outdoor grills, and occasionally to take a hand as back-fielder, because baseball is one of the twosome's favorite diversions. Then, of course, when it comes to newfangled romancin' there is Ginger and Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's memorable roller-skating party for five hundred at a local rink . . . with Stewart present.

FIVE HUNDRED guests does not sound much like intimate romance to us, but twosome roller-skating is still favored on the courtship card. Night baseball games are listed as spectator diversions for courting couples. Ronald Regan, former sports announcer turned actor, and June Travis, whose father—Grabiner, by name—is vice-president of Chicago's White Sox, are utilizing hard bleacher seats instead of soft night club upholstery in the furtherance of their romance, and it was a mutual interest in America's No. 1 Summer Sport that brought them together; while Margo and Francis Lederer are pretty soulful about their association, devoting two nights a week to good music, with every now and then a discussion of good books. Nothing rigorous or exotic about this diversion, but it shows where cafe life among adoring couples has gone.

The Hollywood innkeepers are not at all worried, however. They know that some of the glamor maidens cannot be wooed or wowed by zestful outdoor courtships. The pictorial darlings with peachy skin and honey-colored hair are not going to ruin their complexions to conform with any new-fashioned courtin' tricks. That's why, if you look around in any of Hollywood's popular night spots, you will probably see Glamor Girls Virginia Bruce, Margot Grahame, Marlene Dietrich, the Bennetts—Joan and Constance, even Mae West, sipping sarsaparilla. They aren't the type for rigorous, newfangled romancin'. Or they haven't met the man who could take them roller-coasting and make them like it.

She Has Everything She Wants

[*Continued from page* 50]

for commercial artists. She was barely three when she played in her first motion picture, and there has never been a time since then when cameras and stages and lights and studio calls have not been a part of her everyday life.

Her education had to be secured on the installment plan, sandwiched in between jobs. When she had time off from work, instead of playing or enjoying herself as other youngsters did, she had to work on her lessons.

There was nothing mercurial, nothing spectacular about Anne Shirley's climb to fame. It is rather a story of patience and persistence. In the beginning, her salary was small and, of necessity, she and her mother lived in cheap little hall bedrooms and practiced the most rigid economies. There were interludes when hope flickered faintly and almost ebbed out, but somehow or other they always managed to keep their chins up and, invariably, when they seemed to have reached the end of their rope, along would come a job—a few days' or a week's work—enough to enable them to pay the rent and buy food.

THIS, then, is the background of the girl who seems, today, to be the per- [redacted] girlhood.



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her whether she didn't sometimes feel as though she had been cheated out of some of the fun and pleasures which children and young girls are supposed to have as a matter of course, she said:

"But you can't miss what you haven't had. It never occurred to me that we were having a struggle to get along. I nearly always had a nickel a day to spend for an ice-cream cone and I really thought that I was quite wealthy."

It was not until she played in a picture called *Finishing School* that Lady Luck began to show signs of giving Anne the nod. Directors who had regarded her as a talented child suddenly began to speak of her as a promising young ingenue. She was given a role in something called *Bachelor Bait* and this paved the way for her first really big chance . . . *Anne of Green Gables.* She was not only featured in that production, she was starred . . . at sixteen!

After all the hardships and economies they had been through it would have seemed quite natural if Anne and her mother had "splurged" a bit when stardom and a real salary fell into Anne's lap. But they were much too sensible for that. They bought a comfortable but unpretentious house in an unpretentious neighborhood. No swimming-pool. No sunken garden. No *front!* Just a nice comfortable, friendly home, with an all-white bedroom for Anne because that was something she had always wanted. While there are many far more luxurious homes in the cinema colony, there is no place where young people have more fun than they do at Anne Shirley's. For Anne, you see, is a very popular girl.

SHE'S a tiny thing, with reddish-gold hair, hazel eyes and a warm, friendly smile. She's prettier than the camera makes her out to be. But that may be because just now she is all aglow with being in love with a boy named Johnny (John Howard Payne) and thrilled over her diamond engagement ring which is about the size of a headlight. In fact, at the moment, Anne has everything in the world she wants!

"I'm the luckiest girl in the world," she told me. "I have a nice home. I have a car of my own. I have as many clothes as any girl needs. I have a job. And I'm engaged to the grandest boy in the world. What more could I *possibly* want?"

She confesses that she isn't the luxury-loving type. "I'd rather have a big bunch of carnations than a corsage of orchids," she says. "And maybe this sounds crazy, but I can get just as much of a thrill out of a rowboat on a lake with someone I like as I could out of a trip on a yacht."

She is even completely satisfied with the roles the studio gives her. "I don't have any burning desire to do something for 'art's sake' like so many actresses do," she says. "All I want to do is to keep on working and playing the sort of roles I'm suited for. I loved playing the young girl in *Stella Dallas.* First, they engaged me for the role, and then they suddenly decided that I wasn't the type. I was disappointed, naturally, but I've learned that it doesn't pay to waste time in regrets. I figured that I just wasn't *supposed* to play the role and that I would get something else just as good—maybe better. And then, overnight, they

changed the story and the next thing I knew I was back in the picture."

IT WAS while she was working in *Stella Dallas* that Anne became engaged to Johnny. Up to that time it looked like an even money bet that she would marry Owen Davis, Jr.

"I met Johnny at the home of a friend," she says. "He asked me for a date and—well, you know how things like that happen—suddenly we discovered that we loved each other. I can't explain how or why . . . Of course we both like the same sort of things. We both love to dance, and we like to go down to the beach and ride the roller-coaster and the shoot-the-chutes, and we can simply spend hours in the shooting gallery—"

(What did I tell you in the beginning about Anne being young?)

"Johnny and I both like the same sort of people and we're annoyed by the same things, and thrilled by the same things. We both hate anything that is small or petty or unfair and we hate people who pose or pretend to be something they're not . . . We won't be married until Fall and I don't suppose we'll really have a wedding because if we're both working it would be hard to fix a date. We'll just wait until sometime when we both have a few days off and then we'll load my mother and some of our best friends into cars and drive some place and be married, with no fuss or frills."

And there you have a sample of young love in Hollywood.

ONE of Anne's most outstanding characteristics is her enthusiasm for her friends. She'll spend hours raving about what a wonderful girl Phyllis Fraser, Ginger Rogers' cousin, is, and about Anita Louise, whom she thinks is the most beautiful girl in pictures, and about Helen Mack, who is so clever and talented. She fairly radiates young loyalty and enthusiasm, this Anne. She is just as rabid a movie fan as you—or you—or you. She raves about Jimmy Cagney and she's crazy about Hepburn and Bette Davis and Barbara Stanwyck.

She hates anything that is ostentatious. Her clothes are simple, young girl clothes. She likes yellow sport things and for evening she likes plain white or fluffy black net. She hates make-up and never wears it on the street. She adores perfume—especially carnation—and can't bear to throw a perfume bottle away. Her favorite game is ping pong and she's crazy about picnics—if there's a big log fire to go with it. She has a healthy young girl appetite and her favorite combination is a nice juicy filet mignon and corn on the cob.

One of the very first things Anne did when she began to draw a regular salary was to create a trust fund for her mother. "So that if anything should ever happen to me, mother would be taken care of," she says.

And what she and her mother would like to do now, she told me, is to establish a fund for the benefit of young people who are having a struggle to get on in pictures. "A fund which they could draw on in case of illness or whenever they were in real need," explains Anne.

That, it seems to me, gives you a pretty good picture of the sort of girl Anne Shirley is. She hasn't forgotten the difficulties she went through when she was trying to get a toe-hold on the slippery screen ladder and now that she has everything she wants, as she puts it, she wants to give a helping hand to the other fellow. More power to you, Anne.

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Cookies Star On the Home Lot

[*Continued from page 62*]

Made from soft dough; dropped from a spoon. Spongy, delicate macaroon type.

SPREAD COOKIES

(May be the strong hero—or the villain)

Made from fairly soft dough baked in a sheet; cut into sticks, squares, etc., after baking.

Suggestions for Successful Cookies—

1. Use standard measurements and always sift flour *before* measuring.
2. In making butter cookies, always cream shortening thoroughly *before* adding other ingredients. Or slightly melt shortening so that the "creaming" is a perfect blend. This makes for fine texture.
3. Chill dough thoroughly and keep in refrigerator overnight. Shape in a roll and wrap in waxed paper.
4. Watch temperature of baking; large cookies and chocolate mixtures should be baked more slowly than thin crisp-textured cookies.
5. In cutting rolled cookies, flour the board and flour the cutter lightly. Do not mix "cuttings" as they are tough. Repeated rolling and working toughens the cookies.
6. Vary the same dough by cutting into different shapes and decorating with different candied peels, colored sugars, etc.
7. Store each different type of cookie in its own airtight tin or crockery container to keep moist.

HERE'S a simple but excellent recipe for a rolled cookie which can't be beat:

SOFT MOLASSES COOKIES

(Rolled)

- ½ cup shortening, melted
- 2 tablespoons hot water
- 1 cup molasses
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 4 teaspoons glycerine
- 3 cups sifted flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- ¼ teaspoon baking soda
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon ginger
- ½ teaspoon cloves

Pour hot water over shortening, add molasses, and blend well. Beat eggs with glycerine, and add to first mixture. Sift together flour, baking soda and spices. Add to molasses mixture and allow to stand 15 minutes. Roll out ¼ inch thick on slightly floured board, and cut into rounds with floured cutter. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 12-15 minutes. (Makes about 80 cookies.)

In all cookie baking it is best to use a special "baking sheet" of heavy tin, having a front rolled edge and sometimes a ring by means of which it may be pulled easily from the range. These baking sheets come in sizes to fit standard ranges, and are very inexpensive. Being of tin or light iron, they permit the quick baking so necessary to this



Edith Fellows goes to the dogs in a scene from Columbia's *Life Begins With Love.* Hope those St. Bernards don't get playful suddenly and roll over on their backs

type of small thin cake. Grease the sheet with a neutral odorless shortening, not butter which increases the tendency to scorch. In some recipes an ungreased sheet is called for, owing to the special mixture. When the cookies are baked, remove them carefully at once, with a wide spatula, to a wire rack where they may cool and become firm.

THE following recipe shows clearly how a refrigerator cookie is made:

PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES
(Refrigerator)

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 cups Whole Bran
- ½ cup butter or other shortening
- ½ cup peanut butter
- 1½ cups granulated sugar
- ½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 eggs, well beaten

Sift flour once, and measure; add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Add bran. Cream shortening thoroughly, add peanut butter, and cream together until well blended. Add both sugars gradually, and cream again. Add eggs, and blend. Add flour gradually and mix thoroughly. Shape into 1½-inch roll, wrap in waxed paper, and chill thoroughly. Cut into ¼-inch slices. Bake on greased sheet, hot oven (400° F.) 8 minutes. (Makes about 48 cookies.)

The opposite type of cookies is the one which is "dropped" from the end of a spoon as the ingredients are thoroughly mixed. Here is an easy recipe and one which children may have a lot of fun making.

MAPLE NUT COOKIES
(Drop)

- 1⅓ cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk
- ⅔ cup maple syrup
- 2½ cups graham cracker crumbs
- ½ cup walnuts, chopped

Thoroughly blend condensed milk and syrup in heavy saucepan.. Cook over hot water or low heat about 5 minutes, or until mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Cool. Add cracker crumbs and chopped nuts, and mix well. Drop by spoonfuls on to greased sheet. Decorate each cookie with whole walnut meat. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 15 minutes or until brown. Remove at once. (Makes 24 cookies.)

ANOTHER drop cookie recipe is interesting because by varying any one of five possible ingredients, five different cookies may be prepared from the same batch. This one has proved a winner:

FIVE-WAY CRUNCHY COOKIES
(Drop)

- 1⅓ cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk
- ½ cup peanut butter
- Any *1 of the 5* ingredients listed below:
  - (1) 2 cups seedless raisins
  - (2) 2 cups cornflakes
  - (3) 3 cups moist canned cocoanut
  - (4) 2 cups bran flakes
  - (5) 1 cup walnuts, chopped

Thoroughly blend condensed milk, peanut butter and *one* of the five suggested ingredients. Mix thoroughly. Drop by spoonfuls on to greased sheet. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 15 minutes until brown. (Makes about 30 cookies.)

Some cookies follow a "strip" method which is indeed a "tease" to anyone to eat them up as soon as they are made! These "strip-tease" cookies are those spoken of as the "spread" type, where the mixture is a fairly soft dough, baked in a sheet in a pan and then cut into strips or fancy shapes after baking. Lovely Olivia de Havilland passed along this unusual recipe for—

HAWAIIAN TEA STRIPS
(Spread)

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- ¼ cup butter or other shortening
- 1 tablespoon grated orange rind
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1 egg, unbeaten
- ¼ cup milk
- ½ cup orange juice

MERINGUE

- 4 tablespoons sugar
- 1 egg white, stiffly whipped
- 1 cup moist grated cocoanut

Sift flour once, and measure; add baking powder and sift three times. Add orange rind to butter and sugar, and cream together thoroughly. Add egg and beat until well blended and light. Add flour alternately with milk and orange juice, beating after each addition until smooth. Pour into greased shallow 15x10 inch pan. Cover with thin layer of meringue, made by beating sugar into egg white, and sprinkle with cocoanut. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 25 minutes. Cool. Cut into strips or into small diamonds or crescents. (Makes 24 strips.)

FOR the one who takes up cookie making in a serious way, there is a special cookie press, a tricky little device to help you make cookies as fancy as those of the most fashionable pastry cook. This small cylinder operates by a simple handle which presses the dough down and out, and thus shapes it as it passes through the various "plates" in the bottom. Among the patterns which may be made by it are a Christmas tree, Snowflake (popular and pretty), Daisy, Heart, and even, for the nautically minded, a Starfish! The entire outfit of press and twelve interchangeable plates comes in a neat gift box. It's easy and lots of fun to "punch" cookies in this mechanical way, and to make fancy cookies for special occasions, going-away boxes and holidays.

You will surely wish to send for the unusual set of Calling All Cookies Recipes which has been prepared for you.

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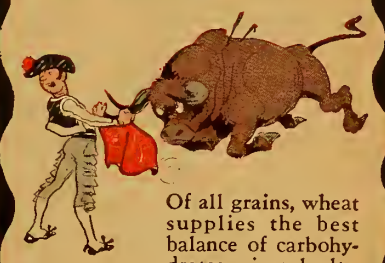
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do and it must not be bleached or dyed, for the Technicolor cameras are quick to record anything that's not natural. She contends, and correctly so, that regular scalp treatments plus plenty of brushing and cleansing bring out the highlights and keep them in her hair far better than any artificial method.

Brunette Katharine Aldridge, who wears a coiffure of classic charm, topped with a pert green velvet bow for evening, gives her hair the same regular care as her teeth, realizing that dark hair, to compete with the more spectacular blonde, must be cared for and dressed meticulously . . .

You may be photographed only a dozen times in your whole life, but that doesn't mean that *your* hair should be less well-



She isn't fixing her breakfast, but a new beauty mask made with milk

groomed than the models' locks . . . The eyes of your prospective boss, your business associates, your personal friends and your best beau are the critical camera lenses you have to face daily—and if you allow them to register an unfavorable impression, your career as successful business woman or successful wife will suffer . . .

Fall is a particularly good time for you to concentrate on reconditioning your hair because (1) it probably *needs* special care after being over-exposed to summer sun, wind and salt water and (2) with the renewal of autumn social activities, your hair must match your new Fall clothes, your new Fall face, for it will be under closer scrutiny at football dances, bridge parties and dinners . . . If you are interested in looking into the special treatments used by the models, I'll be glad to send you additional information. The treatments are given at salons all over the world, and the corrective preparations and brushes for home use are sold widely. Whether you are troubled by dry, oily or falling hair, dandruff or any of the ills the scalp is heir to, you'll find the remedy in this line.

NEW Fall faces and Fall fingertips as well as hair, come in for their share of attention in the new product line-up. One of the most interesting preparations for improving the texture and freshness of your skin is a corn product that can be mixed with various ingredients to form corrective beauty masks. A quick-acting beautifier, it softens and refines the skin, helps to reduce excessive oiliness and to ward off surface lines, accomplishing its purpose by gently increasing circulation. It is a pleasant, non-messy product to use and delightfully inexpensive.

One of its nicest and most effective uses is in combination with milk. You mix four tablespoonfuls with enough milk to make a thick or thin paste, as you prefer, apply this to the face and throat and then relax during the fifteen minutes it takes to dry. Rinse it off with clear, cold water and pat the skin dry. Besides clarifying the skin, this milk mask heightens its color and keeps your make-up fresh longer. For those with very dry or sensitive skins, the preparation should be mixed with a good tissue cream, and for sallow skins with buttermilk. If your skin is annoyingly oily, try adding the white of an egg and a small amount of milk to the product. I'll be glad to send you the trade name.

With your hair and skin beautified to accent your fine new frocks, don't spoil the picture by wearing an old summer shade of nail polish. However, I'm sure that once you see the three new Autumn shades of a popular and inexpensive lacquer, you will cast aside old favorites without a thought. These three shades, blended to harmonize with smart new fabric shades, are in soft rather than flaming tones, colors that gain attention by well-bred, but, nonetheless, insistent means.

TO GO with the spicy browns, rust and copper, those colors so well suited to the season of falling leaves, there is an ashes-of-roses, thistle-hued tint. This shade looks



Thistle, clover and red tulip inspired the new Fall shades for a nail polish

well with green, too. To blend with the second group of fabric colors—mahogany, burgundy, plum, royal blue and raisin—is a smoke-blue polish, the compelling tone of red clover. It has enough depth to accent black or grey, for all its softness and graciousness . . . The third of the trilogy, to be worn with the new duck-green, grey-blue, off-brown and yellow has the lively color of a red tulip, warm but not bold. A perfect evening shade with black or all-white, a distinguished accent with gold. Thirty-five cents each for these easily applied, long-lived cream enamels.

Synonymous with thoughts of gay parties in every girl's mind, is the spoken or unspoken desire to make herself especially alluring for these gala occasions. And who will deny that allure and long, dark eyelashes are also synonymous? One of our

smoothest cream mascaras, guaranteed to give the stubbiest lashes plenty of whipsy-whipsy, now comes in a grand new dress that tempts you to tuck it into your bag . . . The silvery mascara tube itself has been made much larger, although the price remains at 50 cents, and is now encased, with the brush, in silk bags with silvery slide fasteners . . . Black, brown and blue, the bags match the mascara in color. If you are not satisfied with one shade of mascara (Who would be, after trying more?), you'll find these colored bags avoid confusion.

The same firm announces the introduction of a fifty cent lipstick that is a smaller replica of its dollar one. An excellent value, this lipstick comes in five shades that endear themselves to you on use. The permanent quality of the dollar lipstick, the smartness of its engraved metal container, also distinguish the new baby sister. To apply this lipstick, outline the lips carefully, fill in, then blot off the excess with tissues . . .

SPEAKING of tissues, have you seen the new lipstick tissue books, a dozen of which can be had, all wrapped in cellophane, for a quarter? They're handbag treasures, if ever I saw any, for blotting lipstick, smoothing off excess powder, rouge or flecks of eye make-up. The same quality as the familiar 9x10 tissues bearing their name . . . If you're interested in bargains in *quality* merchandise, listen closely while I tell you how much these tissues, noted for their softness and strength, are reduced in price. The "economy" package of 500 (Count 'em!) 9x10 tissues slipped from 31 cents to 28; the box of 200 12x15 tissues was reduced from 29 cents to 25, and the 136 giant sheets (15x18) that used to cost 29 cents are now a quarter. These giant sheets are honies when used as bibs to keep your dresses from being ruined by face powder while you're making up. That's just one of many uses!

I intended to wait until Christmas to tell you about the smart new edition of a popular Hollywood compact, but that would be mean . . . I've seen few double compacts for the same price ($2) that were as swank and as practical. Rectangular in shape, it is dull gold, relieved by bright gold panels, the type that can be carried to the office or to the opera with equal assurance. The sliding compartment for loose powder is leak-proof and easily operated and the cake rouge safely cached behind a good mirror. You can buy refills for the rouge, which comes in four shades.



This new gold compact from Hollywood feels at home at the office or opera

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Nobody's Dummy

[*Continued from page 37*]

drenched hills back of San Diego, "to steam the poison out."

He had been there only a few days, when he came down with pneumonia. Double pneumonia. Nobody thought he was in any condition to win the battle. He was unconscious when he was rushed to the nearest town with a hospital. The newspapers had obituaries all prepared.

When he rallied from the coma of the pneumonia crisis, he asked where he was. They told him, "Riverside." Bill laughed. He had a memory of Riverside.

BACK in his tramp-juggler days, he played the county fair at Riverside once. Another act on the same bill was a coin manipulator—a trickster who could make coins appear or disappear at will, with sleight-of-hand. One night, Bill went into the manager's tent, to find the manager raging at the coin manipulator.

"The first night, your act lasted nine minutes," he was shouting. "It was good; people liked it. Last night, you cut it down to seven minutes. Tonight, five minutes. What do you think you're doing, anyway?"

Meekly and sadly (or so Bill claims, anyway), the coin manipulator answered, "Well, you haven't paid me yet, and I'm so hungry that I'm eating the act."

It was at Riverside that Bill had his now-famous $12,000 encounter with one Dr. Citron. It was an encounter that lasted a month. At the end of that time, Bill had frustrated the pneumococcus bugs. But now, besides his doctor's bill, he had something else to worry about. Arthritis—or, as Bill calls it, triple arthritis.

Every joint in his body was swollen and stiff and sore. He couldn't even hold a fork to feed himself. The most that he could do with his stiff hands was to rub one with the other, trying to rub the swelling away.

THE inactivity of those months, he says today, nearly killed him.

For Christmas, someone gave him a combination radio, phonograph and recording device. "That saved my life," he says.

He lay there, thinking of gags, telling them to the recording machine, then finding out how they sounded when they came back at him, trying to improve on them. And he discovered radio. He had never paid much attention to it before. Now, he had it on most of his waking hours. He made an amazing (to him) discovery: there was some pretty good talent on the air. But he still didn't have any ideas about a radio career for W. C. Fields.

"I had had radio offers for years," he says, "and turned 'em all down. I didn't think radio was a regular business—not for show folks. It was the same when movies came along. I didn't think they were a regular business, either. Now"—he grins that satanic-cherubic grin of his, with his cigarette holder pointed skyward—"now I'm looking forward to television."

The sanitarium had therapeutic machines operated by electricity. When they went on, they shot Bill's radio full of static. Invariably, during one of his favorite programs. He lived for the day when he could



Sally Eilers is in no hurry to return to Universal and her next picture, *She Married a Million*, for she's having a delicious time with her young son, Harry Joe Brown, Jr.

get outdoors, out to his car, in which he had a radio installed.

When that day arrived, when the word leaked out that Bill Fields, crippled for months, was beginning to get around a bit, Paramount came to him with a request that almost made Bill forget arthritis for a moment. They were holding a big jubilee party to celebrate Adolph Zukor's twenty-fifth anniversary in film business. Bill couldn't be there in person—but couldn't he say a few words into a radio microphone?

"I was tickled pink to do it," Bill says. Bill's very fond of Paramount, very grateful to Paramount. He was practically on his uppers, a has-been, when Paramount gave him a job in a picture. A bit. Then a couple more bits. Then a contract. Then stardom. Bill hasn't forgotten. He isn't the forgetting kind.

"They hooked radio apparatus into my room, and I went on. From that came the offer to go on the Chase and Sanborn hour."

BEFORE his enforced acquaintance with hospital beds, he had never taken a rest in his life. "I got to liking it so much after a while, I got so contented, that I said to myself, 'Here, here! This will never do! I've got to go out and do some work! I'm getting rusty' . . . I took the offer.

"Sure I like it—even if it is the toughest work I've ever had," he says, crushing out one cigarette and immediately lighting another, an old habit of his. "The shorter the time you have to get laughs, the more difficult it is to get them. On the stage, if you flop in the first part of a show, you may make it up in the last part. But on the radio, when you have just ten minutes, you have to make every minute count, squeeze down every gag to its minimum wordage, and, on top of that, be nonchalant. As if you're ad-libbing."

Which, part of the time, Bill is. It's another old habit of his, which has made him the ad-libber par excellence of our times. But it's highly disconcerting to his radio cohorts—Don Ameche, Dorothy Lamour, and Edgar Bergen, not to mention Charlie McCarthy. When Bill ad-libs, they all lose track of their lines and their scripts. So far, they've always been able to find them again. But what if, sometime, they couldn't? What then?

They're trying to reform him, trying to get him to ad-lib before the broadcast, not during it.

"It doesn't matter where I am—I can usually run off the mouth," he says, in apology.

Nobody's dummy himself, he finds Edgar Bergen's dummy, Charlie McCarthy, a new reason for living. Even if he does call him "a termite's flop house." (That's just one of the lines Bill has got away with on the radio.)

"Funny thing," he says. "Everybody thought ventriloquism was all washed up years ago. And along comes Bergen with that kid and cleans up."

Accuse Bill of talking as if Charlie is alive, and he says, "Everybody believes he's alive. Dorothy kisses him goodnight after every broadcast. Bergen pretends that Charlie is just a dummy, but he doesn't believe any such nonsense. He has another dummy, exactly like Charlie, in case somebody should steal Charlie—but he can't use him. He isn't alive, like Charlie."

BILL is thoroughly sold on radio, even if it *is* the hardest work he has ever had. But it hasn't made him less sold on the movies. He still thinks comedy that can be seen, as well as heard, is funnier than comedy that can only be heard.

As soon as he has recovered a few more of his vanished pounds, and looks like his former movie self again, he will do a skit for Paramount's *Big Broadcast of 1938,* then start *Things Began to Happen.*

But he shakes his head, in mild amazement, that after forty-two years in show business, he has a new career. He thought he had done everything that was to be done, in the show line. He had been in medicine shows, circuses, county-fair acts, burlesque, vaudeville, musical comedy, movies. But now he's in radio. Now, nothing can surprise him. Not even a career in television.

It all started in Philadelphia, when he was eleven. He ran away with a medicine show. "Not because I was sold on the medicine show, but because I had an altercation with my father. He didn't like the way I looked at him, or something, and boxed my ears. I called him a name, and ran. And I didn't have the nerve to go back."

There were no actors in his family, "except bad actors—and none of those ever went on the stage." Bill had nightmares of stage-fright in the beginning. The only thing he could do then was juggling. And juggling, he discovered, had its hazards as a profession.

"When you juggle, you judge the height of your throws by the ceiling. But stages don't have orthodox ceilings. And the ceilings they do have are of different heights in different theatres. Not only that, but you have



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True Confessions

spotlights in your eyes, blinding you. I'll never forget one time in Berlin—I was nineteen then—I threw my hat up in the air. I was going to catch it on my head. And I lost sight of the hat after I tossed it. The lights blinded me. . . . Ah, yes, my lad, juggling is a difficult profession."

He still juggles occasionally, in his own backyard, to keep in trim. It's a form of exercise, "good for the coordination."

HE CAN'T explain how he developed his unique brand of laugh-getting. "Frankly, I don't know. I *don't* know. I might give you some fanciful sort of romance about how it all started, but it would be sheer hokum. I don't think comics are made. They're born. But they don't know, any more than any other fellow, where they're going to land. They do something a little off the beaten track, and people like it, and they're made. I'm fortunate that they like what I've been doing . . . And that's what it is: one hundred per cent luck. . . .

"I don't think acting can be taught. That's why I don't see where they're going to get a new crop of comics. The old field where comics grew is ploughed under now. I mean vaudeville. The whole crop today is from the stage, and they all got their start in vaudeville, which tolerated beginners. There are so few exceptions that they aren't worth mentioning."

Everything that Bill says isn't funny. This is one thing about which he is serious. So is everyone else who sees the dearth of new talent on the screen horizon. But if he can't explain how he developed his particular brand of comedy, he has the explanation of why it gets over. At least, he hopes it's the explanation.

"You've heard the old legend that it's the little, put-upon guy who gets the laughs. But I'm the most belligerent guy on the screen. I'm going to kill everybody. But, at the same time, I'm afraid of everybody. Just a great big frightened bully. There's a lot of that in human nature. When people laugh at me, they're laughing at themselves. Or, at least, at the next fellow.

"I was the first comic in world history, so they told me, to pick fights with children. I booted Baby LeRoy. The No-men—they're even worse than the Yes-men—shook their heads and said that it would never go; people wouldn't stand for it . . . then, in another picture, I kicked a little dog. I was walking along a hedge. A gardener was sprinkling a lawn on the other side. I didn't see him. Suddenly, I noticed water on my leg—and a stray pup beside me. I booted the pup . . . The No-men said I couldn't do that, either. But I got sympathy both times. People didn't know what the unmanageable baby might do to get even, and they thought the dog might bite me.

"Maybe you wouldn't call it sympathy. Maybe you'd call it forbearance. But at least I haven't been mobbed yet. People seem to think there's no real harm in me . . . And sometimes," he adds, in mock sorrow, "that cuts me to the quick—that anyone should think there's no harm in me."

HIS pet antipathy is a stooge, of any variety. This, however, cannot compare with his aversion to hospital beds. He was never in one before last year, and he intends never to be in one again. That is Reason No. 1 why he has stopped drinking entirely. If he says anything to the contrary on the radio, he's only kidding.

"I'd hate to see my friends stop, too," he says. "This gives me an advantage. If we're talking a business deal, all I have to do is to get them drunk, and *I'll* come out on top."

Besides being a chain-smoker, he is a pacer. Talking with you in simple conversation, he walks up and down a room, with those short, jerky steps of his, an unused cane in his hand. If he sits down for a moment, he's up again the next moment. He is the world's worst sleeper. For years, he has had only two or three hours' sleep a night—an old habit of his barnstorming days, when he had to catch owl-trains from one stop to another. And a year's rest in a hospital didn't break the habit. He had arthritis, you remember; not measles.

He hasn't played golf since his escape from invalidism. His favorite sport now is sunbaths, under a special glass that raises the sun's temperature twenty degrees. That redness in his proboscis these days is one-hundred-per-cent sunburn.

He is one ex-stage luminary who never even feigns a homesickness for Broadway. He thinks California is the greatest country in the world (most of which he has seen with those pale-blue eyes of his), and wants to stay here the rest of his life. "If pictures move elsewhere," he says, "to H—— with pictures."

He lives on the fringe of Bel-Air, in an isolated, rented house, with a view of thinly wooded hills and, in the distance, the ocean. In the driveway, beside his car, stands Hollywood's first trailer. He bought it years ago, outfitted it like a Pullman club car, and still uses it when he feels like being alone. And when he is in the country, he wants to be alone. It's only in the city that he likes people around.

Born with the name Claude William Dunkinfield (he reversed the initials when he changed his name to Fields), he has a mordant interest in comical cognomens. He is proud of the latest addition to his collection. In a society column the other day (though what Bill was doing, reading a society column, I don't know), he found this name: P. G. Whistletree.

You'll be seeing it opposite Bill's name—perhaps—on the cast sheet of some picture.



There was no age or size discrimination at the Screen Stars Baseball Game. Spanky MacFarland and Dick Arlen both at bat

for *I'll Take Romance,* her new Columbia picture. Or rather, as she finishes playing it, and her eyes seek those of a man seated unobtrusively in the shadows but where she can see him. Her brows rise in a question, so slightly that unless you know what to look for, you'll miss the pantomime. His head moves in an all but imperceptible negative, and her face clouds a little. Next time she blows up in her lines, and the look she sends him is that of a crestfallen child. But he smiles encouragement, and the next take is perfect. Not to Grace Moore, though, till she catches her husband's nod of approval. And in the little smile they exchange, a keen-sighted observer may read the whole tale of their marriage.

IF SHE had her way, he would be on the set with her always. But he has his own ideas on that subject and sticks to them. His dark eyes, with their tinge of Latin melancholy, remain gentle but his voice is firm as he tells her: "It is not well, Gracita, that the husband should—how you say?—come to butt in. Besides, there is other business to attend." And he goes to attend the other business, the management of her affairs—a full time job for any man.

"That's one thing I love about him," she said later, as we sat in the dressing-room decorated in her favorite white, for the few minutes allowed her between takes. Against the white leather of the *chaise longue,* the gold and blue of her hair and eyes struck vivid notes. Her attitude was one of repose, hands clasped round her knee, the folds of her bronze metal-cloth gown falling softly at her feet. Yet her vitality is such that, sitting quietly in a room, she seems to fill it with more significant life than would the bustle of ten other women.

"I might say that I'm old-fashioned enough to prefer a man I can't twist round my finger, except that I don't think there's anything old-fashioned about it. I believe every woman with normal feminine instincts would rather submit to her husband than have it the other way round. She may enjoy teasing him to see how far she can go, but if she finds she can push him all the way, believe me, she hates the victory she's won.

"I'm a volatile person. Val's a steady one. Whatever notion hits me, that's the one I'm crazy to be chasing. Val says I'm like a humming-bird, dashing into every flower I see. He's my balance-wheel. I don't say I'm the most docile character you could meet, nor that he's a *Simon Legree.* After all, we're both reasonable adults. He lets me run to the end of my rope, and then he says: 'Grace!' And when he says 'Grace!' I listen. I may flare up for a minute or argue for an hour, but I know in my heart that his judgment's worth more than all my impulses. Especially in music. Toscanini said he had better taste in music than any man he'd ever met. The flaring and arguing's mostly an act."

"To see how far you can push him?"

"Maybe," she smiled. "Anyway, he never takes a stand except on essentials. He's no fuss-budget, and therein lies his strength. For instance, nothing would do me when we came out here this summer, but that I must immediately have a pool built on the property we'd bought. There's no house, you understand. Maybe some day we'll build one, and meantime we're living in a small place across the way. But I'd never been here in the summertime before, and I clamored for a pool. I yelled it's going to be hot, I must have it right away, quick as lightning, overnight. Val humored me. He said: 'If I could, I would wave you a wand, and say: 'Presto! Pool! But I can't, darlink!' You've got to hear him say 'darlink' to appreciate how it sounds.

"Well, before it was finished, I'd been bitten by the trailer bug, gone out and bought me one, had it hiked down to a spot we rented on the shore, and now we spend every spare minute in the trailer, and the pool takes care of itself. Oh, yes, we use it now and then, and of course if we build, there it is. But that's an example of how little Gracie behaves when she's given her head."

AND here's an example of how she behaves when her head is checked. The studio had sent up a still photographer one warm day, and for hours she'd posed in the house and garden to give him the shots he needed. Then they went indoors to rest. It was very pleasant—the cool light of the room, the cool cretonnes of the furniture,

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At the Helm – in time of need

the cool drinks in their hands. But Miss Moore had a lesson at four.

Presently she rose, sauntered over to a vase of flowers that required no attention, and began busily arranging them. "I don't think I'll take a lesson today," she volunteered to her husband. No comment. She moved dreamily around, straightening a stalk here and a leaf there, till from behind the flowery screen she could peek at her husband's face. "It's so warm," she sighed, "and I'm so tired."

He looked up, his lean face unsmiling. "Didn't you miss your lesson the other day?"

"Mhm."

"Well—?" The faintest shadow of a quizzical smile touched his lips.

"Well—" Her eyes flew to the clock. "Since my little-girl routine doesn't work, I'd better be starting."

They show each other the courtesy that many husbands and wives seem to keep for strangers. The studio phoned her unexpectedly one morning that she wouldn't have to work that day. She flew happily about, getting ready to go to the beach. But maybe if she waited, Val could go with her. She wouldn't wake him, he hadn't been sleeping well. She hung around while the precious hours slipped by, till she heard him stirring.

"Can you come with me, Val?"

"Well, I must go to the bank. You want your Scandinavian medals for photographing, don't you?"

"Oh, Rena will do it." (Rena is her secretary).

"I think they will not let her go to the safe deposit—"

"Yes, yes, I'll phone, I'll fix it." She raced to the phone, eager as a school-girl. "It'll be so much more fun if you come along—"

While she was fixing it, Val had a word with Rena. "Will you phone those gentlemen that I will not be able to dine with them tonight? I would not bring her home earlier than she wishes. Let her have the full day—"

"Oh, but she's got to be back at 5:30 for her lesson, don't you remember—?"

"Ah, yes. Then I will keep the engagement."

So they went off for their day together—to swim, to lie in the sun (for Miss Moore is a sun-worshipper) to read, to talk, to eat the meal she would prepare herself. She is an epicure of food and wines, and an excellent cook, "though I do so much tasting that by the time the meal's ready, half of it's gone."

THE cook's day out is a treat to her. She ties on an apron and goes humming about the kitchen, as she fixes the Spanish rice and chicken her husband loves, while he sets the table. Then they sit down, unattended, to enjoy their dinner together. She is no great lover of meat. Fruit and vegetables are all she needs to keep her happy. "But Val's too thin," she worries. "And anyway, a man needs meat."

Queenie sits on her haunches at Miss Moore's feet, a velvet-brown dachshund, comic body and beautiful eyes lifted imploringly. To see her is to love her. But when she arrived, a limp miserable scrap, on the set last year, having traveled all the way from Sir Philip Sassoon's kennels in England, there was a little argument. A friend broke in on it.

"Can you imagine?" cried Miss Moore, half pleading, half indignant. "Val expects a tiny little puppy to behave like a grown-up dog the very first day."

"Ugh," said the fastidious Parera.

Radio listeners comment on the warmth of her voice, on the intimate note which makes them feel that "she's singing just to me."

"That's how I want them to feel," she says emphatically, "and I know only one way to ensure it. A singer has a very real affection for those who like to hear her voice. But it's hard to project that through an impersonal 'mike'. So if they get the message I send them each time I sing, I think it's because I'm singing to them through one person, through the man I love."

AT HEART she's a vagabond, and the fartherest fields look greenest. Her home in Cannes, built with the fruits of her early success, is very dear to her. There she runs free—no crowds to gape, no autograph hounds at her heels. The townsfolk will say: "See—there's Grace Moore," and smile and go their way. She loves it. Yet sometimes her husband will catch her wistful-eyed.

"What is it, Gracita?"

"Just think, Val. The figs will be ripe in California, and I won't be there to eat them."

Months later, in a sunlit California patio, she bites into a green almond. "D'you know, Val, I think the almonds are tastier in Cannes."

He eyes the one in her hand. "It would not be because you eat them a little riper in Cannes?" And they break into laughter.

When her picture is finished, they'll be off and away. "I can't just sit," she laughs. "I've got to be moving, or come the revolution." There's a trip ahead to the Scandinavian countries, where honors were showered upon her last year. There's a season at the Met, there's a radio program, there are concert dates. But through it all, there's fun and fun ahead, with her husband beside her.

Because, while variety may be the spice of life to Grace Moore Parera, constancy is its substance.



Grace Moore has been in a seventh heaven of happiness from the day she met Valentin Parera and married him. A love match

They Think I'm a Bombshell

[*Continued from page 36*]

and firmness and tender femininity. It is impossible not to like her. We think she is swell.

BUT there is one thing we are worried about: she drives a rattletrap 1930 Ford. Positively hazardous in Laurel Canyon, where she lives in a frame house perched on a precipitous cliff. One must be something of an indomitable alpinist to get there. We are speaking from sad personal experience. All lovers of better acting and less bunk in Hollywood should band together and persuade Frances Farmer to give up her dangerous car. "I'm expecting it to fall apart any minute," she said, that sardonic grin quivering on her lips.

She abhors Hollywood's time-honored institution of bakshish. When a new stupendous, colossal, etc., picture is completed, it is the accepted practice among our glamor queens to distribute sundry valuable gifts to cameramen, juicers, prop boys and others who supply the convincing details that help the producers and the stars rake in the shekels you and I have such a heck of a time earning.

"It's so hypocritical and so futile," Miss Farmer asserted. "I have great respect for all studio technicians. They are the real heroes in this business. But why should one try to placate and bribe them? They do their best, and that's all one can expect of them. Giving such gifts is like tipping servants, and wholly uncalled for and unnecessary in studio work. It reduces the technicians to an inferior social position."



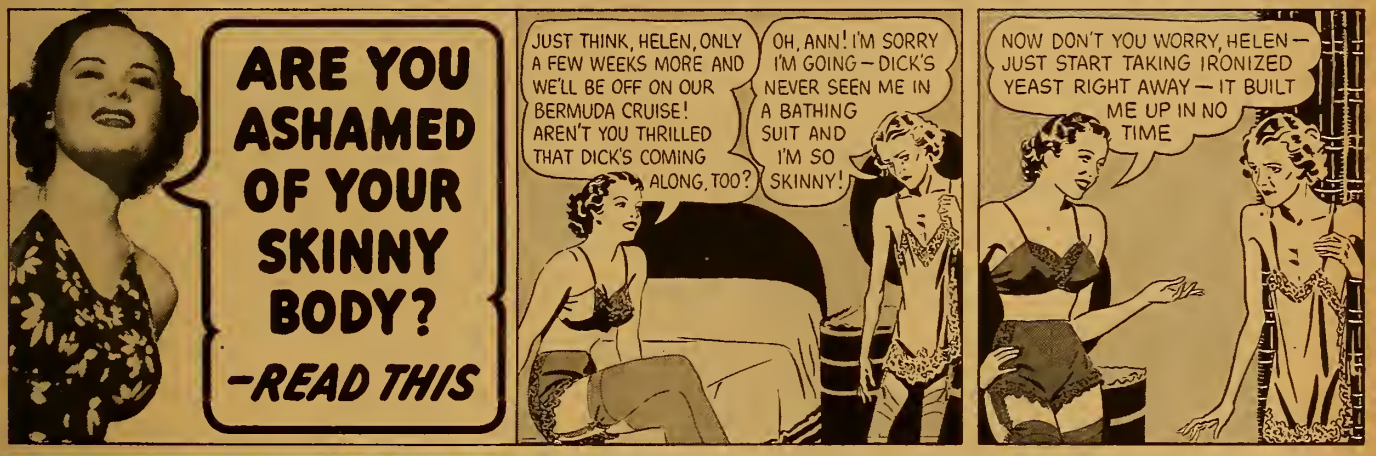
Leif Erikson will have no one to read his lines to now that the wife, Frances Farmer, is playing stock in the East

SHE wouldn't let even Adolph Zukor ask her a question in the middle of a scene, and has a horror of meeting visitors on the set, because she takes her acting seriously. "People don't realize that acting is hard nervous work and requires extreme concentration. They go to a theatre, see the players moving gracefully, hear them speak their lines casually, and conclude that acting is the easiest thing in the world. When I prepare for a new role, I literally live it for days before the shooting starts. I'm completely absorbed in it, and when I'm actually before the camera, I'm not Frances Farmer any more, but the person I'm playing. So many actors get a reputation for being temperamental because they don't like to be distracted on the set."

Frances Farmer is a working girl who made good in Hollywood. Success has not changed her, and is not likely to change her. She has the independence and healthy common sense of those who have labored with their hands, and is a typical, modern American girl.

There are thousands like her on college campuses throughout this broad land, or just entering the world of strife and toil. The college youth of the jazz age in the twenties, and the college youth of today are not the same generation. Sociology is now hardly less important than foxtrotology, and the college girl of today is not ashamed to be seen with a book under her arm.

A child of the depression, Miss Farmer doesn't care to dramatize her difficulties, nor does she care to deny that she has



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worked hard at a variety of humble tasks. And if she isn't dazzled by the glamor of Hollywood or awed by its social hierarchy, it is because she has juggled trays and worked in a factory and typed under the NRA Student Relief Fund for fifteen dollars a month. She says: "We never had much money. Mine is an average American family. It was necessary for all of us to work in order to go to college. I mean my brother, my sister and myself. It would have been too much of a strain on my father to finance our education. But I haven't a sob story. I enjoyed working. Today, looking back over my college years I can say in all sincerity that I gained something invaluable as an actress by washing mountains of dishes and punching the time-clock in a factory. After all, what is acting but interpreting one set of human beings to another? You must know something about humanity in the raw to give convincing performances."

She worked especially hard during the summer vacations. "One summer I was a waitress at Mt. Rainier," she recalled. "I got up at six o'clock in the morning and worked until ten at night for twenty-five dollars a month, and my board and room. In the evenings I had to sing an Indian love song, *Pale Moon*. My audiences consisted of people from all over the country wearing Indian costumes and cowboy outfits. I remember, Vicki Baum and her husband were there, too. I sang *Pale Moon* so many times that I got sick of it." She reached for another cigarette—the third in half an hour.

"Another summer I worked as a counsellor to campfire girls and taught them dramatics. There were five other counsellors in our camp, each with a specialty of her own. I was in charge of a tent. When the girls behaved well they were rewarded with an overnight trip. My girls always insisted on climbing to the highest peak during these trips, which I can't say I enjoyed. Indeed, campfiring didn't appeal to me at all. For one thing, I had just begun to smoke, and had to sneak out of the camp and tramp around in solitary communion with Nature to smoke a cigarette. They thought I was a great Nature lover. There were all kinds of restrictions to contend with, and I wasn't exactly a good girl. I have been a rebel all my life.

"I was happier working in a small factory in Seattle. There were only seven girls in the workroom, and we were allowed to talk. Our boss was an easy-going man. We put packages of a hair dye in envelopes and wrapped and sealed the boxes. The girls represented four or five different nationalities—a miniature melting-pot—and they were all very nice. But what do you think they talked about from morning to night? Movies, movies, movies. I was amazed. It was pathetic. Depressed me."

WE WERE curious to know if she ever thought, while working in that factory, that some day she, herself, might be a movie star, did Hollywood have any place in her day-dreams as an actress?

"Never. I never thought of Hollywood. New York was my goal. Frankly, I couldn't imagine myself a movie star."

Did any of those girls write to her after she became a marquee name? "Yes, I received a long letter from an Italian girl. She told me her whole life story. I'm sure those girls and everybody who knew me in Seattle can't get over the fact that the Frances



While waiting to be called for scenes for *Ebbtide*, Paramount's technicolor picture, Frances Farmer has an earnest discussion with Oscar Homolka, left, noted European actor, and Ray Milland, right. Frances dons slacks and feels at home with the boys

Farmer they knew is a motion picture actress today." She giggled. Yes, this serious thespian does giggle. She is very human.

Her life at the University of Washington wasn't that of scatter-brained sorority gals with rich doting parents. She preferred a good book and a pack of cigarettes to spinning around in a sizzling rash of jazz. Of course, the shining lights of the campus circles thought she was a bookworm and a little queer. She associated with kindred souls in the drama, English and journalism departments. She majored in journalism before she switched to drama. Her brother is editor of the Burbank, Calif., *News*, and her sister is on the staff of the San Francisco *Chronicle*. So journalism is almost a family profession.

She admitted, blushingly, that she still writes poetry. "We were very serious about our work. We went out in groups, enjoyed departmental socials, and there was no pairing off to speak of." Did she ever fall in love? "A few times, but not seriously. I felt I would never marry, that I was doomed to lead a single life."

In 1935 she won the subscription contest of the *Voice of Action*, a Left Wing publication, and was rewarded with a trip to Moscow, Russia, where she studied the Soviet cinema and theatre for six weeks. It was hardly a luxurious trip, as she went to New York on a bus, and thence to London as a third class passenger, where she boarded a Soviet ship for Leningrad. Nevertheless, it was a memorable journey, and proved to be instrumental in getting her a Paramount screen test upon her return to New York, with many ideas about the art of acting, but penniless. In New York, she tried to earn a few dollars as a model, before Paramount rushed her to Hollywood. "I had seen Hollywood before, but of course I had never been inside a studio. From Mt. Rainier I came to Los Angeles. I had some relatives down here, and I was very much interested in the work of the Pasadena Community Playhouse.

"I took some private lessons from a dramatic teacher in Pasadena, and played in *Maedchen in Uniform* with an amateur group. I had the part of the duchess. But we closed down after one night because we couldn't meet Pasadena's fire regulations. I had spent my hard earned $75, and went back to Seattle flat broke. Fortunately, a friend of mine got me a job in that hair dye factory." It is characteristic of her fearless, independent spirit that she traveled to Moscow and back all alone, without knowing a word of Russian. Her mother was worried, even though she knew Frances was capable of looking after herself.

PHYLLIS LAUGHTON, then dramatic coach at Paramount, introduced her to one of her students, Leif Erikson, a guy who towers to a height of six-feet-four-and-a-half-inches and looks like a young tribal chief of the old Vikings. "We took to each other immediately," Frances said, giggling with wifely satisfaction, "but it wasn't love at first sight. We first met in October, and were married the next February. We enjoy ourselves beautifully. When we have a few days off we go down to Laguna Beach, or take a trip to the mountains. We are satisfied with each other's company and don't care for parties and night-clubs. We had an apartment before we got this place, but we didn't like it. Not enough room and privacy.

"But we love it out here. It's just like living in the country. It's sometimes hard for our friends to find our house, but we go down to the gas station at the foot of the canyon and pick them up." Laurel Canyon is a swanky residential district for hardy drivers and is peopled by movieland's cliff dwellers. Its starry nights are worth poems, and no doubt, Frances has written several.

Ever since she gave that amazing performance in *Come and Get It* Miss Farmer has been one of the busiest girls in town. At the moment she has two pictures playing on Broadway, *The Toast of New York* and *Exclusive*, and is working in a third, *Ebbtide*. The studio rewarded her with a bonus, and offered her a new contract with more money as a result of her work in *Come and Get It*, but she wouldn't take it because she wants to divide her time between the stage and the screen.

She plans to go East to do summer stock as soon as she finishes her current assignment in *Ebbtide*. "Now that I have gained a certain amount of security," she said, "money means very little to me. It's not an important consideration anymore. I can be satisfied with very little. I don't care to put up a front. I feel I need the stimulation of the stage to improve my acting. Otherwise I'll get into a rut. Besides, it is necessary to get away from Hollywood from time to time in order to regain one's perspective on things. After a few months in the hectic atmosphere of a studio, one cannot but wonder if there is another world besides Hollywood."

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He's Funny That Way

[*Continued from page* 58]

atrical glamor of a Barrymore, none of the Hamletish moods of a Chaplin, none of the magic romanticism of a Ronald Colman or Robert Taylor. And yet, while virtually unheard of among film audiences during the three years he has been in pictures, Jack has quietly earned over a quarter of a million dollars.

His attractive wife, the former Florence McFadden whom he first met when both were in their first vaudeville acts, phrased it succinctly thus: "Jack has always made top money even though he didn't get top billing."

Hollywood, until recently, didn't hear of Jack simply because it didn't bother to hear of him. In a town which is virtually the goldfish bowl of the world's parlor Jack, nevertheless, had the privacy of a holed-up ground-hog whether he wanted it or not. Seeking to attract professional attention and publicity, he bought a lovely big house in the most swanky section of Beverly Hills, put in a swimming-pool, accourted himself with two huge police dogs and a resplendent automobile, just as other successful players do; and still Hollywood wouldn't give him a tumble.

JACK HALEY'S story, however, really begins a long time before he was that Boston newsboy. He was born in that city on August 10, which birthdate he magnanimously shares with Napoleon Bonaparte, and six months after his birth his father, John Haley, was drowned.

Haley, the father, was a fishing-boat captain who, off-duty himself, volunteered to put to sea in the stead of another skipper whose wife was having a baby. A big storm came up off Nantucket, wreaking havoc with the fishing fleet, and the boat Haley Sr. was commanding went down with all hands.

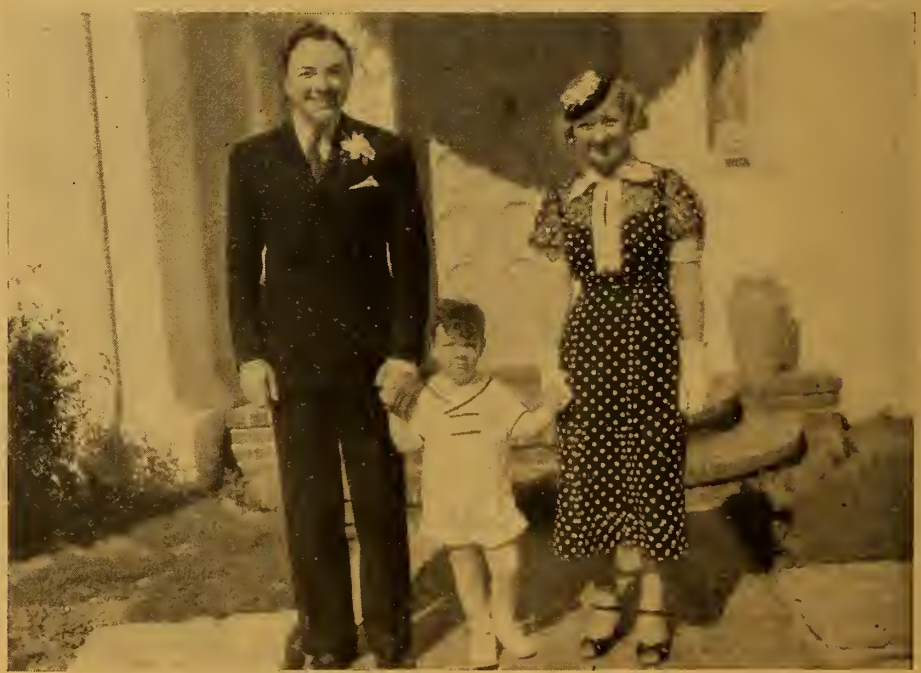
That tragedy meant that Jack's mother was left with two small boys to bring up and educate, a struggle which ended only when Jack, himself, was able to take up the burden. It explains why Jack became a newsboy and why, throughout his childhood, he learned the lessons of industry and thrift which have been moulded into his character. Ironically, after the mother's courageous fight to raise her sons, Jack's brother, William, died of pneumonia when he was 21.

From newsboy to his graduation from the Boston English High School Jack filled in with a variety of odd jobs, culminating as an apprentice electrician at the Boston navy yard. But Jack did not want to become an electrician; ever since he could remember he had wanted to go on the stage, and so he left home and became a songplugger in Philadelphia.

His song-plugging led directly to his debut in vaudeville at the Pastime Theatre in Hoboken, and it wasn't long before Jack made the big time and found himself before the footlights in the seventh heaven of all vaudevillians—the Palace Theatre, New York.

Meanwhile, an act called *The Seven Brownies* brought romance into his life. Six of the *Brownies* were just girls in a kid revue, but the seventh was Florence, at that time just 13 years old. Jack was with an act known as *The Lightner Girls & Alexander,* and both acts were playing Keith's Theatre, Philadelphia. The next time those two acts played the same bill Florence was 15, and she and Jack started "going around" together. When Jack became featured comedian with *Round The Town,* a Shubert show, they were married.

Florence was still in vaudeville, and soon both of them were cast in *Gay Paree.* Followed a checkered career of musical comedy and vaudeville, which, as both of them reminisce now, were the most happy-go-lucky, carefree days they have ever known.



The Jack Haleys live a very quiet life—as domestically contented as a happy couple on a farm. The little gentleman holding hands with Pop and Mom is their pride and joy

"I WOULDN'T give the memories of those days for a million dollars," said Jack, "times were different then. Now everybody is so busy chasing success that nobody is relaxed any more; money makes people serious, and the more they have the more they want. Those days we laughed things off."

Those days they lived in theatrical apartments, where there were large clothes-closets but no kitchens, so since they hadn't so many clothes they cooked their meals in the largest closet. Florence did Jack's laundry and ironed it on a drawer turned upside down.

They had grand parties, then, too—parties in the clothes-closet apartment after the show, when George Burns and Gracie Allen, Jack Benny, Freddie Allen and a lot of others now almost too famous to mention were all part of the gang. All were vaudeville troupers then and the gags were unconfined. The same gang still have parties together in Hollywood, but Jack mourns that the big mansions they all have now aren't the same as those hall-bedrooms used to be.

Gracie Allen, by the way, was one of the major reasons why Jack and Florence Haley got their swimming-pool. Florence, who doesn't swim, heard that Gracie had learned not only to swim but to dive as well.

"I told Jack that if Gracie could learn to dive I at least could learn to swim," she said, "and so we had the pool put in."

Now Jack Jr., their three-year-old son, makes grand use of that pool. Between times, his mother says, he gets his father's stiff-bosomed dress shirts out of their drawer and throws them into the bathtub because he adores seeing them soften up.

And as for Jack himself: "When we bought the house," said Florence, "and hadn't all the furniture at first, we had couches with box-springs for beds. Jack liked that more than the beds we've got now because he said those box-springs reminded him of the old vaudeville days."

JACK HALEY hasn't changed much since those days. His wife says that he still has the same tastes and enjoyments—a cup of coffee and a couple of sinkers is still the best kind of a banquet to him.

"Notwithstanding his success," said Florence, "he still has the same inferiority complex, too. In the old days, whenever he saw the stage manager whispering to the theatre manager, he'd always tell me to go and pack our trunk; now he still says that we shouldn't ever buy anything we can't put on *The Chief*.

"Jack has never been without a job. When shows used to close, and instead of waiting around for another big part, he and I would always start breaking in an act and fill in the time with vaudeville. Those habits stick with him. Even now he has a horror of buying anything we can't pay spot cash for, and it's only recently that he has begun to feel secure in Hollywood. And the basis for that security, besides the hit he has recently made, is the knowledge that he can always turn to personal appearances or go back on the stage if Hollywood gets tired of him."

Haley has never liked himself on the screen. He still likes the theatre, although he naturally appreciates the infinitely greater audiences and opportunities of the films. Eventuallly he hopes to become a producer.

That seems a big jump from the time when Jack first came to Hollywood to appear in *Sitting Pretty* with Ginger Rogers and Jack Oakie at Paramount. Everybody who knew Haley worried for him because Oakie is such a picture-stealer.

"I didn't worry, though," says Haley, "because I had the part. I just played it—and Oakie didn't get away with *that* picture."

AS FAR as his own picture-stealing reputation is concerned, Haley insists that he's never stolen a scene in his life. "I say and do what the 'script calls for," he declared, "and if I get 'em it's because the writer stole 'em for me. Show-stealing, as we stage-folk understand it, was done by actors who pulled impromptu lines without the rest of the cast knowing what was coming, and getting a hand for themselves. That was really larceny."

Incidentally, when Jack came out to Paramount he persuaded Charles Rogers, the producer, to sign Ginger Rogers and Gordon and Revel, the songwriters, as well. All of them are now tops, but none of them work for the original producer.

All that Jack now asks of life is a lot more of the same. More roles like *Wake Up and Live*, more sunshiny California days to spend in his swimming-pool, more starlit California nights to drive around in his nice new car. He has just begun a radio career over the national networks; Fate, at last, has cried "Open Sesame" to life for Jack.

"And if I had it to do all over again," he says, "I'd do exactly the same thing. I'd go on the stage as I did, marry the wife I have, and be as happy as I am."

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America's New Sweetheart—Jane Bryan

[*Continued from page* 40]

Bryan is America's New Sweetheart.

For the same reason that the foreign director didn't want her, America is clamoring for Jane Bryan: She *is* so obviously American, so completely normal, so understandable in her actions and her emotions, so refreshingly real.

AMERICA was in a mood for some heroes who were natural and understandable—normal Americans, with normal American backgrounds. A couple of midwesterners named Robert Taylor and Fred MacMurray came along. They fitted the bill. And, because they did, America took to them immediately. Now, apparently, America is in a mood to glorify the normal American girl. At least, in a big way, it is taking to Jane Bryan—who is just that.

She even has freckles. Dozens upon dozens of frank, unmistakable freckles.

"I can't understand why they don't let me have them on the screen," she says. "They're part of me. And make-up makes me self-conscious."

Besides the freckles, she also is frank enough—and young enough—to admit her age. She was born June 11, 1918. Once you know Jane, however, her place of birth sounds like a believe-it-or-not. She was born in Hollywood, California.

She was christened Jane O'Brien—her father being James M. O'Brien, Los Angeles lawyer. The studio, over her protests, changed the O'Brien to Bryan. They didn't want Jane and that other O'Brien, Pat, to be spending the rest of their movie lives denying kinship.

Blue-eyed, with brownish hair, she is the only girl in a family of four children. That sounds as if she had a good chance to be spoiled. She was never able to take advantage of it. Her brothers all were younger. Jimmie is now sixteen; Billy ("he's a very amazing actor"), fourteen; and Don, eleven.

"I think I'll be able to take criticism in Hollywood," she says. "As long as I can remember, Jimmie, Billy and Don have been putting me through the paces."

Despite the nearness of the movie studios—or, perhaps, because of their nearness—she never gave a thought to them as a youngster. She says today, with the ironic philosophy of nineteen, "The only reason I ever had a movie chance, I think, was because it was the last thing I wanted. If I had longed for it, it probably would never have happened."

She describes the pre-teen Jane Bryan as "one of those horrible children who sit in attics and look out of the window and day dream. And I could never quite forgive Daddy for making it an attic, instead of a garret. A garret would have been so much more romantic."

The attic went out of her life when the Depression came into it. The family moved from Hollywood to West Los Angeles,



While working together in *Confession*, starring Kay Francis, Jane Bryan and Basil Rathbone became good friends. Basil is entertaining Jane with an English story

where, in time, she went to University High School. It was there, in highly amateurish theatricals, that she first contracted footlight fever. And it *was* footlight—not movie—fever.

"I can't remember what inspired me (ahem!) to do my first acting (another ahem!). Nothing definite. Just all of a sudden, I started. Maybe that's what made the idea seem so natural. It *wasn't* the result of long pondering."

SHE deprecates any illusion that she might have been the Katharine Cornell or the Helen Hayes of University High School. She wasn't the school heroine. "High-school Shakespeare isn't very popular," she says, in part explanation. Then adds: "Besides, I didn't act much. I directed, usually."

Perhaps it hurt a little, once in a while, to be backstage, unhonored and unsung, while some other girl was out front, getting the applause. But there was a compensation for the hurt. She was backstage, assisting the dramatic coach, because the d. c. credited her with an instinct for the theatre that the others didn't have. The silent, but constant encouragement of one person gave Jane more ambition than the infrequent handclaps of hundreds ever could have given her.

From the pinnacle of nineteen, she looks back upon her smaller, younger self, and says, "I'm afraid I developed all the symptoms of the Very Young Child with dreams of the theatre. I even had ideas of eventually getting to New York. Broadway was the Great Goal."

To the best of her knowledge, she is the first member of her family ever to take to acting. "Though," she comments, mischievously, "I think Mother has had the desire—and has it even now. And Daddy, being a lawyer, has to be very dramatic, sometimes."

But, whatever their own dramatic urges, Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien didn't applaud those of their daughter.

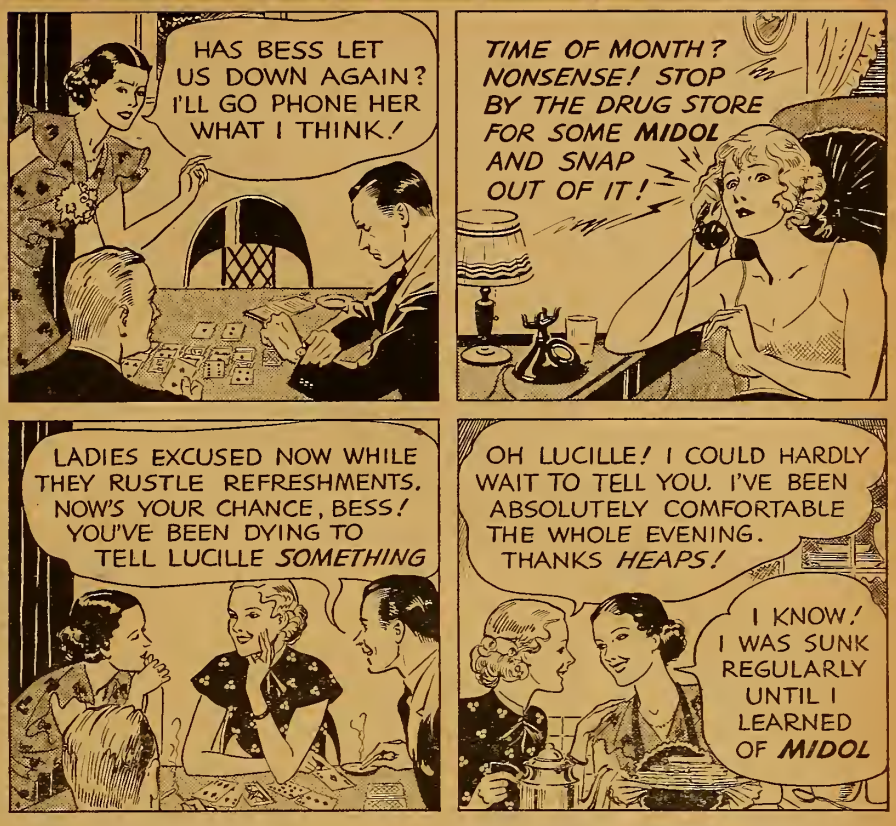
"I saw a squib in a newspaper, advertising Jean Muir's Theatre Workshop. I wanted to go there, after high-school. My parents wanted me to go to college. There were some stormy scenes at the O'Briens'. I lacked a half-credit for college entrance. I had pulled a D in geometry. I had to make that up, to get into college. We finally reached a compromise. While I was making up the half-credit, I could go to Jean Muir's. Then we'd decide about the future . . . that was two years ago.

"In the mornings, I went to geometry class. In the afternoons, I went to the Workshop. Oh, yes, we all paid tuition—and we were accepted as students only on probation. The probation lasted three months. After that, if we showed enough, we were 'graduates' and became members of the Workshop stock company and put on plays.

"Five days a week, I was at the Workshop, fencing, dancing, stage-designing, studying diction, studying the history of the theatre. And loved it. Nobody encouraged me, particularly. My enthusiasm was all my own. Though I did have one backer. That was an old friend of the family named Walter Fertig. I used to call him my 'father confessor' until he died a year ago. He was sympathetic, at least. He listened when I told him my secret ambitions—which I never told to anyone else. If I ever tried to tell them to anyone else, somehow, the ambitions became something futile. Hallucinations. Dreams impossible of fulfilment."

JANE was at the Workshop six months—long enough to be in two plays—before the pressure of other work led Jean Muir to discontinue her experimental theatre. Hal Wallis, production head of Warners, and

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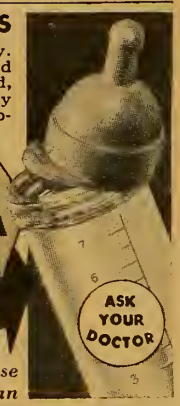
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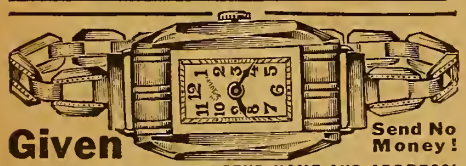
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Maxwell Arnow, casting director, saw the second play, *Green Grow the Lilacs.* They offered Jane and her leading man, Fred Lawrence, screen tests.

Never having been screen-struck, Jane had never asked herself what she might do if something like this ever happened. The only answer, when the moment arrived, seemed to be that Broadway still was far, far away—and, meanwhile, this wasn't an offer to turn down. Then, having accepted it, she suffered the tortures of self-consciousness, facing the cold, merciless test of the camera. Fred also had the mental miseries. Misery loving company, they made a mutual test. And, to their mutual surprise, both received contracts, and were cast as the young lovers in a minor opus that Jane shudders to remember.

"Was I self-conscious, with a camera for an audience? Who wouldn't be? . . . But I thought I was doing a very good job of concealing it. And it wasn't as if I was acting for just a big black box with a glass eye. There were actual people on the sidelines—people who turned on lights and moved scenery. I didn't know if they were for me; but they let me feel that, at least, they weren't against me. That helped.

"Trying to look wistfully into that glass eye was hard enough. But what really got me down was trying to talk emotionally to a cold, mechanical little black gadget, called a microphone. It was always hanging there, no matter which way I turned—and it was always so unresponsive. I'd think, 'Oh, if it would only do something, react *some* way—even if it said, "You're terrible, but go ahead"!'"

SHE saw the rushes of her first day's work. The next morning, she didn't go to the studio. She thought it was plain enough to everybody—it certainly was plain enough to her—that her movie future was as dead as yesterday. About 10 a. m., the studio called her. "What's the matter? Why aren't you here? You've got some shots today!" That call still seems incredible to Jane. And seeing herself on the screen still distresses her.

The second picture she made was a mystery. (Another mild shudder.) The director was Alan Crosland. One night after work, he was killed in an auto accident. But, bright and early the next morning, the company was shooting—with another director. "I got an idea then how business-like all this could be," says Jane.

Next came a Technicolor short, historical in theme. (She's okay for color, freckles or no.) Then a Western with Dick Foran, whom she calls "Father Foran." He is her new father-confessor. Then came Bette Davis. "I've an awful lot to thank Bette for," Jane reveals. "She went to the bat for me. Someone else was all set for the role of her sister in *Marked Woman.* Her clothes had all been made, and everything. But Bette fought for a test of me in the role, fought to have me play it."

Jane can't explain Bette's going to bat for her, a total unknown. I can. I remember what Bette said at the time: "There's the most lovable girl on the screen. She deserves a chance. And to make sure that Jane had another break, to follow up the one in *Marked Woman,* Bette spoke up for Jane for *Kid Galahad.* After that, the studio couldn't see anyone but Jane for the dramatic role of Kay Francis' daughter in *Confession.*

AND now? Jane says, "I don't have any definite plans for the future—yet. They all depend on the studio." And the public!

Ask her if there is any romance in her young life, and her answer is "No"—a very hesitant "No." But so many young blades are hovering around that it's difficult to discover to which one the hesitancy applies.

She still has the same friends she had before a movie career happened to her. Her best girl-friend is a girl who grew up with her, whom she whimsically calls "Skinny."

Her strangest idiosyncrasy is a liking for



Jane Bryan's exuberant health and vitality guide her into all kinds of athletic stunts. Here she shows her acrobatic talent. Look out, Jane, Humpty-Dumpty took a fall!



Rose Stradner, famed Viennese actress, aboard the *Normandie* on her way here to fulfill her long-term M-G-M contract

lime rickey and dill pickles (at the same time). She also has a passion for dancing. "I'm one of those people who can't see an Astaire picture without going home and dancing over divans and such." Just back from a vacation in Panama, she has a new accomplishment—the Panamanian rhumba. Her other athletics are tennis, swimming and horseback riding. She's a healthy young modern.

She reads constantly, and far into the night. She says, "I've always thought the nicest time of day is night. It's surprising, how much you can get done at night, with no phones ringing, no sun beckoning you out, nothing to distract you." Under pressure, she will confess that often, in the watches of the night, she writes. But what she writes, she says, is "a secret between myself and the fireplace." She still day-dreams.

She's glad they haven't tried to glamorize her. But, regretfully, she says that they *have* stopped her from wearing slacks with the bottoms turned up. They called her "Hepburn."

"Domestic? She isn't sure. She tells of sewing up the hem of a dress once—and discovering, immediately afterward, that she had also sewn the front of the skirt to the back. But she does have a liking for baking chocolate cake, and has had notable results. All but once. That time one of her brothers gave a piece to the dog. The dog fell ill, and was rushed to a veterinary. The veterinary used a pump to get a diagnosis, then called the O'Briens. "Your dog has been poisoned," he said. "He's apparently been out on a vacant lot somewhere and eaten some old thrown-away cake."

Jane was indignant.



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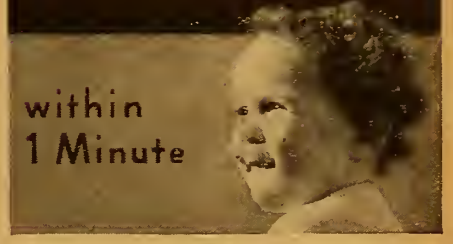


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Good Housekeeping Bureau

"I'd Make a Rotten Husband"

[*Continued from page 39*]

to take care of himself, drink lots of milk, get lots of rest, get in shape for *Comrades Three* in which production Spencer, Jimmy and Bob Taylor will be the "comrades three."

All three Marx Brothers descended upon him, anticking frantically, bubbling affectionate welcome-homes, giving yards of fantastic, incoherent advice on the care of a convalescent . . . Clark Gable greeted him, his face, white under the tan, with the look of shock it has worn ever since the announcement of Jean Harlow's passing, brightening for the first time . . . waitresses, the girl behind the candy-and-cigarette counter, directors . . . anyone could see that the tall, lanky boy from Indiana, Penn., has a place, a warm, loved place in the sun of his fellow stars' affections.

"YEP," said Jimmy, in that slow, low voice of his, his eyes always a little bashful, his mouth slightly mocking-at-himself, his manner of speaking such that you have to lean across the table, keep the ear pitched to attention to hear what he is saying . . . "yep, I'd make a rotten husband, I'm afraid. Because I like the idea all right. I like the idea of a wife and a home of my own and kids and routine and all that. But I don't know how routine would like me. I've lived for so long with a couple of fellows, you know. At Princeton, then in New York, then here in Hollywood. And you also know, or maybe you don't, what kind of routine *that* is. For husband-training, no doubt a circus would be better.

John Swope, Josh Logan and I are living together now. We've just taken a year's lease on a new house in Brentwood. We've got to stay put for a year now. We each have our own rooms and baths, you see. Sometimes days pass and we never see each other. If one of us is working, or two, as the case may be, we come down to breakfast at all kinds of different hours. We're never home for lunch. We have a cook who is not only a cook but also a mind-reader. We eat—and



Jimmy Stewart likes his comfort and as he finds the evenings cool in his new Beverly Hills home, which he shares with two pals, he keeps the fire going in the fireplace

like—whatever she puts in front of us. I'm not fussy about my food. Like everything. If there does happen to be something we don't care for we say 'take it away, it's lousy'—and that's that. I don't suppose that's the way a husband is supposed to behave.

"I don't think I'd be much help around the house, either, I'm not one of those men who can make nectar and ambrosia out of a couple of cocoanut shells and a lemon rind. I'm the type who can't boil water. If the cook should leave I couldn't do anything about it. I'd just have to go out. John can coddle eggs in some special fancy way. So when our cook is off Thursdays and Sundays we have coddled eggs three times a day, breakfast, lunch and dinner.

"THEN, I'm not very orderly. I'm the kind who just steps out of things and leaves 'em lay. That's all right. No one complains. Because John and Josh just step out of things, too, and our cook knows that 'men are like that' and picks up after us. But I imagine cooks and wives might be sort of different. Then, about once a month, I get a rush of house-cleaning to the head. I dive in and have an orgy of straightening everything up. And when I straighten, boy, I *straighten*. No one would want to live in the place after I'd got through. And also, I put things away so thoroughly that I lose them. And in trying to find them I muss everything up again and there it is! It's very trying, even to me. I can imagine, with forebodings, what it would be to a woman!

"I'd be bad, too, in the very way that Gene Raymond is so good. I mean to be thoughtful and all that. But I always forget to remember—in time. I'd be sure to forget the anniversaries of the day we first met and that *that* was the music we first danced to together and that She wore pink on our first date. I'd be no good at all at making pretty speeches. I'd feel so silly. I'd forget to send flowers. I want to remember things like that. I think they are important. But I never remember until it's too late. I mean, if I should send flowers to someone on September 14th, let's say, I never remember until September 15th. Or when someone says to me 'you should have sent flowers to so-and-so today, she's starting on her new picture' I say, 'Gee, that would have been a swell idea—why didn't I think of it in time?'

"My mother's birthdays are about the only dates I've managed to remember without fail. I've devised a system now, though—worked on it while I was in the hospital. I've bought one of those date pads or year books or whatever you call them and for a whole year ahead I've made notations of people's birthdays and wedding anniversaries and things. And I've made them, not on the actual dates, but two weeks ahead. For instance, two weeks before the date I've jotted down 'send gift to Mother for birthday.' And so forth. That ought to fix things right.

"I'M NOT very noticing about some things, either. I'm afraid I'd never know what my wife had on, for instance. And I've heard that's bad, very bad. I never know what a girl has on when we go out together. The only thing I ever notice—and detest— are big hats. Those big, floppy hats, you know, that stick out in front like prows and jaggle in your face when you dance, or shade the face so that, when you're talking to a girl, you can't see anything but her chin. I like to see the person I'm talking to. But otherwise, and unless a girl has on red satin and spangles and feathers in her hair or something that hits me right in the eye, I never know the difference. And I haven't any 'preference' in girls' clothes. I don't care whether they wear slacks or ruffles. Of



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course I know when a girl looks nice. But I don't know *why* she looks nice.

"I'm not much of a business man, either. I'd never be the kind of a husband who makes a ritual of checking over the monthly bills and all that. I have an awful time balancing my check-book, as it is, making out income tax reports and all that sort of thing. I do balance my own check-book and take care of my own affairs in my puzzled, peculiar way because I don't like to have a manager or anyone messing about with my personal affairs. But I'm not very sick about it.

"I think I'd be generous," Jimmy granted himself, consideringly, "I like to give presents to people. But I don't like to be around when they get them. I just like to send them and then stay away for a while. To be thanked is pretty embarrassing to me. I never know what to say back.

"I don't believe I'd be jealous. I never have been. Not of anyone nor anything. I'm pretty positive I wouldn't be professionally jealous at all. If I were married to a screen star, I mean. I can't see any basis for professional jealousy between a man and a woman. Their work is as different as their sex, necessarily. The two can't come into conflict, not really.

"I DON'T believe I'd ever offend by being the big 'Whatsis' around the place. I mean, I wouldn't have big ideas about myself. All this business of being recognized in public, asked for your autograph and all—well, it's okay for a woman—it's pretty silly for a man.

"I don't know," said Jimmy, "how well I could settle down. I don't know that there is such a thing as settling down in Hollywood. I have a friend back home who went through college, spent a year abroad, married and has gone into business, bought a little home and settled down back in the old home town in Pennsylvania. He's the happiest fellow I know. I envy him, too. But I know I couldn't do the same thing in the same satisfactory way. It's restlessness, I guess, even more than it's Hollywood. It's my restlessness. And I've got plenty of it. It's what drove me to New York, to the stage, eventually to Hollywood. It's what makes me have the nostalgia I have for traveling, for going to far places. It's probably too bad for me. I'm sure that placid people are the happiest, really. They may not be so *excited* all of the time. They are contented. To be without frantic urges is probably Nirvana.

"I was excited and jittery and over-stimulated when I first came to Hollywood. People ask me whether my two years here have 'changed' me. I don't know. I can only say that I am still excited, jittery and over-stimulated. If, beneath the fever, changes have taken place I am unaware of them. I haven't learned how to relax. I've got to learn. It's the most important lesson to learn out here where everything and everyone is at high tension all of the time.

"THERE'S only one way to relax in Hollywood—and that's not to be in Hollywood, to get away from it. And to get away, not to some city where you take Hollywood with you, but to some out-of-the-way place where Hollywood doesn't matter. Clark Gable goes on hunting trips, into the big woods. That's swell. That is really and honestly getting away from it all. Bears and deer and foxes don't know the difference between Clark and Joe Zilch or me and Rip Van Winkle. Or care. I went to the High Sierras awhile ago. Skiing. And all we talked about was skiing. You were judged solely by your prowess and



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skill on the skis. No one even mentioned Hollywood. No one asked for my autograph. If anyone even knew who I was or what I did, it didn't matter enough to mention. That's what you have to do if you're in Hollywood. But it wouldn't add to a husband's qualifications to have to take to the tall timbers every so often.

"So, I'm excited and still on edge. There's never been a time when I've felt that I'd done a job of work and that was that. Never a time when I could say, 'now, I've done it. I can shut up my desk and relax.' It's always the next thing, and then the thing after that.

"I'm a worrier, too. If I were a dog I'd worry a bone to a shaving. When I made *Seventh Heaven* I was, of course, terribly excited about that. It was my most important part. We were 'followers' so to speak. It was the hardest work I'd ever done. Well, even after it was all finished in the cutting-room, I'd still go over and hang around the studio. I sort of nagged myself about it. I couldn't keep away from the scene of the murder, so to speak.

"I'm always sort of exeited about something — something to do with my work. That's all right, of course, the best of husbands take an absorbing interest in their work. But I'm worse than that. Right now I'm crazy to have them make *Of Mice and Men*. I want to play the part of the idiot. Oh, what a book that is! And what a part that would be! I can't say that I do what is called, 'living your part off the screen'. Not quite. But I am certainly absorbed when I'm working, jittery about it. And if ever I should get to play the part of the idiot and was married . . . well. . . .

"I GUESS I wouldn't be a very good husband for the modern, independent woman, either. I think that if men tell the truth they say that they prefer, however secretly, the 'clinging vine' of other days. It may be all right for a woman to be economically independent. But I doubt it. It's not a very good basis for marriage when a girl can say, even to herself, 'Well, he'd better not eut any capers with *me*—if he pulls anything, I'll just walk out!' Not so good. It disturbs the normal balanee between a man and a woman. And I don't believe it makes a woman happy, either. I'm sure it doesn't make men happy. I'm sure it doesn't make marriage solid. Maybe it's because I'm from an old-fashioned home that I still believe the home is happier when it is a bit 'old-fashioned'.

"I say that I wouldn't be jealous. I don't believe I'd give any eause for jealousy, either. No, I really don't think I'd give a wife of mine any reason whatsoever to be jealous. I think that's up to the man, whether his wife is jealous or not. There's a certain look in a man's eye which gives confidence—or doesn't." (And certainly the eyes of Jimmy are dark and blue and steadfast, with no evasion in them.) "And if there's good understanding between a man and his wife—and if there isn't understanding there isn't anything stable—why, there can also be understanding of how superficial



Ginger Rogers chats with Director Gregory La Cava on the *Stage Door* set. La Hepburn, who co-stars with Ginger, makes herself scarce when they aren't shooting





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most of the goings-on out here are. You know, girls asking for autographs and the little attentions and flirtations you get just because you are in the limelight. Things that don't matter betwen two people who belong.

"I said that I didn't think I could settle down as my friend back home has done. That's true. Because there's no such thing as that kind of settling down in this business. The hours, the personnel of the business change with every picture. But I don't mean that I couldn't be well content to settle down with a wife." (Not that he has any immediate "intentions," girls, let not your hearts be troubled. He is not, he says, in love. He isn't contemplating matrimony at this writing. He doesn't even refer to his "romances". He calls them, merely, "dates.")

"I don't mean," Jimmy was saying, "that I have to be on the social merry-go-round all of the time. *I haven't had a date for five months*—and," laughed Jimmy, "I haven't been sick all of that time, either! I'd like routine. I don't know how routine would like me. But we'd probably rub elbows and jog along all right. I'd like quiet evenings by the fire, reading, talking, playing records, that sort of thing. I'd like kids fine. I want to build and own my own home. I think I have a lot of possessive instinct, like to own things, value them when I do own them.

"Oh, I've got my points, grinned Jimmy, as we picked his interrupted way out of the cheering commissary, "I still think I'd make a rotten husband. But I could be reformed and then I might be endurable."

"Endurable!" Conceive James Stewart labelled "endurable!" No, no, James, no co-operation on this self-estimate. Not even with the qualifications.



We hope the title, *Danger—Love At Work*, isn't an omen for Jack Haley and Ann Sothern are happy with their spouses

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ANGEL

With glorious Marlene Dietrich and handsome Herbert Marshall in their most important roles, is one of the many important forthcoming Hollywood movies presented in fiction form in the October issue of MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE.

Other gay, romantic films that you can read before seeing include **Double Wedding**, with William Powell and Myrna Loy; **It's All Yours**, with Madeleine Carroll and Francis Lederer; **Danger—Love At Work**, with Ann Sothern and Jack Haley; and **Music For Madame**, with Nino Martini and Joan Fontaine.

Don't miss the October issue of MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE!

10c



MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE

Hollywood "Humanizes" a Tenor

[*Continued from page* 51]

slow emphasis. It serves to emphasize the basic difference between an Italian tenor and a New England baritone. If the boys had asked Latin Mr. Martini the same question he might have given them cause for embarrassment. But Eddy doesn't function that way.

MR. MARTINI has been coming to Hollywood for eight years. On his first visit to America he also trekked out to its Gold Coast and sang for short subjects that were variously titled *Saluto di Hollywood, Night in Venice, Moonlight Romance, Cancion del Fado,* plus one other. He wasn't very important, then, to American audiences. Jesse Lasky heard him sing in Paris and imported him. Nobody paid much attention to the slim little fellow. Nobody but Mr. Lasky and a Southern gentleman by name of Jack Salter.

Mr. Salter is an artists' manager, now vice-president (with his partner, Lawrence Evans) of the Columbia Concert Corporation of New York. On his contract list are Yehudi Menuhin, Helen Jepson, Amelita Galli-Curci, Lawrence Tibbett, and other musical sparklers. It was Salter, listening to a small-time radio program, who heard this obscure young Italian tenor, and decided to manage him. He had heard him on the continent and knew that Martini had startled European concert and operatic audiences by singing "F" above high "C" in full voice, which is quite a trick. "But you're not going to add *his* name to your list, are you?" his panicked colleagues asked. "Would you put the unknown name of Martini down beside Tibbett's, and the great Galli Curci's?" "I would," answered Salter. And he did.

The answer, as you know, is Martini's American success. And Salter's personal gratification that he had again proved that he knew genuine talent when he heard it. Young Martini made his American operatic debut as the *Duke* in *Rigoletto,* singing at the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company auditorium. That was the year after his arrival in this country. But Mr. Martini was no novice at singing the classics. The Zenatellos, who first recognized his fine voice when they gave him an audition in his 'teens, had trained him for opera's most exacting arias. At twenty-one young Nino made his debut in Milan singing in its original key an opera that had been shelved for fifty years, since the days of Giovanni Rubini, because no modern voice could scale its high notes. Mr. Martini's could. The opera was *I Puritani.*

After that he swam in engagements. People in Ostend, Paris, Marseilles, Nice, Toulouse, Monte Carlo, London, wanted to hear him. Toscanini, the great, auditioned him for continued appearances at Milan's La Scala Opera House, but he could not reach an agreement with this artistic fellow countryman. Too many others wanted to hear him reach "F" above high "C." It was hard to find time to return, even, to his birthplace at Verona, where, until his father's death in Nino's 'teens, the elder Martini had been a municipal official and honorary custodian of the tomb where Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet are presumed to be buried.

His family lived in Verona—his mother and three sisters, Rosita, Wanda (he pronounces it "Vahn-dah") and Yolanda. Now only three sisters remain. *Signora* Martini died during the filming of her son's first full length starring film *Here's to Romance,* made for Fox in 1935. The shock of his mother's death was intense. Jack Salter, in Hollywood at the moment, saw it and was distressed. There was nothing he could do to relieve it. Most artists, as he knew them, give way to grief. They weep and moan. Not Martini. There were no hysterics. He couldn't cry. And neither could he sing. All his emotions, usually so fluent, were tied up within.

Those around Martini were frankly worried. Not only for the agony the boy was suffering but for the fact that hundreds of extras had been called and were waiting for the star to sing the film's most important aria, in a set that duplicated a great European opera house. Try as he might, Martini could not sing a note. His throat was tight, twisted with unexpressed grief. He wanted to fly to New York; board a boat for Italy. There was only one thing to do. See his mother before she was buried. Salter sat down beside him and said:

"You can't do that, Nino. Think of the production here! How much money it would cost the producers! How you would violate your contract. It would take a week or ten days, anyway, to get to Verona." Like a father, Salter put his hand on the tenor's slender shoulder. With that simple gesture the tension broke, and Martini sobbed out his grief. Then he got up, bathed his face, and went out to sing in crystal-clear tones.

MERCURIAL though his Latin temperament may be, Martini has yet to get peeved at the hazing his Hollywood boy and girl friends have given him. And their clowning reached a high in his previous film *The Gay Desperado.* In this cinema, Martini, as a harmless Mexican singer turned bandit by a super-bandit's whim, was given a piece of dialogue which commenced "I have an idea—" Prank-loving Director Rouben Mamoulian arranged beforehand that when Tenor Martini strode out to say his piece, everyone—cameraman, sound man, grip, prop, cast, extra, carpenter, electrician—was to topple over on his back. A tenor with an idea—! Ha, preposterous! This is a sample of Hollywood hazing. Martini took it with a grin.

His current film finds Mr. Martini prepared for the Hollywood onslaught. He winks, clowns about the sets, pats Leading Lady Joan Fontaine on the posterior with the palm of his hand (a true sign of social equality in movie town) and takes to slang with the ease of an eel. "Scram" becomes a two-syllabled word ("Sc-ram") pronounced with the clarity of his famed rendition of *Celeste Aida.* "Monkey business—"

"Ah, 'monkey beez-ness'—we have that too in Italy," he says with a wink.

So adept is Regular Fellow Martini at declaiming slang that the writers have had to change his dialogue to conform with his increased understanding of our idioms. "Big shoots" is what they originally wrote for Mr. Martini to say. But a fellow, high-priced canary or no, who masters "Sc-ram" in one lesson, can take "big shot" in stride. So the dialogue writers are kept busy keeping up with Mr. Martini.

Romance rumors, of course, fly about Nino's dark head. And this because he is tantalizingly unmarried. Two seasons ago it was his leading lady of *Here's to Romance,* Miss Anita Louise, actress and harpist. Last

[*Continued on page* 105]

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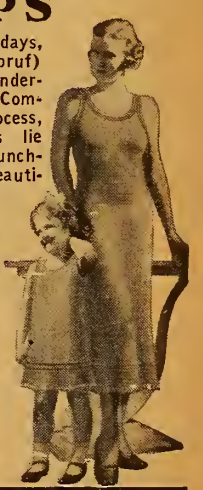
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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page 17*]

SOME marriages take, and others don't take longer than you can say "Reno." One of the quickest bust-ups on record is that of George Brent and Constance Worth. Ol' Tattler, who always hopes for the best, is sometimes caught in a jam. He hands out his blessings—and hardly before the echo dies away, the Spliced are Split. The Brent love-nest lasted but a few weeks. George, meanwhile, has become a citizen of these United States and Hollywood. Back home in Ireland he was George Nolan.



And here is the newest entry for the *Tarzan* stakes. He is Olympic athlete, Glenn Morris. He debuts in *Tarzan's Revenge*

AND what's all this Ol' Tattler hears about the rift in the Vic Orsatti-June Lang menage? Why it seems but yesterday—well, make it a few minutes ago—that they said their "I do's" right at the altar—with all their friends for witnesses, bride's bouquet, weddin'-cake, old "dogs" and rice an' everything.

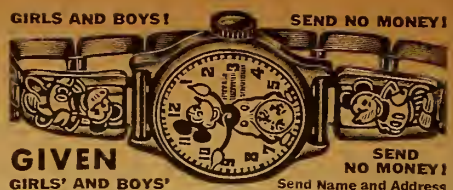
• • •

STILL, there are many enduring marriages. Take the Jimmy Gleasons. Ditto the Harold Lloyds. I also give you the Basil Rathbones and the Eddie Cantors. And here are the Frank Lloyds (one of the town's ace directors) who have been married 25 years. They were reminded of their silver wedding anniversary by daughter Alma, who threw a surprise party for them.

• • •

REMEMBER Buster Collier? A little child shall lead him now—and call him Dada. He became the father of a daughter in London the other dawning. His wife is the former Marie Stevens, ex show-girl. Hubby and Daddy is an associate producer for the Brothers Warner in their London plant.

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Hollywood "Humanizes" a Tenor

[*Continued from page* 103]

season it was Leading Lady Ida Lupino. This season it is Miss Elissa Landi, actress, authoress, singer, musician, whom the tenor sees constantly, and, because they both refuse to discuss their friendship, looks serious.

"What time have I for marriage?" he asks you. "Opera, concerts, and radio in the winter, a film in the summer. There is no time for making a success of marriage, and establishing a home. What I want most is a good vacation, say six or seven months, and I think I shall take it"—glancing obliquely at his manager. "That is, if Mr. Salter thinks it can be arranged."

Whether he gets the vacation or not, Nino Martini, whose favorite dessert is "appa pie, ala mode," and whose favorite maxim is "Temperament is nine-tenths temper and one-tenth mental," has won the full approval of his Hollywood hazers. He's all right. This unanimous verdict he should cherish along with the Columbia Medal for Distinguished Contribution to Radio which he received some few years ago.



Producer Jesse Lasky discovered both Joan Fontaine and Nino Martini and now they are playing opposite each other in his latest production, *Music for Madame* at RKO



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CYCLING is a favorite sport of Miss Wendy Morgan (*left, above*) debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Fellowes Morgan, Jr. Following her bow to society at the Hotel Pierre, Miss Morgan cycle-toured in Ireland and the Tyrol. After a spin, Miss Morgan admits that "cycling does take it out of you ...but Camels give my energy a cheering lift!"

IN THE STATES. Miss Morgan enjoys sports, mural painting, and an interesting social life. "You'd think," she once remarked, "that such a busy life would tell on my digestion. Not a bit! For one thing, I smoke Camels with my meals. And Camels help digestion!"

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If your tooth brush "shows pink," *see your dentist at once!* Very often he'll blame our modern menus—soft, creamy foods that deprive the gums of healthful exercise. And usually his verdict will be, "Strengthen those gum walls with harder, chewier foods"—and, as many dentists suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

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WITH A CAST OF THOUSANDS INCLUDING: Gale Sondergaard . . . Joseph Schildkraut Gloria Holden • Donald Crisp • Erin O'Brien-Moore • Henry O'Neill • Louis Calhern • Morris Carnovsky • Directed by William Dieterle • Screen play by Norman Reilly Raine, Heinz Herald and Géza Herczeg.



Soon to be shown at popular prices, the same superb production that thousands paid $2.20 to see. Don't miss the picture that packed America's leading theatres for weeks on end. Coming to your favorite theatre soon.

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TEACH YOURSELF TYPING

Easy! With Royal's *free* Instant Typing Chart and a latest model Royal Portable with full-sized keyboard and other "big machine" features.



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Help him get ahead faster, make more money—with a Royal Portable. See what a help it is—in your home at Royal's risk!



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WHY WAIT? Today you can own a factory-new, latest model Royal Portable on your own terms . . . try it out at home *free*—prove to yourself what it will do for your whole family . . . then pay cash, or as little as only a few cents a day!

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I already own a _____ Typewriter.
Serial No. _____ Tell me how much you will allow on it as CASH payment on a new Royal.

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 8]

IT'S quite a stunt for a husband and wife to work together on a picture. Recently Franchot Tone was playing in a scene with Joan Crawford. It was a trying scene for them both and after several rehearsals, the director said, "Now we'll take it." All went smoothly until it came time for Franchot to speak his lines—then he "blew" higher than a kite.

He was rewarded by the iciest glare from his better half.

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Louise Hovick and Robert Mizzy
Are so in love, they're completely dizzy.

Margaret with the leading women—and away they'd go—on and on into the night.

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Lovely Virginia Bruce and dashing Romero;
She's his senorita, he's her caballero.

● ● ●

ROBERT TAYLOR had better look to his laurals—for the gay young blade, Charlie McCarthy, is knockin' 'em dead.

[*Continued on page* 12]



Mrs. Irish of Hollywood Bowl Association presents Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz with a gold bowl for drawing the biggest crowd that squeezed into the Hollywood Bowl

THAT was one of the troubles between Margaret Sullavan and her ex-husband, Director William Wyler. It's true they eloped while working together on a picture, but there's an answer to that too. They had been working hard and long and he had told her what to do and how to do it for so long that when he proposed that they elope, she said, "All right, Willy," out of force of habit. At least that's a theory to prove my point!

● ● ●

FOR never after could they make a go of working together amicably. Even working separately was a strain! After a trying day at the studio, Margaret would rush home to tell Willy that her director expected too much—all directors were alike! Willy, on the other hand, could hardly wait to get in the door to pour out to Margaret that his leading lady was getting temperamental—all leading women were a pain!

Willy would side with the directors and



Hollywood's newlyweds, Anne Shirley-John Payne, dance only with each other



"Some day they're going to cut you open and find a rock where your heart ought to be"

They Fight It Out!

Terry Randall, born with a silver tongue in her mouth, and Jean Maitland, jobless song and dance girl with a gift for barbed wire cracks. What strange fate made them room mates in a theatrical boarding house!

ADOLPHE MENJOU

GAIL PATRICK

"STAGE DOOR"

where Laughter, Love and Heartbreak Meet

Starring

KATHARINE HEPBURN

GINGER ROGERS

ADOLPHE MENJOU

with GAIL PATRICK

CONSTANCE COLLIER • ANDREA LEEDS

SAMUEL S. HINDS • LUCILLE BALL

Those amazingly wonderful penniless girls who exist on dreams and live on hopes and maybes, while awaiting the call of footlight fame that comes to one in a thousand! . . . The deep-down story of their burning hearts, and the low-down record of their flashing wit, has been told for the first time in the play masterpiece of Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman . . . now an RKO-Radio Picture.

•

DIRECTED BY GREGORY LA CAVA

who made "MY MAN GODFREY" • Produced by

PANDRO S. BERMAN

Screen Play by MORRIE RYSKIND and ANTHONY VEILLER

Broadway's greatest emotion-stirring stage success . . . RKO-Radio's brilliant triumph of the screen!



MARLENE DIETRICH

Our idea of heaven is Marlene Dietrich in this cream colored velvet wrap lavish with red foxes. Paramount agree, for *Angel* is her next



By LEE BLACKSTOCK

A REIGNING star of the London and New York stage, Melville Cooper faced obscurity when a studio gave him eighteen lines to speak in two years. It took the stage play *Tovarich* to bring about his rediscovery and his current leading roles in *Thin Ice* and *The Great Garrick*. Born October 15, 1896, in Birmingham, England, Cooper made his first appearance on an English stage as a footman in *The Return of the Prodigal* at the famous Stratford-on-Avon Theatre . . . Birthplace of Shakespeare . . . That was in 1914, and with the call to arms, the embryonic actor went to war . . . He spent four years fighting, the last year of which he was a prisoner of war in a German prison camp . . . Returning to Birmingham in 1919 as a retired Lieutenant in the Seaforth Highlanders, with even more of a craving to act, he played with the Birmingham Repertory Theatre group . . . he soon went to London and made a smash hit in the play *The Farmer's Wife*, which ran three years . . . Cooper created the role of *Trotter* in *Journey's End*, became a major stage star as dramatic actor and comedian . . . He made his screen debut with Douglas Fairbanks in the *Private Life of Don Juan*, then played the leading role in J. B. Priestley's *The Laburnam Grove* which ran a year in London and six months in New York . . . He was signed in London during the run by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer . . . and arrived in Hollywood ready for his big debut in June, 1935 . . . He was promptly cast in *The Bishop Misbehaves* and after six weeks work, spoke three lines in the picture . . . However, New York appreciated him and he returned to Gotham to play the role of the king opposite Mary Boland in the famous *Jubilee* . . . Afterward he returned to Hollywood under his M-G-M contract . . . and worked eight weeks in *The Gorgeous Hussy* production with role ending on cutting-room floor except for five lines . . . Then played a chauffeur role in the *Last of Mrs. Cheyney* revival and got the big assignment of ten lines . . . His contract expired with M-G-M and the Cooper stock was at low ebb in January, 1937 . . . He received a letter from Peter Mather, once his understudy in London, asking if he would play a role in *Tovarich* . . . He consented . . . and the rest is history . . . He was promptly signed by Darryl Zanuck to play the part of hotel manager in *Thin Ice* with Tyrone Power and Sonja Henie . . . Before the picture was finished, Mervyn LeRoy gave him a juicy character role in *The Great Garrick* . . . His stock now was above par . . . Cooper is married to Rita Paige, London musical comedy star . . . they live in Brentwood . . . are popular members of the English colony . . . hobbies are golf, tennis, cricket . . . and acting!

Lady in danger..

OF LOSING HER MAN!



Isn't it a shame she doesn't know this lovelier way to avoid offending?



BEFORE EVERY DATE, wise girls bathe with Cashmere Bouquet. For this deep-cleansing, perfumed soap not only keeps you sweet and clean, but also alluringly fragrant. No need to worry about body odor, when you bathe with Cashmere Bouquet.



YOU FEEL MORE GLAMOROUS when you guard your daintiness this lovelier way. Long after your bath, Cashmere Bouquet's flower-like perfume still clings lightly to your skin —keeping you so completely safe from any fear of offending!



SO ALLURING TO MEN—Cashmere Bouquet's lingering fragrance! But remember that only a rare perfume like Cashmere Bouquet's has that special *lingering* quality. Only Cashmere Bouquet Soap brings you the *lovelier way* to avoid offending!

NOW ONLY 10¢
at all drug, department, and ten-cent stores



MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

This pure, creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth, radiantly clear!

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

GOOD NEWS TO MILLIONS

SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED EX-LAX

NOW BETTER THAN EVER!



. . and you'll FEEL BETTER after taking it!

PEOPLE everywhere are praising the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax! Thousands have written glowing letters telling of their own experiences with this remarkable laxative

"I always liked the taste of Ex-Lax," many said, "but now it's even *more* delicious!" . . . "It certainly gives you a thorough cleaning out!" was another popular comment . . . "We never dreamed that any laxative could be so gentle!" hundreds wrote.

And right they are! For today Ex-Lax is *better than ever!* A more satisfactory laxative in *every* way! . . . If you are suffering from headaches, biliousness, listlessness or any of the other ailments so often caused by constipation—you'll *feel better* after taking Ex-Lax!

Your druggist has the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. *The box is the same as always—but the contents are better than ever!* Get a box today!

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. FG117, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Now improved—better than ever!

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 12]

IT WAS funny to see Sonja Henie, before she sailed for Europe, lunching as far as possible from Tyrone Power. If he sat at one end of the studio commissary, Sonja went to the other. They made quite a point of not knowing the other existed.

The big laugh, however, was on the set, where they worked together! Perhaps the director was trying to play Dan Cupid or maybe he just had a sense of humor—at any rate, he made them go over and over their love scenes.

So icy was the atmosphere that Sonja could have used it for her skating sequences.

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Wayne Morris and Alice Faye
Grow more interested every day!

● ● ●

HOLLYWOOD TWOSOMES: Eddie Sutherland, Loretta Young's ex-boyfriend, was squiring Mary Brian the other night—while Loretta has been seen everywhere with Joseph Mankiewicz . . . we don't have to tell you that Carole Lombard and Clark Gable still have eyes only for each other. When he visits her on the set they hold hands and look as moon-struck as you or you . . . Glenda Farrell and Drew Eberson have gone together for so long (for Hollywood) that that's practically a career in itself . . . Robert Taylor had green eyes over one of Barbara Stanwyck's leading men . . . George Brent is telephoning Garbo again—but Greta is hard to get on the phone . . .

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Wendy Barrie and Jon Hall
Are answering loudly to Cupid's call.

● ● ●

BEFORE Robert Taylor sailed for England he was deluged with fan-mail—and they would have had to put rubber sides in the ship to accommodate all the fans who desired to sail with Handsome Robert. He



Leland Hayward and wife, Margaret Sullavan, proud parents of a baby daughter, dodge camera at Hollywood's Trocadero



Dan Cupid has been doing his darndest to marry off Glenda Farrell and Drew Eberson. They're together constantly, but when cornered it's the usual "we're just good friends"



These legs of sturdy femininity belong to Lorraine Kreuger, RKO starlet, who shows you how to hoop your way to bodily grace. To have graceful arms and legs hold hoop as shown, kick 100 times and repeat exercise with opposite leg

had umpteen offers from girls who offered their services as secretary.

But Bob wasn't having any. His one and only is Barbara Stanwyck, who is trying to plan a vacation for herself—to be spent (but of course!) in London.

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Kay Sutton and Walter Kane
Are doing a twosome down Lover's Lane.

[*Continued on page* 18]



They're still that way about each other —meaning Virginia Bruce and Cesar Romero. Here they're visiting that "Troc"

"WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY KISSES?"

HE DIDN'T EVEN KISS ME GOOD-NIGHT!

MEN HATE RED, SMEARY LIPS. TRY *TANGEE*.. IT'S ORANGE IN THE STICK, BUT IT TURNS TO NATURAL BLUSH-ROSE ON YOUR LIPS.

THEIR NEXT DATE

DARLING, YOUR LIPS LOOK SO LOVABLE TONIGHT, I'VE GOT TO KISS THEM!

I'LL ALWAYS USE *TANGEE!*

IS THAT "PAINTED LOOK" SPOILING YOUR HAPPINESS? DON'T LET IT! USE *TANGEE*— THE LIPSTICK THAT ISN'T PAINT, THE ONLY LIPSTICK WITH THE MAGIC *TANGEE* COLOR CHANGE PRINCIPLE! MAKES YOUR LIPS IRRESISTIBLE!! SEND THE COUPON NOW!

PAINTED GLARING LIPS TANGEE LOVABLE LIPS

SEND COUPON for TANGEE'S MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET, containing generous samples of Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, and Face Powder . . . **10c**

FREE CHARM TEST!—an amazing new chart that actually measures your charm! Reveals your personality, gives you self-confidence, ability to attract men. Approved by an eminent psychologist. Sent FREE with Tangee's 10¢ Miracle Make-Up Set.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

39c AND $1.10

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MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET and FREE CHARM TEST

—an amazing new chart that actually measures your charm!

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

Please rush Miracle Make-Up Set of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin) (15¢ in Canada.) Also send me FREE the new Tangee Charm Test.

Check Shade of ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel Powder Desired

Name _____ Please Print

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GLORIA STUART
20TH CENTURY-FOX STAR

Featured in "LIFE BEGINS AT COLLEGE"

has a

ROYAL VACUUM CLEANER in her Hollywood Home



THE P. A. GEIER CO., CLEVELAND, O.
CONTINENTAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, LTD.
Toranta, Ont., Canada

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 17]



When Robert Taylor hopped off the boat train in London four-thousand frenzied fans nearly mobbed him. It took a small army of bobbies to rescue him from the girls. The photo above shows him bidding goodby to New York fans as he sailed for England



—*Acme*

Is Rudy Vallee contemplating marriage? Here he is seen with Judy Stewart at the New York opening of Muni's ***Emile Zola***

ONE of the Hollywood cuties says it's really an experience going out with one of the Ritz brothers. In the first place, she says, you make a date with one of them and all three turn up—and stick together like pop-corn in a pop-corn ball. Besides that you come home exhausted—it's like trying to spend a quiet evening with a three-ring circus.

• • •

HOLLYWOOD'S latest romance to set the "gang" talking is that of Michael Bartlett and Florence Rice. Miss Rice has always said marriage and career do not mix, but Bartlett makes no bones about the fact that when the right girl comes along, he'll marry. The two are seen together a great deal, so which philosophy will lose out—Florence's or Bartlett's? Mike may be starring in a big New York musical this Fall.

• • •

DICK PURCELL had a narrow escape not so long ago. Some over-affectionate Kansas City housewife had been writing Dick for days, saying her husband didn't understand her and that she was falling more and more in love with Purcell every day. The blow came when she wrote the actor and told him she was leaving her husband and coming to Dick, whom she knew

[*Continued on page* 83]



By JOHN SCHWARZKOPF

EVEN Rita Johnson's high-school dramatic coach told her that she would never become an actress . . . Consequently, Miss Johnson never received a role in any school play in all her scholastic career . . . A short while ago, that coach sent her a telegram of congratulations on the excellent possibilities now being offered her in pictures by the largest studio on earth, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer . . . Rita is the daughter of Lillian and William Johnson . . . and was born in Worcester, Mass., on August 13 . . . Rita attended grade and high school in the usual manner . . . but it wasn't till she had left school that she took dramatics up in earnest . . . Following graduation, she took a job in her mother's tea-room to pay for her dramatic lessons . . . Once a week, Rita attended dramatic school in a little town thirty miles from her home . . . Her training there led her to take up music . . . so she enrolled in the New England Conservatory of Music at Boston, studying piano . . . It was while at the conservatory that Rita got the idea to do something sensational to further her career . . . and guess what she did . . . she joined the Olympics as a champion swimmer . . . from there she went directly on the stage as a headline attraction . . . this then led to Rita's big chance in theatricals with Conrad Nagel and Florence Reed . . . The following season Rita, to gain experience, devoted herself to small plays in New England towns . . . Later she went to New York (Broadway had beckoned) where she played in *Fulton of Oak Falls* and *If This Be Treason* for the Theatre Guild . . . After a successful season on the New York stage, Rita decided to try her hand at radio . . . this led to an important part in the *March of Time* program . . . Rita came to Hollywood this Spring for a screen test and a contract . . . the studio talent scouts had liked her stage and radio work . . . Cooking is Rita's main hobby and mixing combination salads is her favorite pastime in the kitchen . . . Swimming, tennis and golf are her favorite sports . . . A blue-eyed blonde, she is five-feet-four-inches tall and weighs 110 pounds . . . Although her birthday fell on Friday the 13th, Rita declares she is not superstitious . . . Rita's marriage score is "0," but don't think that the boys are not rushing her.

Did you know that Sonja Henie and Sigrid Gurie have never met each other although they were both born in Oslo, Norway, about the same year, have many mutual friends and have both been in Hollywood for about a year working in films?



To your smart fall clothes and your lovely self

Don't think cold weather frees you from the threat of

UNDERARM PERSPIRATION ODOR

THE first chilly days of fall and winter should bring this warning to women: *Don't take it for granted, now that summer is past, that you have no further need to worry about perspiration.*

It's true, you may not need to worry about perspiration moisture. Few of us are troubled with an annoying amount of moisture in cold weather. But perspiration *odor* — that's a different story!

Heavier clothing, tighter sleeves shut air away from the underarms. Tense indoor recreations in overheated rooms are apt to result in unpleasant underarm odor.

Your daily bath is powerless to prevent it. The best a bath can do is merely to cleanse the skin from *past* perspiration.

To be sure of protection that lasts all day, use Mum *after* your bath.

Takes just half a minute. Smooth a bit of Mum under this arm, under that — and you're ready for your dress. No bother of waiting for it to dry and rinsing off.

Harmless to clothing. Use Mum any time and don't worry about your clothing. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Mum its Textile Approval Seal as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing to skin. Mum is soothing and cooling to the skin — so soothing you can shave your underarms and use at once!

Does not prevent natural perspiration. Mum does just what you want done — prevents disagreeable odor *without* interfering with the perspiration itself.

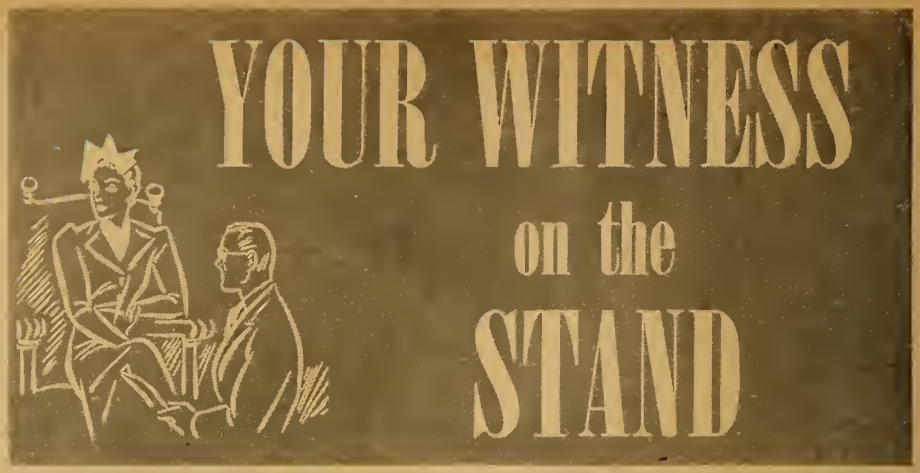
Make Mum a year 'round habit, *winter and summer*, and you can dismiss all fear of perspiration from your mind! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



USE MUM FOR THIS, TOO. Mum is a proved friend to women in another way — for its protective deodorant service on sanitary napkins.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION





with Winifred Aydelotte

who tells you things you never knew till now

Q. Was a double substituted for Claudette Colbert in *I Met Him in Paris* when she was supposed to be skiing behind the horse?

A. Miss Colbert actually made most of these skijoring scenes herself, but in difficult shots, Faith Donaldson, woman's skiing champion, doubled for Miss Colbert. A couple of cowboys shed their chaps to double for Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young.

Q. Please list the names of other stars who have died young, like Jean Harlow.

A. Dorothy Dell, Lilyan Tashman, Russ Columbo, Dorothy Burgess, Thelma Todd, Ross Alexander, Junior Durkin, Monroe Owsley, Wallace Reid, Olive Thomas, Rudolph Valentino, Barbara La Marr, Alma Rubens, Mabel Normand and Harold Lockwood.

Q. Can you give me the date and hour of Joan Blondell's birth? I want to cast her horoscope.

A. Miss Blondell was born August 30, 1909, at two minutes before midnight.

Q. What are the salaries of the following: Sonja Henie, ZaSu Pitts, Carole Lombard, Barbara Stanwyck and Fredric March?

A. In the order named, salaries are: $125,000 per picture, $1950 per week, $150,000 per picture, $75,000 per picture, and $150,000 per picture.

Q. Is Hollywood a real, incorporated city with a mayor, railroad station and everything?

A. No. Hollywood isn't even on the map. Once it was a city and even boasted a mayor of its own. That was from 1903 to 1910. In 1910 it became part of Los Angeles, forced to take this step because of the necessity for water supply. It has no railroad station. It is simply Los Angeles' glamor spot.

Q. How many studios are there in England and how many in France?

A. There are about 35 studios in England and 16 in France.

Q. What is the telephone number of the Charlie Chaplin studio and what is the name of the head of his publicity department?

A. The telephone number of the Chaplin studio is HEmpstead 2141, and his publicity director is Catherine Hunter.

Q. How much does an assistant director make a week?

A. Depends on the man, but it's safe to name $125 as an average weekly salary.

Q. What year was Mary Astor named a baby star?

A. In 1926 she was one of thirteen baby stars. Since then she has played more than 80 roles.



In 1926 Mary Astor was a baby star. Since then she has played 80 roles

Q. What wardrobe must the extras keep on hand?

A. Dress extras must have absolutely complete wardrobes. Extra women spend at least $1,000 a year for their evening and dinner gowns, afternoon frocks, morning frocks and sports apparel, not to mention hats, gloves, shoes, wraps, stockings, scarves, etc. Men extras must have formal evening clothes; tuxedo, both black and white jackets; boulevard apparel; morning clothes; sports wear and several business outfits.

Q. Here are two questions on Janet Gaynor. I want to know if she has an agent and who he is.

A. She has no agent. Her lawyer attends to any actual contracts she signs, but Miss Gaynor discusses her business with the producers herself.

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin':

I'M GETTING to be a regular old habitue—what with dashing from one popular spot to another! But it's not just to have a good time—perish the thought! It's to bring you news of what the stars are wearing this month . . . And they're wearing so many lovely things I'm in a dither . . . I sat for an hour in one of those intimate little clubs where people love to gather for a late afternoon cocktail. You know the kind of place—where you can stand in the center of the floor and mix a drink with one hand behind the bar, and open the door for departing friends with the other. It's too cozy.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT was there wearing one of the best-looking three-piece suits these old eyes have ever rested on. It was a warm scarlet shade. The three-quarter length coat, that topped the suit, was raccoon-trimmed. Resting on Claudette's dark curls was a hat of the same material—small, high and tricky . . . In fact, the hats are *so* goofy that even Betty Furness must be satisfied! Betty, these days, is wearing a chapeau what *is* a chapeau. The wide felt brim is caught up on both sides, giving it a rather shovel-like appearance. It's modeled (no less!) after the historic hat worn on official business by the Lord Mayor of London!

I WAS trying to describe this hat to Claudette, when Alice Faye came in looking simply scrumptuous. She had on a hip-length beige jacket of Persian lamb with a brown velvet collar. Her dress was a soft wool of Safari brown and the trimmings (belt, collar, cuffs and pockets) looked like old-fashioned quilting . . . And if I know you as well as I think I do, you've already got your eye on the quilt in the guest-room! . . . While we were discussing trimmings and accessories as gals will, when they get together, Gail Patrick came in and practically sat on our laps, the place was getting so crowded. And her accessories simply proved what we all had been saying—that, this season, you can go to town with your own ideas of how to dress up a costume . . . Her dress was a simple gray affair, but the trimmings and accessories—ah, my dears! She had a tiny jacket and a *huge* bag made of Guatemalan material that is a riot of colorful embroidery. The predominating colors were accentuated by feathers of the same hues sticking perkily out of her high-crowned gray hat. The effect was extremely smart. And the best part of it is, we can all do the same thing to a more or less degree—and without throwing the budget overboard. If we can't get our material from Guatemala, certainly nothing is to prevent us from getting gaily colored bags, belts and so on, to freshen up last season's plain dress.

THESE words of wisdom were scarcely out of our mouths, however, when Rosalind Russell made an entrance that left us gasping. She had dropped in with some friends on her way to a dinner-party. But I doubt if anybody ate the dinner—they probably just sat and stared at Roz. She was that beautiful! Her dinner gown was turquoise-blue and made entirely of fringe—row upon row. Form-fitting and perfectly straight, its only ornament was a silver belt and clasp. Rosalind knows, too, exactly when and when *not* to wear jewelry. Too many gee-gaws would have completely ruined the effect—so Rosalind wore only two silver antique bracelets, one on either arm . . . The effect was one of classic simplicity and we all agreed it was just right for Roz—with her dignity and poise.

AND just the opposite—and just as lovely—was a dress worn by Anita Louise a few nights later at Victor Hugo's. It was the most perfect dance frock I've ever seen—it seemed to float all by itself! And no wonder for the gown is called "Ballerina" and was inspired by the costumes worn by the American Ballet . . . The skirt was nearly ankle length—but not quite. And we think that's a darned good length for dancing—no doo-dads hanging around your heels to trip you up! . . . The dress, *a la* ballet, is of black tulle, tight of bodice and full of skirt. But zig-zagging all over it are silvery streaks that are startling in their suddenness. These streaks are, of course, vertical—and while they seem to have been added in a hit-or-miss fashion, they are nothing of the kind.

And now, Darlin', that is all until next month—when I'll write more of the very latest fashions favored by Hollywood!

Mlle. Chic.



"Rhapsody"

Lastex Foundations styled by HICKORY

"with that artful uplift"

Its slimming smoothness skillfully guides your figure to youthful firmness. You'll adore the artful uplift designed in lace on the all-in-one. Never an unrestrained curve or impudent tummy to mar your silhouette or break the flowing, clinging lines of your Autumn wardrobe. Two-way stretch Lastex urges your contour to greater grace and new comfort . . . delightfully disciplines and flatters your new Fall frocks!

Foundation (for formal)—$5.00
Girdle (for about-town)—$3.50

Please send us the name of your corsetiere if she hasn't the exact Hickory Foundation you want . . . we'll welcome the opportunity to be of service to you. Address: Miss Ruth Stone, 1144 West Congress Street, Chicago.

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HOW READERS RATE THEM!

HANDS OFF!

$15 Prize Letter

OF ALL the inane, ludicrous and disgusting spectacles is the massing of a mob of she-wolves at every off-stage public appearance of a movie celebrity, to pluck and tear at him like vultures at a cadaver, when that star should be enjoying a rest with no more obligation to the public than a bricklayer on his day off. The person of real refinement wouldn't walk across the street to see George Washington, were he to reappear—not that he would not honor and revere him, but that he would be considerate enough not to harass or embarrass him. When will these half-wit *fans* understand that they are a terrific pest, not to say a danger, to the public in general, and a nuisance to police, railroad employees, etc., and the star himself. When will they realize that these stars are just humans—that they feel as we ordinary people feel; that they eat as we mere nobodies eat (sometimes not quite as fastidiously); that they sleep like the rest of us sleep (sometimes even noisier); and finally, that they lie, like all of us nonenities—and I hope they go to Heaven for the patience they show to a bunch of lunatics.—*Edw. E. A. Fritz, 1039 East 95th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

NATURAL AND LOVELY

$10 Prize Letter

I JUST saw *Call It A Day*—a delightfully refreshing and fast moving picture portrayed by ten excellent stars. My hat goes off in particular, though, to Frieda Inescort and Ian Hunter. What a perfect team! I have never before seen an actress like Frieda Inescort. Everything about her spells charm. She is so refreshing looking, carries herself so gracefully, and has such a beautifully modulated voice, that she held me spell-bound throughout the entire picture. Few actresses appear so natural and lovely as does Frieda Inescort. And, teamed with Ian Hunter, who has been a favorite of mine since seeing him in *To Mary—With Love*, they, in my mind, form an ideal couple. Please, producers, give us this perfect teaming in another picture.—*Ruth Kay, 1030 Monroe Street, Denver, Colorado.*



Frieda Inescort

FORGOTTEN FILMS

$5 Prize Letter

HOLLYWOOD'S forgotten films are the "program pictures" and the quickies. Seldom mentioned in reviews; detested by pompous producers; dreaded by waning stars and criticized by movie fans, they make but a brief appearance then pass on their way to oblivion. True, they seldom achieve immortality nor do their titles remain for long on our lips. Neither are they embellished with the sparkling personality of some reigning heart-throb of Hollywood. They are not blessed with attributes of inspiration or educational values yet with all their short comings they have one asset vital for entertainment—Variety. They have enough of drama, humor, action and pathos to keep us interested throughout their performance which is a whole lot more than can be said for any other type of entertainment. And to all of us no matter what our distress or mood they guarantee transient relief any night we enter a neighborhood theatre.—*Edwin Kissel, 1924 Prospect Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.*

A RISING STAR

$1 Prize Letter

EVERY once in awhile a new star appears who is so outstanding that you are thrilled when you witness their first and every performance. If Wayne Morris continues to give perfect performances that equal his work in *Kid Galahad*, then all I can say is that he will have the world at his feet. Wayne has a way about him that will make him a favorite with rich and poor, young and old. As the country bell hop who becomes a prizefighter under the uncanny tutelage of *Nick Donati*, superbly played by Edward G. Robinson, he brings to the role a restraint that belies the fierce will to do that shows when he snarls in the thrilling fight scenes. Praiseworthy adjectives fail to describe the splendid physical and dramatic possibilities of Mr. Morris because he simply must be seen to be appreciated.—*Benj. Shephard, 491 Colvin Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.*



Wayne Morris

PRIZES FOR LETTERS!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over *one hundred and fifty* words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

SELF-MADE MAN

$1 Prize Letter

I AM no adolescent and I see the Academy AWARD type of pictures over and over again—but I recently paid three admissions and sat through a Gene Autry musical Western five times. Subsequently, I tried to find in a stack of magazines one picture of him and his talented horse, found only a small unflattering one with the caption, "Difference between Profit and Loss to his studio." I was angry—until the significance hit me: One star who draws the crowds without help of advertising or personal ballyhoo. — *Dean Autray 1401 East Douglas, Wichita, Kansas.*



Gene Autry

A DEBATABLE SUBJECT

$1 Prize Letter

WHY doesn't Grace Moore co-star with Nelson Eddy or some other great singing star? Grace Moore is beautiful, possesses a charming personality, and is a better singer than Jeanette MacDonald. Yet Miss Moore is definitely not as great a star as Jeanette is. I believe that this is due to the fact that Grace has never had a suitable male star opposite her. Is this because she is selfish and wants most of the glory for herself, or because she is less fortunate that Miss MacDonald? The main reason for going to see Grace Moore's pictures is to hear her melodious singing voice.—*Jean Seitzer, 1542 Memorial Avenue, Williamsport, Penna.*



Grace Moore

STRESSING REALISM

$1 Prize Letter

REALISM, to me, seems the greatest thing films need today. Pictures such as *The Good Earth*, *Winterset*, and *Captains Courageous* were claimed as outstanding by the movie going public because of their reality. They stand out by showing actual existence, facts, even brutally disclosing truths. Life as it is. A new star may arise and show a fresh new vital personality, but not for long. Soon through make-up, mannerism, and what nots, she is put into the same groove as the others. An attractive figure, a beautiful coiffure, a gorgeous gown, adds up the modern day actress. Seeing celebrities in person or in candid camera shots, shows them to be human beings after all.—*Anna Boom, 1607 Palo Alto St., Los Angeles, Calif.*

Hollywood's *Trick Parties*

PARTY Highlights of the Month: The most exotic dinner of the month was given by Gladys Swarthout and her husband. The *piece de resistance* was baked peacock! It seems they had the bird skinned and baked, then it was tucked neatly back into its skin again and brought to the table in full regalia—feathers and all!

The guests had scarcely managed to catch their breath when the salad course was placed in front of them. They are still gasping over that—it was a raw ox-eye on a leaf of lettuce. One ox-eye to each guest! . . . What! No hearts of antelope dipped in ambrosia?

THE best set party was given by Fredric March on the last day of *Nothing Sacred*. After the party there was a most solemn presentation made by March to the director, Bill Wellman. Both Freddie and Carole Lombard, carrying a large box, beautifully wrapped, approached the director and March began his speech.

"Is this a gag?" asked Wellman.

"Not at all, Bill," said Freddie sincerely. "On behalf of the crew and cast, I take great pleasure in presenting to you this token of our esteem—" and so convincing was he that Wellman was completely sold and touched by this display of affection.

Fumblingly he opened the box—and there, on tissue paper was a strait-jacket! Before you could say, "Boris Costalooksky" they all pounced on him and had him securely tied into the jacket. In great glee they watched his struggles—and it wasn't until he yelled "Uncle" that they'd deign to let him out.

JANE WITHERS is no slouch either, when it comes to thinking up something novel in the way of entertainment. All by herself she got together a birthday party for her mother. Not only was the table beautifully decorated but each feminine guest was supplied with a lei of gardenias.

Imagine their embarrassment, however, when they began to circulate around the table to find their seats. Instead of place-cards Jane had placed, in prominent positions, a very "candid" camera shot of each guest, taken by Jane herself. There was one of her mother eating a hot-dog; one of her father in violent mood, changing a tire; a picture of an aunt creaming her face; a guest in a very unbecoming bathing suit; and several extremely funny poses of other guests "shot from the rear."

Jane had the time of her life!

"WE'RE such creatures of habit," sighs Eric Blore, "that really something must be done about this latest fad of taking your guests up in the Blimp after *every* dinner-party!

"It's beautiful and all that! I mean to say, Hollywood and Los Angeles are spread out like a jeweled carpet, while the Blimp circles over the city. But I've been up so much lately," moans Eric, "that I can't digest a dinner anymore unless I'm a thousand feet in the air. I'll either have to stop eating or move into the Blimp!"



Movita, who plays a native daughter of the South Seas in *The Hurricane*, played a Tahitian girl in *Mutiny on the Bounty*



No waiting for results when you use the

NEW LINIT MAGIC MILK MASK

HERE is a new, complete twenty-minute beauty treatment that begins its gentle, toning action as *soon* as it is applied, and leaves the skin looking soft, smooth and refreshed.

If your complexion is dull and sallow, the Linit Magic Milk Mask will help to clarify it through natural stimulation, and will heighten the natural bloom.

Look how easy it is for you to make the Linit Magic Milk Mask at home: *Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit so popular as a Beauty Bath) and one teaspoon of cold cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it to the cleansed face and neck and relax during the twenty minutes the mask takes to set. Then rinse off with clear, tepid water and pat the face and neck dry.

Feel your face—the petal-like smoothness and softness; observe the enchanting bloom of youth. The Linit Magic Milk Mask leaves the skin with a velvety "film" that is an excellent powder base, as it eliminates shine and helps to keep make-up looking fresh for hours longer.

Why not try Linit Magic Milk Mask NOW? If you do not have Linit at hand, your grocer can supply you.





*1st STEP
Mixing takes a minute.



2nd STEP
Applying takes a minute.



3rd STEP
Resting for 20 minutes.

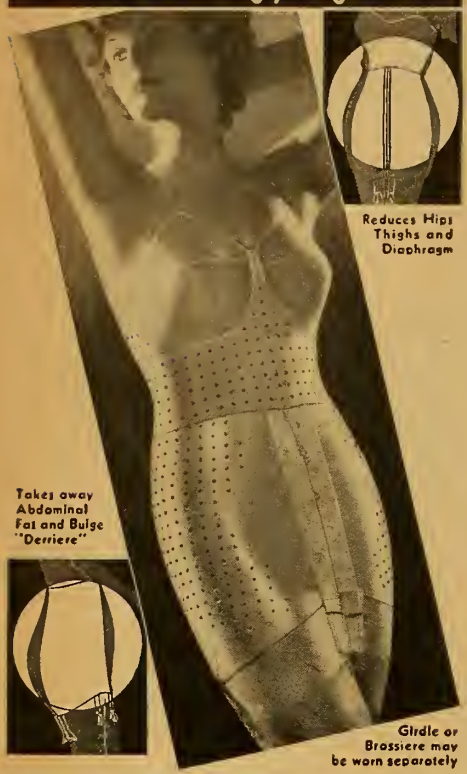


4th STEP
Rinsing off completely.

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Perfolastic Not Only *Confines*, It *Removes* Ugly Bulges!



Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the quick, safe way to reduce . . . Perfolastic.

"Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and 9 inches," writes Mrs. Derr. Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere at our expense?

IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS

. . . it will cost you nothing!

Because so many Perfolastic wearers reduce *more* than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making you the above unqualified agreement.

IMMEDIATELY APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER!

■ You *appear* inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments the massage-like action and gentle pressure are *actually reducing* hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm...the spots where fat first accumulates. You will be thrilled with the results...as are other Perfolastic wearers!

PERFOLASTIC REDUCES SAFELY...QUICKLY WITHOUT DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISE!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercise to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. The Perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear. And with the loss of excess fat will come increased pep and energy.

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Deanna Durbin, Adolphe Menjou and Mischa Auer from *100 Men and a Girl*

TIP-OFFS on the TALKIES

brief Review of the Recent Releases

AAAA—EXCELLENT; AAA—GOOD; AA—FAIR; A—MEDIOCRE

100 Men and a Girl—AAA½—A fine and novel musical drama starring Deanna Durbin who is supported by no less a musical personage than Leopold Stokowski and 100 veteran symphony musicians. Adolphe Menjou in the role of the unemployed musician-father lends much to its emotional value, placing this in the rank of outstanding "family" entertainment. Brilliant singing by little Miss Durbin and an excellent musical score emphasizes the cultural qualities of the film.—*Universal.*

Vogues of 1938—AAA—Here is the finest fashion show and the finest illustration of natural color photography the screen has offered to date. Enhanced with an excellent cast headed by Joan Bennett, Warner Baxter and Mischa Auer the story entertains, but the color and gorgeous array of clothes will make this the women's delight. Omar Kiam's fashion creations will leave the feminine audiences gasping with envy and admiration. —*Walter Wanger-United Artists.*

Artists and Models—AAA—From the time the Yacht Club boys (and good, too) fall out of the credit titles and start the show a-rolling, Jack Benny's latest Paramount musical is a daffy but fast moving and hilarious entertainment. It is one of the most unique and delightful pictures and decidedly Mr. Benny's best vehicle. In support are Martha Raye, Ida Lupino, Gail Patrick and Richard Arlen, with specialties by Judy Canova, The Hill Billy trio and Ben Blue.—*Paramount.*

Make a Wish—AAA—A musical that is slightly different from the usual run and entertaining because it does not attempt to over-power one with pretentious sets or the size of its cast. Bobby Breen is billed as the star but Marion Claire of operatic fame and Basil Rathbone rather push Bobby into the background. Oscar Straus has provided a fine musical score; music with a real swing to it. Henry Armetta, Leon Errol and Donald Meek furnish the comedy.—*Sol Lesser-RKO.*

Love Under Fire—AAA—If you're romantically inclined *Love Under Fire* will fill the bill, presenting Loretta Young and Don Ameche in the loving roles. Built on the old formula of jewel thieves and Scotland Yard operatives it is bolstered by flying bullets and soldiers engaged in the Spanish revolution. Auto wrecks, air warfare, gunboats and shooting all add to the excitement and complication of clearing Miss Young's name who is under suspicion in connection with a jewel robbery. Splendid support is given by Frances Drake, Walter Catlett, John Carrudine and others too numerous to mention.—*20th Century-Fox.*

Double or Nothing—AAA—An interesting story with romance, music and clever specialties will please the customers, particularly the Crosby fans. Bing Crosby and Mary Carlisle are responsible for the romantic interludes while Martha Raye and Andy Devine handle the comic situations in grand style. The specialties are a sing band of 30 voices, the Calgary Brothers, famous pantomimists, and Ames and Arno who score with an adagio dance. The title is derived from a clause in an eccentric millionaire's will.—*Paramount.*

Back in Circulation—AAA—Adapted from Adela Rogers St. John's *Angle Shooter* this tells the story of a hard-boiled newspaper editor and his clever reporter. Both characterizations are cleverly handled, Pat O'Brien in the former role and Joan Blondell in the latter. In the middle, the story switches to crime, offering Margaret Lindsay an extremely attractive part as a woman falsely accused of murdering her husband. It packs plenty of amusement and ends with a whirlwind finish.—*Warner Bros.*

Charlie Chan on Broadway—AA½—A mysterious dual killing which threatens a sensational scandal involving metropolitan politics and New York newspapermen is the assignment handed *Charlie Chan,* the supersleuth, in the latest of this popular crime series. More drama and less romance with several new angles adds to the interest of the detecting qualities of the film. Warner Oland is up to par in unraveling the mystery before your eyes and he is supported by Keye Luke, his perennial stand-by. —*20th Century-Fox.*

Flight from Glory—AA½—Gripping drama presenting a story of the commercial flying game with Chester Morris and Whitney Bourne in the leading roles. A treacherous route over the Andes in South America and condemned equipment only attracts daredevils and outcast pilots who invite death to this far-away airpost, furnishing many thrills to the spectator. The narrative is novel and the locale intriguing, adding up to a spectacular air drama. The supporting cast is enriched with the talents of Onslow Stevens, Van Heflin, Solly Ward and Rita LaRoy among others.—*RKO-Radio.*

San Quentin—AA½—California's famed penitentiary furnishes the locale for this rugged drama which will find much appeal among male audiences. Pat O'Brien, Humphrey Bogart, Ann Sheridan and Barton MacLane are the principals in this grim drama of prison life and their performances are flawless. There are many exciting sequences, particularly the prison outbreak at the climax. Women patrons will find pleasure in the romance between Pat O'Brien, the warden, and Ann Sheridan, sister to Humphrey Bogart who is the social menace.—*Warner Bros.*

The Life of the Party—AA½—A sprightly song and dance show with a society romance between Gene Raymond and Harriet Hilliard—one an heir to a huge fortune and the other a debutante with singing ambitions. Helen Broderick and Victor Moore are outstanding in comic parts and if you appreciate the goofy antics of Joe Penner, Parkyakarkas and Billy Gilbert, don't miss this.—*RKO-Radio.*

IN OLD CHICAGO

Starring Tyrone Power and Alice Faye, will soon be shown in the nation's leading film theatres. But you can get a preview glimpse of this spectacular production in the November issue of

MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE

Also in this 4 **** issue are fiction versions of *Double Wedding,* starring William Powell and Myrna Loy; *Stand In,* with Leslie Howard and Joan Blondell; *Breakfast For Two,* with Barbara Stanwyck and Herbert Marshall, and *Wife, Doctor and Nurse,* with Loretta Young and Warner Baxter.



Vogues of 1938 **featuring Warner Baxter and Joan Bennett is reviewed here**

Mr. Dodd Takes the Air—AA½—Don't confuse Mr. Dodd and Mr. Deeds. They're two distinctly different gents. Deeds was rich in money but Dodd—oh, what a voice and how the younger film fans will go for him. Kenny Baker, radio's young tenor, is slated for bigger and better films, judging from this his first stellar role. His singing is exceptionally fine and his songs are delightful and also appropriate as radio forms the background of the story. Jane Wyman, Gertrude Michael, Alice Brady and Frank McHugh will also entertain you in their own style.—*Mervyn LeRoy-Warner Bros.*

Confession—AA½—Kay Francis' fans will he highly pleased with her latest and one of her strongest vehicle—an appealing story about mother-love. The narrative is rather involved and familiar—a variant of *Madame X*—but it was handled with much finesse by the director, Joe May. Miss Francis' emoting is a personal triumph and she distinguishes the role with her beauty and charm. In support are Basil Rathbone, Jane Bryan, Ian Hunter and Dorothy Peterson who uphold the quality of the star's performance.—*Warner Bros.*

Blonde Trouble—AA—A remake of the Ring Lardner-George Kaufman comedy hit, *June Moon*, it falls short of the comedy value contained in the original play, due to the sacrifice of laughs for romance. For you who aren't familiar with the plot, it deals with the aspirations of a small-town lyric writer. Johnny Downs in the leading role plays the part to its hilt, while Eleanore Whitney is effective in the little bit you see her in. Lynn Overman, Benny Baker and El Brendel are responsible for a great many of the laughs.—*Paramount.*

It Happened in Hollywood—AA—A gushing, sentimental comedy culled from filmland itself, it will appeal to fan audiences for its history of the turmoil that upset Hollywood when sound first came in. Richard Dix, a western star and Fay Wray his leading lady portray the principal characters in Hollywood's great tragedy. But this being only a picture it has its happy ending, of course. Dix performs with gusto and Fay Wray is engaging in her difficult-to-believe role. Interesting is a string of doubles impersonating Garbo, Crawford, Chaplin, Dietrich, et al.—*Columbia.*

DON'T MISS

any of the following important pictures, previously reviewed in this magazine, if you can help it: *Lost Horizon*—A beautiful story elegantly presented on the screen, immortalizing James Hilton's famous novel. Ronald Colman, H. B. Warner and Sam Jaffe rate encomiums for their superb performances and Frank Capra, the director, and Robert Riskin, the adaptor, earn applause for their artistic talents . . . *The Good Earth*—1936 Academy Award Winners Paul Muni and Luise Rainer lend their talents to the picturization of Pearl Buck's famed novel, making this one of the greatest films ever produced . . . *Captains Courageous*—Kipling's salty tale of the sea. An inspiring and colorful film with stirring portrayals by Spencer Tracy, Freddie Bartholomew and Lionel Barrymore . . . *They Won't Forget*—A courageous undertaking on the part of the producers. Adapted from Ward Greene's *Death in the Deep South* this is a dramatic indictment of the injustice of mob prejudice . . . *The Life of Emile Zola*—Warner Brothers through Paul Muni have given birth to a masterpiece. *The Life of Emile Zola* is one of the finest artistic creations to grace the screen. Muni lives the part of *Zola*, France's great dramatist and exponent of the truth.

WORKED WONDERS FOR HER SKIN

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

ANNA MAY DALES NOTARY PUBLIC COOK COUNTY ILL.

Anna May Dales NOTARY PUBLIC



"My skin was awful. I was ashamed to even look in a mirror"



"Then I started taking your tablets. I've taken them for a month"



"I'm not afraid of a mirror now. Yeast Foam Tablets are everything you claim — if not more"

NOTE: *The above letter is so typical of many others that it justifies a thorough trial of Yeast Foam Tablets in similar cases of skin or complexion disorders.*

New DOUBLE-VALUE 30-Day Size Bottle of YEAST FOAM TABLETS

ARE you missing good times—suffering needless embarrassment—because of a pimply, blemished skin? Then this true story from real life is meant for you! It's an actual experience, not an advertising claim.

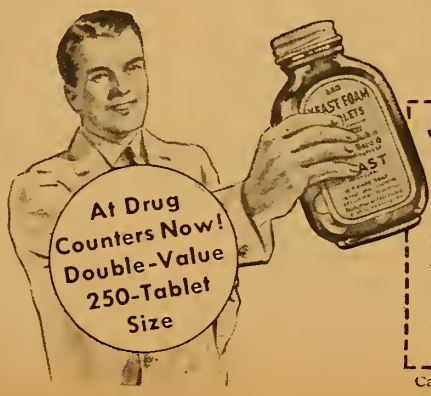
It came to us, a simple letter written in pencil—just one of many from grateful girls who have regained their natural beauty with the aid of pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets.

Let Yeast Foam Tablets help rid your system, too, of the poisons which are the real cause of so many unsightly skins. This pasteurized yeast is rich in precious natural elements which often stimulate sluggish digestive organs—help to restore natural elimination—and thus cleanse the system of beauty-destroying wastes.

You'll look better—and feel better—when Yeast Foam Tablets help you as they have helped thousands of others.

Now, with this new Double-Value size bottle available at drug counters, you can actually get the full value of the 30-day course for *one-half* of the former cost! Remember to ask for the 250-tablet size of Yeast Foam Tablets—and refuse substitutes.

Ask your druggist today for Yeast Foam Tablets—and refuse substitutes.



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FG11-37

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Please send me FREE TASTE SAMPLE of Yeast Foam Tablets. I want to prove for myself that it is *pleasant* to take yeast in this form.

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ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!



KAY FRANCIS

This study in black and white gives you Kay Francis at her profile best. It's a profile that artists rank tops among the ladies of the screen. Kay strikes a dignified pose as befitting a *First Lady*—the title of her next picture. After you've bowed to her here you'll return to see her in *The Return from Limbo*. There's drama ahead



MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN

The bandana craze has swept the country and no girl wears one as a head-dress more becomingly than Maureen O'Sullivan. The popular Irisher is taking her bandanas to London where she'll play opposite Bob Taylor in *A Yank at Oxford*



KATHARINE HEPBURN

Having made her entrance through *Stage Door*, Katie turns to *Bringing Up Baby*. Meanwhile those marital rumors are rife again since she was spied with Howard Hughes in New London shopping for yachts

You Can't Put SPENCER TRACY Into Words

WE WERE talking, Spencer Tracy and I, about young Freddie Bartholomew. Talking about someone else, especially about his fellow actors, is a common occurrence when you are with Spencer. He talks about Paul Muni whom, of all actors, he admires the most. He talks about Pat O'Brien, his best pal, who is, says Spence, a far finer actor than he gets full credit for being. He talks about Clark Gable. Well, I remember the time when Clark first came to Hollywood, when his sensational flight to fame was just beginning and how people said, "Oh, he's a great *personality*, no doubt about that—but *is* he a great *actor?*"—and how Spencer said to me then: "Gable's a *swell* actor, don't ever let anyone tell you different!"

He talks about Jimmy Stewart, Jimmy Cagney, Bob Montgomery's magnificent performance in *Night Must Fall*. He talks about his directors, about Victor Fleming ("the most attractive man I ever met in all my life," says Spence) to whom he gives just about all the immeasurable credit there is to give for *Captains Courageous*. Spence's heart, in fact, is one huge credit sheet for his fellow players.

And conversely if, today, you ask any actor or actress in Hollywood to name their favorite actor they will say, almost without exception, "Spencer Tracy and Paul Muni," or "Paul Muni and Spencer Tracy." They may include two or three other names. But always, always Spencer and Muni.

"Muni gets credit for what he does, of course," Spencer told me, "but I don't believe they fully realize *how* great he is. He has the simplicity of a great heart, like his great *Zola*. And like his *Zola* he cares only for the truth of his work. If I could ever be in his class," said Spence—and doesn't know that he is.

And when I talked recently to Muni I had to keep reminding him that it was an interview with *him* I was trying to do, not one about Spencer. At a recent Hollywood party given by Maria Jeritza, the two men met for the first time. Muni was telling Spencer how without an equal he is. Spencer was declaring (both men more articulate when they talk about each other than they ever are about themselves) his profound admiration for Muni. The two wives, Louise Tracy and Bella Muni, listened to this dialogue for several unremitting hours. Finally they said, in unison: "You're the two tops—why not let it go at that?"

And so, this time, Spencer was talking about the young Bartholomew. *Manuel* was speaking of his "leetle feesh." I'd said, "Do you think that Freddie is a genius?" and, "Good Lord, I hope not," laughed Spence, "misused, overworked word, genius. I wouldn't know about that. He's a swell kid, which is the most important thing. And what a trouper! Never goes up on his lines. Never overacts. Means what he says. Feels what he is doing. He's natural. He has sincerity. He has no tricks. Which adds up to fine acting. That's what fine acting *is*."

And I thought, all unwittingly Spencer has described himself. For in paying this tribute to his "leetle feesh," Spencer voiced Hollywood's unanimous estimate of Spencer, himself. He hasn't any "tricks" either. He is so real, there is such a rugged honesty about him, he's so friendly and natural and regular as to warm the heart right down to its roots.

I wish that I could put Spencer Tracy into words. The right





As *Manuel*, the Portuguese fisherman in *Captains Courageous*, Tracy gave a cameo performance. Above, as the barker in *They Gave Him a Gun* he was just as brilliant

Trying to sum up Spence with a flock of words is like jumping off the deep, dramatic end. But here it can all be told! And how!!

By GLADYS HALL



Besides being a fan's favorite, Spencer is also an actor's actor. Most agree he's the screen's best actor

words. If I could, I'd have something epic. But it is always the same when you try to describe anything too real for man-manufactured words. Deep tides never come to the surface. Neither the eye, the tongue nor the pen can capture them. Neat, pretty little words describe, accurately, only the contents of the shallows. When a man, or a fact, is too big, too real, too honest, too sincere, words become paltry, praises ring shallowly. After all, you cannot do more than ruffle the surface of the deeps.

"He has no tricks," may be the best that I can do. And it's not a bad best if you translate it into meaning that he doesn't pose, evade issues even to himself about himself, that he is always the same, always cordial and welcoming and warm, not to the favor-giving few alone but to the many; that he is never too busy to be "bothered"; that he doesn't wear the tawdry ribbons of exploited fame.

It just means that he is honest of heart, forthright, richly human and compassionate, forgiving all as he hopes to be forgiven. Or something like that. That's the trouble—one is apt to go off the deep, dramatic end about Spencer. One is prone to become too florid, overly sentimental about a man who would never sentimentalize himself; the things he has done, the good he has done, the battles he has fought, the battles he has won. The hardest battles of all—over himself.



Spencer portrays a taxi-driver in *Big City*—his newest picture

There are any number of people, yes, even actors, who have rollicking senses of humor. Which stop short only at themselves. Spencer's sense of humor includes himself. He wanted, when he was a lad, to become a doctor. He told me once, "but those Latin prescriptions threw me. I couldn't get on top of that Latin." It was someone else who told me of the young man Spencer was sending [*Continued on page* 86]

The New Side to IRENE DUNNE

There's a side to Irene Dunne that has never been revealed before. And here's your chance to re-discover her

By IDA ZEITLIN



WITH a white polo coat belted round her, hands deep in its pockets, Irene Dunne's eyes followed the curve of a grand staircase that swept majestically toward the rafters of the stage.

"What a pity," she sighed. "All my life I've yearned for a staircase like that, with me coming down it, trailing my long skirts behind. Now I've got the staircase—and look!"

She opened her coat to disclose a fetching trifle in blue, whose fringed skirt stopped midway between ankle and knee, and whose general spirit called for tripping rather than trailing. "It's a judgment on me," she murmured. "Once I was a lady—"

The serene face had undergone a subtle change. There was nothing you could point to except the faintest drooping of one eyelid over a blue-gray eye, and even that you weren't sure of. It was as if a pebble had been dropped into a quiet lake, to reveal from below a glint of dancing lights and shadows. Then the ripples had closed over them again. But in that flash you had glimpsed the prancing piccaninny of *Showboat*, wild *Theodora*, and *Lucy*, heroine of Columbia's *The Awful Truth*, who wears the blue gown and does outrageous things in the hope of proving to Cary Grant, her husband, what a nice girl she is.

Back in Cary's dressing-room—loaned with a courtly bow, because her own reeked of fresh paint—Miss Dunne laughed at the minor sensation caused by her sallies into comedy and farce.

"What's it all about?" she wanted to know. "You wouldn't expect a cook to go on making the same dish year after year. Why expect less of an actress? Besides, I don't know where I got this reputation for being so proper. I'm afraid I always had leanings toward the low." Her eyes under their long lashes were sparkling again.

"As a child, I confess I tried to hide them. My mother was a fine musician, and my father was all for my following in her footsteps. I'd hear him brag to friends about how I'd never play anything but the classics. It sounded pretty grand to me, so I never did play anything else—where he could hear me. But that didn't prevent me from sneaking to the piano as often as I could to try out the latest jazz number. You know, this never occurred to me before, but maybe that's how it all started. Maybe I realized then that I wasn't quite the lady I ought to be, and that I'd better create the illusion to cover up."

WE CAN'T deny Miss Dunne the right to her little joke. The fact remains that, where the substance exists, there is no need for illusion. It's easy enough to understand the impression she makes. She has natural dignity. She meets you with friendliness, but she won't fall on your neck and call you darling. She assumes no movie star poses, yet you can't imagine even the brashest soul taking liberties with her twice. She acts, in short, like the woman of taste and breeding which she is. Only Hollywood sometimes seems startled to discover that you can have good manners, [*Continued on page 70*]



TOMMY KELLY

Mark Twain's immortal *Tom Sawyer* will live again on the screen in Tommy Kelly, 12-year-old Bronx youngster. Talent scouts took nine months of nation-wide searching to find the ideal *Tom*. They found him playing in his own Bronx street. The young Irisher will be a-slidin' right into your hearts

Hollywood's International MARRY-GO-ROUND



Francis Lederer is a Czech, Margo a Mexican. Hollywood brought them together. Wedding bells will ring



Luise Rainer of Vienna and Clifford Odets (New York) understand each other. No dull moments



Elissa Landi is Austrian and Nino Martini hails from Italy. This romance clicked from the start because La Landi speaks perfect Italian

AN ESKIMO and a Russian Princess—

A Mexican girl and a lonely Czech—

A Viennese star and a playwright from the Bronx, N. Y.—

That's just a sample of the alliances you find on the international "marry-go-round" in Hollywood!

Take the glamorous girls of two-dozen nationalities, add the handsomest heroes of five continents, and you have a vague idea of Hollywood social life today.

A Chinese girl is matched with an American director; a Tasmanian miss is rumored romancing first with an En-

They come from all over the world—and speaking different languages—to fall in love and marry in that hot mecca for romance—Hollywood

By MARK DOWLING



—*Wide World*

Temperaments clash between French Lili Damita and Irish Errol Flynn, but each understands the other perfectly

Romance speaks a universal tongue that's why Anatol Litvak (Russia)-Miriam Hopkins (USA) are that way





When the international marital knot tied Grace Moore and Valentin Parera it brought Hollywood's happiest union



International marriages are approved by Spanish Dolores Del Rio and Irish Cedric Gibbons. They build better understanding

glishman, then an Irish chap; a Swedish siren goes out with a Russian musician.

No wonder the Tower of Babel has nothing on marriage circles in the movie town! Get two or three of our most exciting married pairs together and you can't understand 'em, they can't understand each other, and half the times even the brides don't know what their bridegrooms are talking about!

Pat Paterson (England) studied French madly after marrying Charles Boyer (France). Cedric Gibbons (Ireland) has been wed to Dolores Del Rio (Mexico) for ten years and he *still* can't speak or understand Spanish!

Dolores says wisely, "Because Cedric does not know what I am saying or thinking when I am with my Spanish friends, he is always a little intrigued. I'm a new and entirely different personality to him!"

Bud Ernst (America) can't chat with Lyda Roberti (Poland) in her native tongue, and as for Lyda, she's only too willing to admit that the American sense of humor leaves her puzzled. *She left Bud three times*—but always went back! —because she didn't see the joke.

Mix up a few nationalities, bring on a preacher, and you have Hollywood's newest slant on the game of love. Elissa Landi (Austria) and Nino Martini (Italy) create as much excitement for the local gossips as Miriam Hopkins (America) and Anatol Litvak (Russia). Sonja Henie (Norway) and Tyrone Power (America) followed the "international trend" of Merle Oberon (Tasmania) who crossed the International Date Line to be dated up by David Niven (England) or Brian Aherne (Ireland).

AS HEADLINE-GETTERS for marital upheavals, those on the marry-go-round stand pre-eminent—what about Luise Rainer (Vienna) and Clifford Odets (New York), not to mention Errol Flynn (Ireland) and Lili Damita (France)!

They come from all over the world, but it takes Hollywood to bring them together. Flynn and Damita met on a boat on their way here. Pat Paterson and Charles Boyer met at a producer's home. Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward, both Britishers, met in England but didn't go for each other until a beach party in Hollywood.

Ida says, "It was the informality of the place that made me see Louis as he really is."

In England, her first impression of the boy had been, "What a dud!"

Margo (Mexico) kept her tongue in her cheek as far as Francis Lederer (Czechoslovakia) was concerned when they met while making a picture together. She heard his ideas on world peace, watched him [*Continued on page* 68]

The New Heart-Throb

By FAITH SERVICE

The Popularity Boys will have to make room for Jon Hall now. He's the new sex-menace!

I SAT in Jon Hall's portable dressing-room on the set of Sam Goldwyn's *Hurricane*. I was waiting for Jon. From the near distance came the sound of soft Tahitian voices singing; the sounds, then, of fury, of winds rising. . . .

I was, I may confess, in something of a flutter. I had been reliably informed that *Hurricane* is to be, not one of the best, but *the* best motion picture ever made. The most tremendous—the most powerful—the most thrilling. I'd been told that young Jon Hall (whose star will rise when *Hurricane* strikes the theatres) is a composite of Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, Errol Flynn, Tyrone Power—a sort of "get together" of all the stars who have fired feminine hearts from the Hollywood heavens. *Hurricane,* it is foretold, will fire your imaginations, stir your pulses, scar your memories forever—and leave beached on your hearts, a new star.

Suddenly the dressing-room door was blocked and a magnificent figure of a man stood there, dripping silvery water from copper shoulders and legs, from dark wet hair. He wore a pair of faded blue dungarees. They clung wetly to his strong legs. His white teeth flashed. His dark eyes laughed. He shook himself and water cascaded off him in showers. (He had been, of course, in the "tank" on the set, doing some "sea stuff.") He said "Miss Hall? I am Jon Hall."

So, I thought, on the instant: ah, Goldwyn has picked another winner! For if there is a girl in the world with eyes to see who doesn't go completely Hall-conscious, if not Hall-crazy after the release of *Hurricane* then girls are not what they used to be when grandmamma was young! He cannot, really, be compared with anyone. A dash more Gable, perhaps, than Taylor or young Tyrone. Nearer the ages of Bob Taylor and Tyrone, he is heavier, more matured physically than either of these boys. He has more of the brawny virility of Gable. (His own screen favorite, by the way, is Gary Cooper.)

His real name is Charles Locher. Sam Goldwyn christened him Jon Hall. His friends in Tahiti call him "Terutevaegiai." Which, literally translated, means "young white god from heaven's highest shelf." And that, liberally translated, is exactly what he is . . . a young white god on Hollywood's highest shelf—which, to Jon, amounts to the same thing. He says "I don't take any stock in the 'white god' part but I'll tell anyone I'm certainly in the clouds these days!"



Jon is from Tahiti and is blessed with a fine physique and acting talent. He's still single!

NEVER, certainly, in all the strange, sagas with which Hollywood abounds, all the strange roads and detours which have led to Hollywood and stardom has there been one which, for sheer contrariness, tops the story of Jon Hall. A story so amazingly unbelievable that you would say, reading it in fiction or

[*Continued on page* 95]

New Sensation No. 1 —SIGRID GURIE



Goldwyn's new "find", Sigrid Gurie of Norway, is sure to be a sensation in *The Adventures of Marco Polo.* Here's her first interview

by CAROL CRAIG

THE time is the XIIIth Century. The setting is the shrine of the Moon Maiden, idol of virgins, in the garden of the palace of mighty Kublai Khan, in far-away Cathay.

Beside the shrine stand a tall, handsome man and an exotically beautiful girl. The man is familiar to you, despite his swashbuckling attire. Gary Cooper. The girl—slant-eyed, high-coiffured, garbed in a luxurious Chinese kimono, all-white—is someone totally new to the screen. Her name is Sigrid Gurie.

Gary is playing the title role in Samuel Goldwyn's *The Adventures of Marco Polo.* She is playing the principal role opposite him—the role of the *Princess Kukachin,* daughter of the Khan.

With piquant naivete, the Princess is telling the newcomer to her father's Court that she is to be Queen of Persia. That is her destiny. When she was in her cradle, the matter was arranged by her father. And soon she will start upon the long journey to Persia, to marry the King.

Marco Polo makes no attempt to conceal the fact that he is enchanted by her beauty, by her hauntingly musical voice. (She is called *Kukachin*—meaning Golden Bells—because of her beautiful voice.) He asks her how much time the journey to Persia will take. She tells him the number of years.

Amusedly, yet with heartfelt emotion, he says, "If I were the King of Persia, I would be a very impatient man!"

You will laugh at his brash candidness. But, looking upon the Princess, you will also sympathize with his sentiment. For, I warn you, when you see the *Princess Kukachin,* your reaction will be the same as *Marco Polo's* — love at first sight. Which is another way of telling you that Sigrid Gurie is Hollywood's New Sensation No. 1.

She has been in Hollywood a year, but the chances are that you have never heard of her before. And that's odd, when you think about it—considering that she is a discovery of Samuel (the Great) Goldwyn.

SAM isn't one to be shy about mentioning his beautiful foreign finds. In fact, Sam rather has a habit of telling the world

[*Continued on page 92*]

Sigrid is a blue-eyed blonde, and is 23 years old. She's as natural as her unforgettable voice or smile



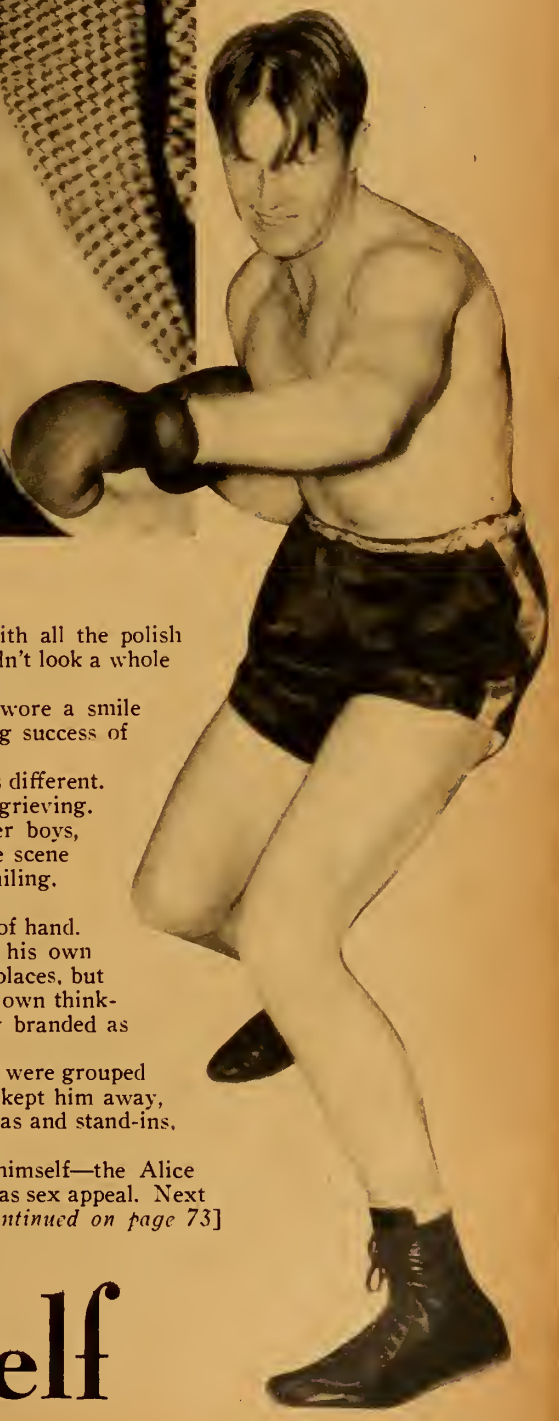
LORETTA YOUNG

Dat ol' davvil triangle comes out in the open again in *Wife, Doctor and Nurse*—with Loretta Young as the wife, Warner Baxter as the "doc" and Virginia Bruce as the nurse. And while the drama develops, Loretta sends some temperatures a-soaring. Between pictures—her next is *Second Honeymoon*—the beauty is registering supreme happiness with her two adopted daughters



From the moment that Wayne Morris flashed on the screen in *Kid Galahad* he was destined for stardom. Read this story and know the real kid

By ANN DAKE



The Kid Himself

THE man of the hour in Hollywood is a young, rawboned, snubnose lad with all the polish of a home-made mud pie. Indeed, if a mud pie wore blond hair, it wouldn't look a whole lot unlike young Wayne Morris himself.

But with this difference. No pie, mud, apple, huckleberry or raisin, ever wore a smile like Wayne's. And therein lies the secret behind the sudden and overwhelming success of newcomer Morris in *Kid Galahad*. It was the smile that did it.

Success, so I've been told, brings its share of sorrow. But Wayne's success is different. It has its train of sorrow all right, but it's the other actors who are doing the grieving. It seems that no matter how much endeavor is put forth by some of the other boys, young Morris has only to smile that bland and innocent smile of youth and the scene is his. All of which is apparently lost on young Morris, who goes right on smiling, and stealing the show.

There's talk going around Hollywood that Mr. Morris is getting slightly out of hand. Interpreted, the statement means only that young Wayne Morris is minding his own business and letting Hollywood mind its. That's bad. It might be good other places, but it's bad in Hollywood. A sucessful newcomer in Hollywood must never do his own thinking, talking or acting. He must let everyone do it for him or he's immediately branded as a "bighead." Wayne has reached the crucial point of being termed just that.

It's not so. He isn't one. The other night in a social gathering a flock of players were grouped together in a huddle—all except young Morris. Perhaps a few jealous barbs had kept him away, for all I know. Yet, there was Wayne off in on a corner with a group of extras and stand-ins, the life of the party. Having himself a time.

Perhaps the most comical jam in which Mr. Wayne Morris has yet found himself—the Alice Faye business no exception—was when someone told him that what he needed was sex appeal. Next thing he knew the papers had him out with this young woman and that [*Continued on page 73*]

Not the Type?

By MOLLY GARDNER

Dorothy (dazzler) Lamour doesn't think she's exotic enough for film requirements, but don't believe her

EVERYTHING (figure, face, violet orbs, raven tresses) is okay about Mrs. Kay, only she's sure that she isn't the film type. If anyone was ever built to be a film siren, it's Dorothy Lamour—Mrs. Herbert Kay, in private life, and very glad of it. "I don't think I'm the film type, do you?" she asks through thick dark lashes, and not at all archly.

It's the McCoy, it's on the level, Lamour (no relation to *L'Amour Toujours L'Amour*) doesn't think she has cinema requirements. She doesn't think she's exotic! And she means it. If she had thought so she might have been enjoying her Paramount contract six long months before she did.

"I could have had screen tests when I first came to Hollywood to sing at the Clover Club and to continue with my NBC network program. But I wouldn't take any. I was here from January to June without paying any attention to what the studios said," says Dorothy, whose real name is Marylita Dorothy Lamour.

This five-foot-five dazzler plays *Marama* to Jon Hall's *Terangi* in Samuel Goldwyn's million and a half (dollars) production of the Nordhoff-Hall novel *The Hurricane*. Then she returns to *Alma Mater* Paramount where she makes her sixth and seventh film appearances in *Jungle Love* and *Big Broadcast of 1938*, followed by *Ensenada* with Bing Crosby of hoarse rhythms and horse reins fame.

It may be that Dorothy's deprecation of her beauty rises, full grown, from the fact that her career paced alongside that of the late Dorothy Dell. From the ages of ten the two Dorothys, blonde and dark, played together, planned future lives together in the entertainment world. In 1930 the blonde Dorothy won a Delta beauty contest [*Continued on page* 90]





Dorothy's long dark tresses and scrumptuous curves are in keeping to play a Polynesian maid in *The Hurricane*

GLORIA STUART

Life Begins in College is the title of Gloria Stuart's next picture. And Rest begins for her the minute she leaves the studio and reaches home, where she can put on her lounging pajamas, stretch out comfy and say: "It's good to get off those shoes!"





MADELEINE CARROLL

Note the new coiffure of the dazzling Madeleine who wears it thataway in *It's All Yours* when Francis Lederer comes a-callin'. Madeleine is also the big Love Interest in *The Prisoner of Zenda* for such royal suitors as Colman and Fairbanks



The big news of the film is the sensational Oscar Homolka



Lina Basquette as native South Sea girl waits on Ray Milland and Nolan



Lloyd Nolan and Lina Basquette have colorful roles in *Ebb Tide*

Color Goes

COLOR has passed its toughest test. Color has finally gone to sea. And, because it has, black-and-white films are doomed to go the way of silent films. Their end is now in sight. You may not believe that. I didn't believe it, myself, when I first heard it. But, since then, I have seen *Ebb Tide* in the making. I have seen what they tried to film. I have seen the "rushes." I'm prepared to believe anything.

I can even sympathize with that famous director (his name should mercifully be left anonymous!) who was asked a year and a half ago what he thought of the future of color in Hollywood. Loudly and publicly, he proclaimed, "It's all right for Mickey Mouse cartoons—but not for people. It will never be real enough."

The other day, I asked him what he thought of the future of color in Hollywood. He said, quietly and privately, "All right, all right—make me eat my words. I'll do it. I'll have to do it. Within a year and a half, *everything* will be in color. Nothing can stop it now."

Nothing can stop color now! That is the big news of Hollywood, this autumn of 1937. That, and an actor named Oscar Homolka.

You may not know the name or the man. Even Hollywood is hardly conscious of him yet. But the night that *Ebb Tide* is premiered, he will be a star. More than that. He will be hailed as one of the world's few great actors.

It was twenty years ago—believe it or not—twenty years ago, when Oscar Homolka was a young boy, about to run away from home to be an actor, that the first color film was made. It threatened to ruin all onlookers' eyes. It was harsh and bright and fuzzy and unreal. The onlookers protested so violently that color fled back to the laboratory and stayed there, in hiding, for years.

It emerged, soon after talkies arrived, in the form of two strips of film in a single camera. Again, it was chased back to the laboratory. When it appeared again, in travelogues and Disney



In the *Ebb Tide* cast are Frances Farmer, Ray Milland, Barry Fitzgerald supporting Oscar Homolka



The romantic ardor of Milland and Farmer keeps pace with the moods of the sea in *Ebb Tide*

To Sea!

With *Ebb Tide* the sea in all its moods is filmed for the first time in natural color

By JAMES REID 43

cartoons and *Becky Sharp*, it was in the form of three strips of film in a single camera—one blue, one blue-green, and the third magenta.

People didn't object to the color in the travelogues and the adventures of Mickey and Minnie; in fact, they rather liked it. They didn't like it in *Becky Sharp*. But one fact seemed evident: this time, the fault was with the filming, not the color-film, itself. Since *Becky Sharp*, color has come a long way. But always, until now, under perfect conditions. Until now, the color-movie-makers have dodged difficulties—especially, unpredictable difficulties.

The Trail of the Lonesome Pine and, later, *God's Country and the Woman* were made outdoors, yes; but in high altitudes, in air certain to be clear and against backgrounds certain to be constant. *The Garden of Allah*, that almost motionless motion picture, was made against the neutral—and constant—background of the desert sands of Yuma. *Dancing Pirate* was made entirely indoors, where lighting could be controlled. *Wings of the Morning* ventured out around the English countryside, with notable success. *A Star Is Born* moved indoors and out, with seeming nonchalance, against a Hollywood background. And Walter Wanger's *Vogues of 1938*, newly finished, proves that color can do justice to the texture of fine furs and clothing and jewels.

BUT, up to now, no producer has had the hardihood to try to film the sea in all its moods, in color. The sea is too unpredictable. *Ebb Tide* is the first attempt. That makes the result all the more remarkable. It heightens belief in the converted director's statement: "Nothing can stop color now!"

You might expect the first natural-color sea picture to be an idyllic romance, laid in the South Seas. Or aboard a modernistic, streamlined steamship, romantically luxurious.

But *Ebb Tide* is no idyllic romance. There *is* romance in it, but it is secondary to the main story. The main story is desperate adventure, from the pen of no less an inventive creator of melodrama than Robert Louis Stevenson. The setting, in part, *is* the South Seas; in part, the wide and lonely Pacific. The principal ship is no luxury liner, but a three-masted sailing vessel, old and scarred and weather-beaten, a tramp of the Seven Seas. The time of the story is the 1890's.

The principal players, besides Homolka, are Frances Farmer, Ray Milland, Lloyd Nolan and Barry Fitzgerald. Homolka was the first one chosen and the hardest to get. He had had Hollywood offers before and had turned them down; he hadn't liked the stories scheduled for him. He wanted to see the final shooting script of *Ebb Tide* before he said "Yes" or "No."

"It's based on Stevenson's story. You must know the story," they reassured him.

"Yes, I know Stevenson's story," said Homolka, who was not lightly to be put off. "But what is Hollywood doing to the story? What is the girl going to do? There is no girl in Stevenson's story. But Hollywood will put a girl in. What is she to do? I want to know what the change will do to the story—if it will still be a good story."

There was no other way to persuade [*Continued on page* 98]



DICK POWELL

It's just one singing role after another for Dick Powell, whose popularity shows no sign of diminishing—no matter what he tackles, be it a singing marine or a varsity show. Dick, who has a singing rival in Kenny Baker (on the same Warner lot), will appear next in *Hollywood Hotel*. A while back he was the m. c. of *H. H.* on the air. So the film is right up his alley

KENNY BAKER

You've heard Kenny Baker on the Jack Benny airings—his vocalizings adding that ummmph to the program. You also heard him in *Mr. Dodd Takes the Air*. He has a tops personality to go with his high C's. There's always a good song ringing clear when the Kenny does his stuff. He sings several in *52nd Street*. Wonder if they'll ever co-star him with Dick Powell

She's a sleek, new 1937 model—is Ida Lupino. Taking life seriously, the old hey-hey hotcha is out

By MOLLY CASTLE



Ida's natural brown, now-so-sleek hair is worn smooth, and turned under at the neck, page-boy style. It was done to please the boy friend



THE first time I saw Ida Lupino was practically when as far as she was concerned.

It was way back in the blonde era and Ida, a precocious little girl of 14, looked a good deal older and a whole lot blonder than she does today at somewhere around 20. With her mother, Connie Emerald Lupino, she was visiting Poppa Stanley Lupino's dressing-room in a London suburb—they were trying out a new show. Ida turned up her nose a little (nature helped) and looked rather bored because after all there was nothing very new to her about the atmosphere or behind-the-scenes: the smell of grease-paint had been in the family nostrils for upwards of 300 years.

Ida was too old to be asked to recite which was a pity, for Connie and Stan hated to miss any opportunity to display the unusual charm of their first-born. And even I, prejudiced as I am against forward children, could see that, underneath all that make-up, Mr. and Mrs. Lupino had a very pretty little girl there.

(You'll excuse me bringing all this up, Ida, but this is plot 6B—the Cinderella story, you remember?—and we have to bring in something for dat ole fairy godmother, Hollywood, to get to work on.)

Years passed, as they used to say in the movies before they thought up that calendar gag. And the next time I saw Ida (in the flesh) I didn't recognize that blonde little girl. It was at a Garden Party: somebody's wedding, I believe.

I've been to quite a few garden parties in my day (one time my most important assignment in the year was the annual turn-out in the garden of Buckingham Palace) and I never remember seeing any one looking really smart at any of them except Queen Mary and Ida Lupino. The others almost all have the idea that a hat which each gust of wind threatens to turn into a bowling hoop, and a dress, gaudy but not neat, which rivals the flower beds for color and has the same sort of beginning down there in the mud, is the correct disguise.

Well, I haven't space to go into Queen Mary's garden party outfits at this time, and besides, I don't want to start up any arguments about hats. I've always thought the old lady's headpieces were swell on her, so there.

HOWEVER, I can and will, it's what I'm here for, describe the sleek way Ida's brown hair turned under at the neck, the neat little hat which fitted close to the skull and was worn at exactly the right angle, the pencil slim skirt, just below the knee length (and what a knee). And the fur cape which, unlike most fur capes in Hollywood, had just the right number of skins and not too many. And which Ida was wearing because it was chilly in the garden and not because she just has to have everyone see it. (Most of the Hollywood capes have a couple of extra skins thrown in which spoils their style much more effectively than if a large price tag had been pinned to the shoulders—and they're put there for the same reason. Furthermore their owners wear them even in a heat wave.)

Maybe those parents who Keep Back their children aren't on the right track after all. Maybe it's just as well to let the young things paint up at 13, go to night clubs at 14, shave their eyebrows and dye their hair at 15—it gets it out of their system.

At least that's how it worked with Ida.

When she first arrived out here, Hollywood took over what was still left of her face and removed bits here and there, including her eyebrows. Her hair [*Continued on page* 69]

HOTCHA is OUTA for IDA

Solving the Mystery of BRIAN AHERNE

Having what it takes to rule Hollywood's romantic roost, it's time you got acquainted with the screen's most elusive lover. You'll like him

By CYRIL VANDOUR



"YOU have to use dynamite to get anything out of that guy."

"You would have better luck with Garbo."

"Don't tell him you want to interview him for a fan magazine. Pretend it's for the *New York Times.*"

"Don't ask him any personal questions."

These were some of the warnings I received from fellow-scribes, boulevardiers and studio insiders who supposedly knew Brian Aherne when I told them I had an assignment to interview him. This romantic British hussar who works havoc with the femmes when he makes love on the screen—or stage—seemed to be the most elusive, aloof, and inscrutable man in Hollywood.

It was, therefore, with some misgivings and considerable inner trepidation that I went to the set of *The Great Garrick* with an official of the vast Warner plant to get the real low-down on him. I found him garbed as a poetic *Don Juan* of Merrie Olde England, in the grand old days of the Drury Lane Theatre in London and the Comedie Francaise in Paris, which David Garrick, who was the dramatic rage of his time, ruled as the cock-of-the-walk.

Wearing a fair wig and the other accoutrements of a lady-killer of the 18th century, his long legs in wine-colored breeches and stockings, he cut a strikingly handsome figure on the set. Director James Whale was shooting the inn sequence where Garrick stops on his way to Paris with his valet, played by comedian, Edward Everett Horton. Profiting from a brief intermission he came over to shake hands with me, and half an hour later it was tea time for him and we settled down in two canvas chairs for the interview.

"I never miss my tea," he said. He rubbed his hands with glee when a colored servant brought his regulation tea tray. The temperature on the set was hot enough for a Turkish bath-house, but experienced tea drinkers know that there is nothing as refreshing on a sultry summer day as a cup of boiling hot tea. "We always have tea, don't we?" he asked the servant, who nodded.

Brian Aherne pours tea with all the eager lip-smacking of a young schoolboy before a pot of favorite jam. Indeed, the first thing you notice about him is his exuberant boyish quality, and you can't help wondering if this young man with the easy carefree manner and keen blue eyes that shine with good humor is the unapproachable, reserved Brian Aherne. I didn't expect to meet such a regular, friendly fellow.

"WHY do you avoid the press?" I asked him. "A legend of mystery and aloofness has been built about you. Writers hesitate to approach you for an interview."

[*Continued on page 77*]



SKINS YOU LOVE TO TOUCH

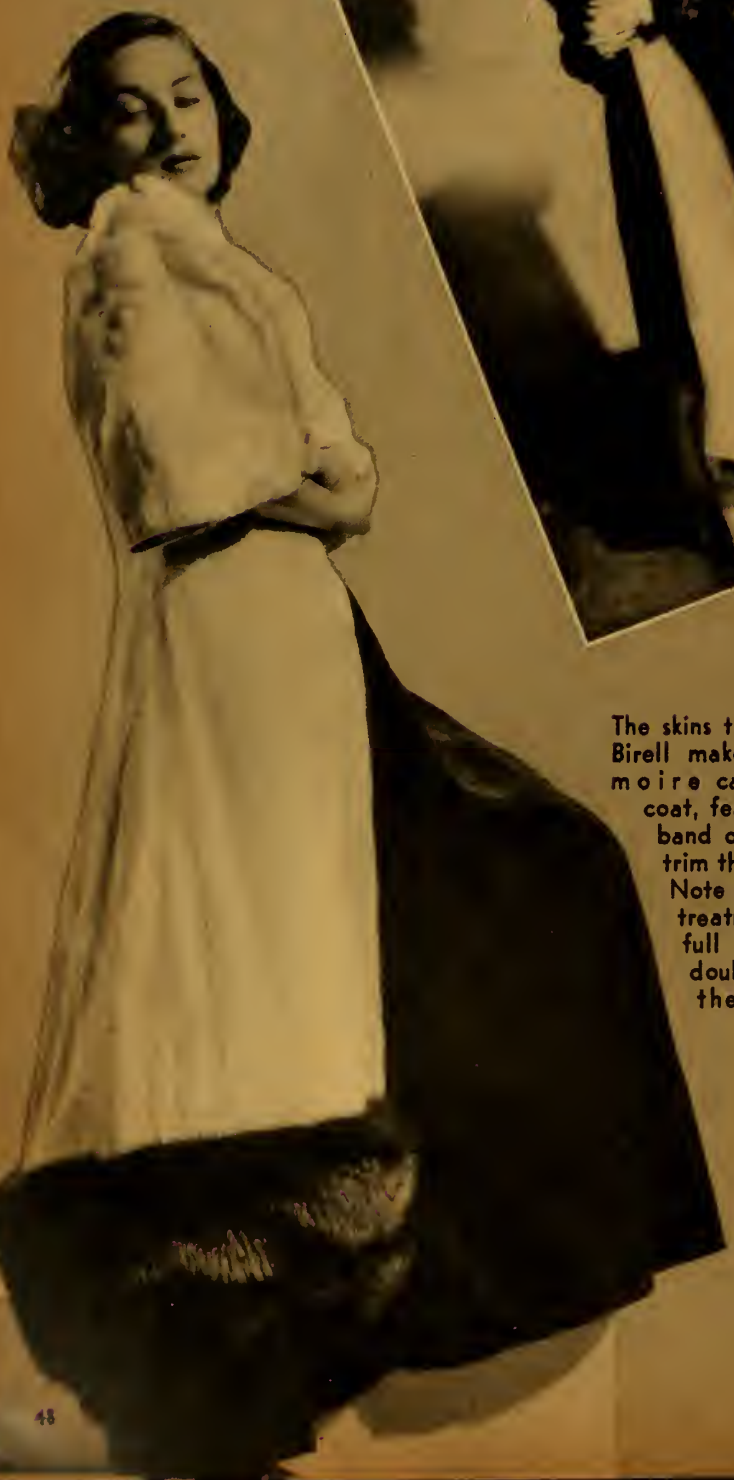
There's no skin like a mink skin for that velvety touch. And when the skins are turned into a sumptuous wrap there's nothing that touches up milady quite so lovely—especially when she steps out in the evening. Mary Astor's mink wrap has full, flowing lines and yet drapes more or less snugly to her figure. The wrap was designed by Omar Kiam. Note the knee-length which is full enough to permit easy walking. Also note the full, wide collar. Mary Astor is soon to be seen in *The Hurricane*

The skins in Sally Eilers' jacket came from white ermine. The wrap features short sleeves, giving her that certain "touch" for a glad evening. The gown is blue chiffon and banded with ribbed blue velvet ribbons



Touched up for the evening with broadtail is Wendy Barrie in a new three-cornered length coat which she wears over her dinner dress. Note the military collar and full sleeves





The skins that touch Tala Birell make up a white moire caracul evening coat, featuring a wide band of silver fox to trim the full hemline. Note the interesting treatment of short full sleeves with double pleats at the shoulders



Touching up Anna Sten like a million dollars is a cape of silver fox skins which fall in ample ripples cascading from the front. A velvet gown and toque go with it

Tala Birell likes to feel the skins of a three-quarter black moire caracul coat wrapped around her. This one has an upstanding collar, high full shoulders and a flared skirt. Black accessories to match



The lovely Norwegian importation, Sigrid Gurie, who debuts in *The Adventures of Marco Polo*, favors a full-length, fulsome mink wrap for daytime wear. It also adds to the evening touch



The skins that are favored by the Younger Set come from Persian lamb. Andrea Leeds' coat touches up her charming personality—cut to fit her figure





Sigrid Gurie also affects broadtail for formal afternoon occasions. This coat is knee-length and gives *that* touch at the shoulders with its full puffed sleeves



But Andrea Leeds has other coats whose skins she loves to touch. Here she wears an ideal coat for those zippy days of Fall and football. It came from a baby leopard

Well, if here isn't Andrea again who favors another type of coat for those Fall and Winter days. It's a practical knock-about of muskrat and can take punishment

Another grand coat to wear when Andrea's team is rolling up the score—or even taking a beating—is a raccoon. Here's Andrea, very collegiate as well as chic and warm

Hitting the JACKPOT in the GAMBLE of LOVE

No star in Hollywood tells a more romantic story than George Murphy. Look it over

By LEON SURMELIAN



GEORGE MURPHY went to town in *Top of the Town*, and at this writing is rumored to be the hottest note in the *Broadway Melody of 1938*. But he hasn't seen yet this newest of Metro's musical festivals, and his pals at the studio are kidding him plenty and telling him he is so gosh-awful in it that the front office ordered some retakes to make it a marketable product.

The truth of the matter is the Metro moguls went into a huddle when they saw the first rough cut of the picture and decided they had a new sensation in George Murphy.

George is one of the nicest guys we have met—maybe too nice for his own good. We suggest that he cultivate that wicked comehither look, which spells Box-Office in Hollywood. We lunched with him and then spent the better part of an afternoon on the set of *This Is My Wife*, an M-G-M photo-drama in which he tops the cast, listening to the details of his saga between shots. Nobody has ever told us a more romantic story.

GEORGE was born in New Haven, the son of the late Mike Murphy, famous Yale, Pennsylvania, and Olympic Games coach, and he, himself, is a product of Old Eli. But his dad died in 1913, his mother in 1914, and he grew up an orphan. From early boyhood he has had to face the stern realities of our economic world. He is an incorrigible gagster, and there is never a dull moment on a movie set when George Murphy is cavorting there. But in spite of his penchant for fun he is essentially a serious, sober, earnest fellow, determined to make good in Hollywood. His gay tomfooleries hide the melancholy side of his nature, for his early struggles have left their mark.

One morning Bob Taylor walked to the set of the *Broadway Melody* and found George intrenched in a new portable dressing-room that was a miniature *Palazzo* on wheels. "Say, George," he said, considerably down in the mouth, "I'm supposed to be the star of this picture and they don't give me a dressing-room like this."

"Just ask for it, and they should give you one, too," George replied, as he stood before the mirror applying make-up on his pert Irish mug. Bob hesitated. [*Continued on page* 88]

The TALK of

Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings on in that dear old Hollywood



They grow 'em sturdy in Australia. So Mary Maguire, Hollywood newcomer, takes to the springboard while the rest of us take to our heavy underwear

Houdini Did It!

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON'S gags are always funny to the onlooker but they aren't always so funny to Eddie. Recently in a picture the scene called for him to make a frightened dive into a chest and to pull the top down after him. When the director called "Cut" Eddie made frantic efforts to get out. To his dismay he couldn't budge the top—the lock had jammed and he had practically no air to breathe.

So urgent were his muffled cries for help that instead of waiting for a locksmith, some of the crew sawed off one end of the chest. Eddie scrambled out. gasping for breath—while the onlookers nearly had hysterics.

You Take Me!

WHILE Robert Young was away for a week-end recently, he stopped at a little hamlet for gas. He gave the young gas station attendant a bill and when the boy returned with his change he also had a camera in his hand.

Shyly he approached Bob and holding up the camera said, "Er—would you mind?"

"Not at all!" said Bob graciously and climbed out of the car, to pose for his picture.

"Oh, no," said the boy quickly, "I didn't mean that! I meant—will you take *my* picture? I want to send one home to my mother in my new uniform!"



Gloria Youngblood, half-Cherokee, and former artist's model, debuts in *The Adventures of Marco Polo*

And Harpony?

IN SPITE of the artistry with which Harpo Marx plays the harp—he's had only one lesson in his life. Having made a great success on the stage with his natural ability to play, he decided that lessons would give him more technique and improve his playing. Consequently, he went to the finest harpist New York had to offer. At the end of an hour the teacher told Harpo he knew all there was to know—he could teach him nothing. And the lesson ended with Harpo showing the teacher how to do some of his harp tricks!

Hollywhittlings:

LIONEL BARRYMORE once got so sore with himself for blowing up in his lines that he banged

With pleasure we show you the new Anna Sten whose first American film in two years is *With Pleasure Madame*



HOLLYWOOD

his fist down on a table and broke his hand . . . Between shots on a picture Carole Lombard sits near the door so she can catch a glimpse of Gable the minute he enters the set to pay her a visit . . . Humphrey Bogart, the bad, bad man of the films, is a chess fiend . . . Jane Darwell aspired to be an opera singer. As a result she's an intense opera fan and will go to any length to get autographs of the opera stars . . . Tyrone Power's mother saves every line written about him—she has yet to see a bad notice . . . George Murphy never wears a hat. If headgear is absolutely necessary, he dons a cap . . . Alice Brady loves mystery stories and will read anything that has at least one murder a chapter . . . Al-



Those wot's got 'em shows 'em; Virginia Field of *Ali Baba Goes to Town*, goes to town with 'em



Supported by Franchot Tone and Robert Young, Joan, *The Bride Wears Red*—and a new hair-dress

though Mickey Rooney has never taken piano lessons, he's an accomplished pianist . . . Ann Sothern is drinking cucumber juice because it's supposed to be strengthening or sumpin' . . . Michael Bartlett boxes, wrestles with his trainer and does some roadwork every morning. No, he isn't training to fight, he's training to sing; and he feels that no singer



It's the cow country for Gilbert Roland in his next film, *Arizona Ames*

can give of his best unless he's in prime condition . . . Joan Crawford is marvelous at telling funny stories with a Southern accent . . . Margot Grahame is studying the Yogi philosophy. She says it's wonderful what you can do by sitting still and relaxing. When you get really good you can sit and relax for a year. Margot has passed the five-minute test . . . In order to amuse his dinner guests, Charlie Chaplin has taken up the accordion . . . Douglas Fairbanks gets very mad indeed when autograph hunters ask his wife to sign her former name, Lady Ashley, instead of Mrs. Fairbanks.

A Rose By Any Name, Etc.

GOOFY things happen in Hollywood. Darryl Zanuck, intrigued by rumors of the lovely Gypsy Rose Lee, put the fair damsel under contract. Darryl thought it a pretty smart move—the girl was lovely to look at, maybe she could act, and best of all she was the fairest exponent of the "strip-tease" art.

That made the name Gypsy Rose Lee, of vast publicity value. Whenever you thought of "strip-tease" you invariably thought of Gypsy Rose Lee. But it seems that was just the trouble! The women's clubs all over the country rose as one woman and said,

Ray Bolger and his dancing feet are back in the movies after two years. You will see him and them in *Rosalie*





Warner's new eyeful, Doris Weston, takes to a canoe to appear as Summer Girl No. 1

No wonder *Ali Baba Goes to Town* with such a dazzler as June Lang to entice him



"We won't have it" or words to *that* effect. So Darryl's publicity campaign was nipped in the bud—he had to change the too-well-known name of Gypsy Rose Lee to plain Louise Hovick.

However, she's still lovely to look at, and maybe she can act.

To Melvyn—Collect

MELVYN DOUGLAS was presented with a nice fat telephone bill recently. His wife, Helen Gahagan, phoned him from Vienna in order to give him her concert route. Melvyn put their young son, Peter, on the phone "just to say 'Hello!'" But Peter was filled to the bursting point with important things to tell his mother—he had a new scooter, his dog (the joy of his young life) was lost—oh, any number of awfully important things his mother *had* to know! Nor would he relinquish the telephone until he had poured out the entire tale—to the tune of a $120 telephone bill!

Rozzie Followed Too Close!

ROSALIND RUSSELL says she learned a good lesson the other week-end. She was driving to a winter resort for a few days' rest. When she got on the open road she noticed a car ahead of her, piled with luggage, and apparently heading for the same place she was. The man at the wheel seemed to know the road—so she decided he'd be a good pace-maker and she settled back to trail him.

She kept it up until the man was stopped by a traffic cop. As Rosalind drove up the man was protesting that he hadn't been speeding. She stopped her car and said, "He's right—he wasn't speeding. I've followed him for miles."

"Oh," cracked the cop. "You were 'following him for miles,' were you? Then you were speeding too!"

And they both had to tell it to a judge.

Hereafter, Rozzie, you better stay behind—say five miles or more!



The ace menacing man, Basil Rathbone, now menaces in *The Adventures of Marco Polo*



In *Merry-Go-Round of 1938* are Billy House, Jimmy Savo, Mischa Auer, Bert Lahr



Getting that last touch of tan to tide her over till Xmas is Margaret Lindsay, a Hollywood escapist at Lake Arrowhead

More Hollywhittlings:

BRIAN DONLEVY'S dog was so ferocious he paid a trainer seventy dollars to calm the dog down. When Brian went to get him back, the dog jumped at HIS throat . . . Bing Crosby is the only star on the Paramount lot who sends free photographs to all his fans . . . Two women tourists are doing a sit-down-strike in front of Robert Taylor's domicile. They refuse to believe that he's away and insist they'll sit right there until he comes out . . . Glenda Farrell dislikes eggs in any way, shape or form . . . Douglass Montgomery, during his motion picture career, has broken his nose twice, his wrist twice, and his left arm once . . . Katharine Hepburn has a mania for brushing her hair . . . When Errol Flynn is around the house he wears wooden shoes that he picked up in Amsterdam . . . Don Ameche and Bob Burns have formed a horse-shoe pitching team . . . Bing Crosby was at Saratoga during August, but didn't enter any of his stable in the races.



Putting the fish to one side, Jane Bryan is pretty enough to bait your attention anytime



Peeking through the keyhole of Eleanor Powell's dressing-room we find her in a necking-party with her cocker spaniel

Scare-Thrower!

REGINALD OWEN, who never displays any temperament, threw everybody on his set into a dither the other day. To their great dismay Reginald threw down his script and yelled, "I absolutely refuse to make another scene in this picture! I'm through!"

While everybody stood open-mouthed, it was discovered that Reginald *was* through—he had just played the final scene of the picture and was having a little fun.

Advice From the Master

SO MANY of John Barrymore's escapades have made the front page that we're rather apt to forget the graciousness of some of his deeds.

Recently in one of his pictures a young man was suddenly picked out of the ranks and given a line in a scene with John. The poor lad was so overcome with the suddenness of it all—and with the fear of playing with Barrymore that he went completely haywire.

John, seeing his nervousness, took the boy aside. He coached him on how the line should be read and gave him a friendly pep talk—he said, "We all get [*Continued on page* 64]

Woodman, Spare That

Hollywood's newest favorite, Charlie McCarthy, is a block off an old pine tree

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

ANYBODY knows that two limbs on a shapely torso are a splendid provocation for Hollywood success. (Yoo hoo, Marlene, Ginger, Joan and Miss Hovick!) But the canny producers have hit upon another source for cinema starring material. They're taking it out of the trunk now . . . the trunk of a white pine tree.

The newest scintillator (Charlie McCarthy) to flash upon the Hollywood horizon has an impish upturned nose, broad crimson lips on a mouth that flaps open and shut like a fly trap, shaggy red hair, a long upper lip, humorous eyes that do not move in their sockets, a monocle, and a general air of ineffable charm ("my, my!" he would say to that) that enslaves all who come within range of his voice, his twenty-four inch height. He's a dummy. He's a wooden-headed, horsehair-stuffed, tin-chested, leather-hinged dummy.

"Charlie," said his *alter ego,* Ventriloquist Edgar Bergen, during one of his now-famous broadcasts, "was found on a door step when he was two years old. I know little or nothing about his parents."

And Charlie, *sotto voce* as usual, shaking his head, answered "What a night that was! . . . How I wound up there I never could figure out. It must be the gypsy blood in me."

You get an idea of the kind of humor purveyed by the firm of Charlie McCarthy and Edgar John Bergen, Inc., and Limited. It's the kind that has many imitators, no duplicates, and has brought the bland, blond young Bergen, thirty-four and Chicago-born, to say nothing of Charlie, a fame that has increased to international proportions since their first air appearance on a Rudy Vallee broadcast December 16, 1936. Subsequently their return engagement on Crooner Vallee's variety show brought them a regular featured spot on NBC's Chase and Sanborn show,







Left, Don Ameche, Charlie and Edgar Bergen go over a rehearsal for their Chase & Sanborn hour. Below, Charlie and Edgar in a man-to-man talk

MCCARTHY!



When Charlie gets stumped for a gag Bergen whispers a fast one to him. It never goes "dead"

and then to Hollywood, the mecca of entertainers.

Once in Hollywood, the film contracts commenced flying about the wooden head of the dummy (and the thinnish blond hair of Bergen) with the persistence of nesting birds. All the movie moguls wanted Charlie (and Bergen, too) for their super-epics. Sam Goldwyn beat his colleagues to the signing, and while Paramount was deciding whether or not to continue on the screen the radio feud of "redwood-nosed" W. C. Fields and his "diminutive little pal," Charlie McCarthy, the great Goldwyn got Bergen's "Edgar John" on the dotted line. But New Universal, champing at the bit, was not far behind. It signed [*Continued on page* 84]



A splinter has gotten out of place so Bergen tells Charlie "open wide!"



Charlie, who dresses "Hollywood," is a great favorite with all the girls



The Idaho blonde with the high-voltage allure is called the Glamour Girl of the hour. And boy, how she dreads it!

By JERRY LANE

"Hi, you! You're next." The chubby little man motioned her forward unceremoniously. Lots of these stage-struck kids around. And he had a job to do. Suddenly he looked up. She was reading the part of *Diane*. Reading it so that abruptly the drab, cold auditorium became that little attic room in Paris, vibrant with drama . . .

Two days later the postman handed her a penny postal-card. It informed her in neatly typed words that she had the part of *Diane*. Would she please appear for rehearsals the next morning?

A whole career, fame—hinging on a penny post-card. [*Continued on page 67*]



Gloria and Perc Westmore (make-up expert) will say it very soon to the preacher man

ANYTHING can happen . . .

That is, it can if you dare to dream a little. Consider, for instance, the private history of Gloria Dickson, the girl of the hour in Hollywood. The little Idaho blonde who has every critic hunting for glorified adjectives since the release of her first picture, *They Won't Forget*.

History is made in the Day (as well as at Night!) and Gloria's really begins on a certain fog-swept morning as she entered the slightly dejected-looking Mason Theatre in downtown Los Angeles. The Federal Theatre Project, hope of many a destitute actor, was holding auditions there. Not that she expected an audition! Who would listen to a slimsy seventeen-year-old kid when there were so many former great stage names on the list? But anyhow, visitors were permitted. Very quietly she slipped into a seat. They were reading lines from *Seventh Heaven*. Something inside the girl stirred and glowed. *The theatre!* She loved even the musty smell of it. the unpainted flats propped up so prosaically in the background.

Don't Call Me "Glamour Girl" —GLORIA DICKSON



Mary Maguire, Warner Brothers player, posed for this array of photos showing important steps in caring for and beautifying the eyes. See text, below, for complete explanation

EYE Care for You

Make the Most of Your Eyes with Make-up

By DENISE CAINE

THERE is the girl who applies eye make-up like a poultice. And then there is the girl who never *touches* her eyes, not even to brush face powder off her lashes. . . .

I hope you belong to neither group, that you realize how important an aid to beauty eye cosmetics can be but also that you know how carefully they must be handled. When eye make-up first became fairly widely accepted, it was used the same way by everyone with not the slightest effort to modify or individualize it.

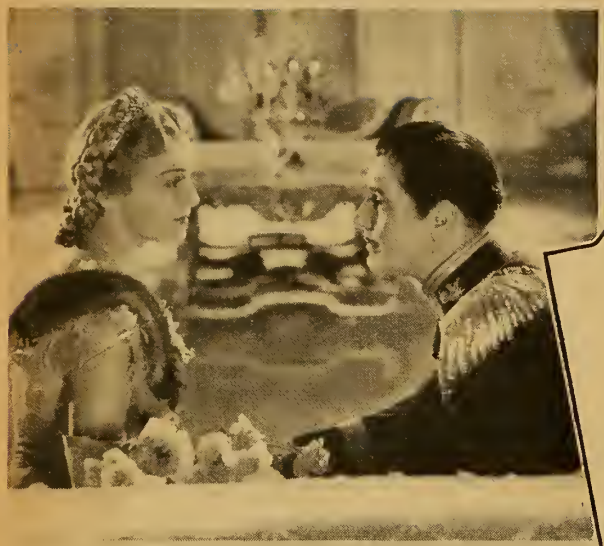
But this dull pattern has been broken and now eye make-up is usually as varied as hats! Women have learned to make-up their eyes one way for sports, another for business, another for dancing, still another for visits to dear old Aunt Agatha! In addition to this increasing skillfulness in adding to or subtracting from the number or shades of cosmetics used, women have learned that daily preening of the eyes, lashes and brows—as a sort of preparation for the final gesture of applying mascara, shadow and pencil—does an amazing amount to beautify them.

These photographs of pretty, dark-eyed Mary Maguire, Warner Brothers player, illustrate what I mean. Five of the eight show her going through steps preparatory to the actual application of lash and brow darkness. . . . First, Mary applies a rich eye cream on the delicate skin around the eyes. She pats this in gently, never stretching the skin, leaves it on till most of it is absorbed. Then, there's the use of an eye-lotion to clear and rest the eyes, and the application of tonic-soaked cotton eye pads, which act as a mild astringent. When there is time, it is a good idea to lie down for fifteen or twenty minutes, with these pads on the eyes. When you inspect the skin, after its dose of cream and mild astringent, you'll find that it is softer, finer-textured and that your eyes themselves are bright as a baby's.

Weeding or plucking of the eyebrows should be done at night, before going to bed, instead of just before making up, so that any swelling or redness may subside; but in case you do have to banish a few stray hairs while preparing to go out, do it carefully [*Continued on page* 82]

Have you checked up on your looks lately? Hair getting dull and dry? Pores enlarging? Nails splitting? Or are you tired of the same old hair-do, the same face powder? If these or other beauty problems are bothering you, write to Denise Caine. She'll gladly help you and give your problem individual attention. Write to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City, and don't forget, please, to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

PICTURE



THE PRISONER OF ZENDA

—AAAA—

One of the favorite stand-bys of romantic fiction—one which has done yeoman service on the stage and which, when it was made as a silent film several years ago, made an impression that still lingers—has emerged as a talking picture. The result is a fine achievement. The story has always been a perfect medium for stage and screen expression. With sound it climbs the heights of romantic expression. It's Ronald Colman's biggest role. It's a dual role superbly played with fine support from C. Aubrey Smith, Madeleine Carroll, David Niven, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. It presents some of the most pretentious sets ever built for a costume drama. So the most pretentious sets of a brilliant movie season's outstanding releases. The production is lavish. In playing both the king and the man who was virtually the king's stand-in, Colman tops his best previous work. The sepia-toned photography adds to the beauty of this royal entertainment.—*Selznick-Int.-U. A.*



DEAD END

—AAAA—

A great stage play—which was one of last season's Broadway successes—has been translated into celluloid with such fidelity, feeling and sympathy that it shapes up as an eloquent film—one that grips you with its realism. This is partly due to the story, partly due to the able direction, but mostly due to the interpretation as rendered by Humphrey Bogart (who acted the gangster to the life), Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, Wendy Barrie, Claire Trevor and the boys who were drafted from the original stage production. The spirit and atmosphere of New York are superbly caught—the slum section bordering hard on the street of higher social strata. In all a magnificent picture detailing a core of New York, as a "killer" returns to the "dead end" street to visit his mother and a childhood sweetheart—only to discover that the girl is a prostitute. This plot calls for fine characterization—and the best of suspense. It has received such. It ranks with the screen's best films.—*Goldwyn-United Artists.*



BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938

—AAAA—

What is probably the most lavish, extravagant (well, we'll say it—"colossal") musical show ever staged emerges in this 1938 version. Previous *Melodies* had something too. But this one shades them so completely that there's no comparison. Projected at a smooth pace, the words telling just enough to hang the music to—it scores easily as a big winner—one that will have you raving over George Murphy, Eleanor Powell, Judy Garland (the juvenile wonder singer) Buddy Ebsen—and, yes, Robert Taylor. To say nothing of a group of stage favorites, Sophie Tucker, Barnett Parker, Willie Howard and others well known to Broadway. Of course Taylor is used for romance. The singers and dancers dwarf his performance. And the music composed by Nacio Herb Brown and Arthur Freed is very tuneful. There's a glass staircase number and novelty number, *Dear Mr. Gable*, that are wows. A flock of hands had their hands in it—and all deserve the highest credit. And a bouquet to the dancing girls. Don't miss it.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

CARD INDEX *of*

PARADE



SOULS AT SEA

—AAA½—

A highly interesting narrative of the sea, partly founded on fact, is released for your enjoyment here—one that captures your attention from the moment that Gary Cooper, out to smash the slave trade, is taken prisoner. The nautical touches are finely achieved—the salty atmosphere giving it that redblooded dressing—thus making it stand out as a cameo, particularly in its excellent backgrounds, settings and atmosphere. Cooper while secretly canniving the slave traders is actually operating against them. But before he accomplishes his ends you are in for some highly melodramatic moments of the most thrilling kind. Cooper acts with fine restraint—being perfectly cast and George Raft provides a colorful characterization as Gary's companion. These two parts are done most convincingly. One of the big surprises is the emotional acting of Olympe Bradna. Keep your eyes on her. The photography is magnificent.—*Paramount.*



THIN ICE

—AAA—

Thin Ice is the undisputed champion among skating entertainments. There isn't a single dull moment in it. When Sonja Henie became a movie star people wondered what *they* wanted of a skater. But Sonja fooled them. She proved herself an actress in her debut, and here she creates a sensation. The yarn is thin, but who cares, especially when Sonja and her ice ballet do their stuff? The snow scenes and the romance between Sonja and Tyrone Power project spirited moments and a slice of good comedy. The mistress of the ice reveals a wholesome, athletic girlishness. Her personality throws a refreshing atmosphere over the picture. Power gives a natural, sincere performance. Others who act very creditably are Alan Hale, Arthur Treacher, Raymond Walburn and George Givot—not forgetting Joan Davis' comedy relief. The direction is on an even tempo throughout and the producers have invested the film with fine settings. A breezy picture—and as smooth as ice.—*20th Century-Fox.*



THE SHEIK STEPS OUT

—AAA—

It isn't the first time that Ramon Novarro has played the role of a sheik. His familiarity with it enables him to give a performance marked for sincerity and feeling. And so he comes back—and the manner in which he scores here indicates he might never have been away. In this picture the plot goes over familiar ground but it projects sufficient twists and turns, surprises and suspense to make it uncommonly interesting. The romantic sheik has to curb the temper of a spoiled American heiress before he can sell her his Arabian horses. Novarro should set the feminine hearts fluttering in a role made to order for hearts that flutter. His natural accent adds flavor to his romantic speeches—and he makes love in the best tradition of the sheik of song and story. Lola Lane is the heiress who is finally stolen away from a Parisian altar. The backgrounds are fine and you will find the photography is something to boast about. You're going to like it.—*Republic.*

the LATEST MOVIES

[*Additional reviews on page 74*]

$500.00 — 43 CASH AWARDS

A FREE GIFT FOR EACH ENTRANT FROM BRILLO

Just Name This
MYSTERY RECIPE

NOTHING TO BUY—IT'S EASY TO WIN!



Here is fun! Adventure! Generous awards in CASH and SILVERWARE. You'll get a free, surprise gift from Brillo, anyway, just for entering. Supply a name for this mystery recipe. That's all. Do it now!



CHRISTINE FREDERICK



Edward Arnold, Jean Arthur, appearing in the Paramount picture, "Easy Living," are judges with Christine Frederick, our Household Editor.

??? MYSTERY DISH ???

2	pounds veal steak	1	tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
1	pound ham slice	2	tablespoons parsley, minced
4	tablespoons shortening	1	tablespoon lemon juice
4	onions, sliced	2	cups tomato juice
2	teaspoons salt	2	tablespoons flour
¼	teaspoon pepper	6	hard cooked eggs

Cut veal into 2-inch squares and ham into 2-inch strips. Saute in shortening, together with onion. Add all seasonings. Add tomato juice which has been heated. Cover, and simmer 30 minutes. Remove meats to greased round casserole. Thicken remaining gravy with flour, and pour over meat. Arrange hard eggs on top.

BISCUIT CRUST

Roll chilled biscuit dough ¼-inch thick, and of size to cover casserole, allowing 1 inch all around. Cut dough into 6 wedges and arrange on hot meat. Turn edges under and press on rim. Fashion a "rose" of left over pastry strips, and insert on top. Bake 20 minutes, very hot oven (450° F.). (Serves 6.)

Mrs. Christine Frederick wants a name for her mystery recipe at the left. Think of a name like "Yum Yum Pie," "Delicioso," and send it in today. Make the dish for your own enjoyment, but whether you make the dish now or not, send in your entry today. Be sure and include the names of the nationally advertised products you would serve in addition to this dish to make a complete meal. Such products are advertised in this magazine, newspapers and in other magazines.



3RD PRIZE—this beautiful 61-piece chest of 1881 (R) Rogers (R) Silverware, made and guaranteed by Oneida, Ltd. A complete chest. Everything for serving eight persons. Graceful Palm Springs Pattern. Follow easy rules at right to win. Use coupon below.

A FREE GIFT FROM BRILLO FOR YOU!

FREE SAMPLE—Big BRILLO metal-fibre SOAP-FILLED PAD. Cleans, scours and polishes. Makes aluminum utensils and all pots and pans look like new. Cuts grease. Removes stains and grime. Saves time Eliminates messy rags and brushes. Enter contest now and get your BRILLO SOAP PAD *FREE!*



KEEPS ALUMINUM BRILLIANT

RULES

1. Submit as many names as you like on separate sheets of paper. 2. All entries must contain names of at least *three* (3) nationally advertised products to be served with the MYSTERY RECIPE. 3. Contestant's name, address must appear clearly on entry coupon. 4. All entries become property of Fawcett Publications, Inc., and may be used in any way publishers wish. Coupons must be in mail before Midnight, November 1, 1937. Coupons will not be returned. 5. Judges' decisions final. Contest barred to employees and families of Fawcett Publications, Inc., or their agents. 6. Equal awards will be paid in case of ties.

AWARDS

$200.00 1st prize; $100.00 2nd prize; 61 Piece Chest of Rogers Silverware 3rd prize; $50.00 4th prize; 20 prizes of $5.00 each; 20 prizes of $2.50 each.

Mail to Christine Frederick, Household Editor, Fawcett Publications, Inc., 1501 Broadway, New York City.

For a complete meal with the above Mystery Recipe I recommend the following advertised products: (Give brand names)

1 Soup ..... 2 Salad Dressing .....

3 Crackers ..... 4 Dessert .....

5 Pickles ..... 6 Coffee .....

MY NAME FOR THE MYSTERY RECIPE IS:

.....

Send Brillo Soap Pad Sample to:

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....



The edge is fluted with thumb and forefinger to frame the fruit filling

A delicious and substantial winter pie is filled with custard and fruits

Grapefruit cream pie is a decorative triumph and not too sweet

Simple as Pie

Proving the truth of the simile

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

DEAR Mrs. Frederick:
I've been reading your cooking articles and I like them very much. Now I hope you'll help me in this problem. My family all likes pies, and my husband especially. He is always telling me how good his mother made them, and I can't seem to do it. My crust crumbles or gets soggy. I've tried every way, and yet I can't seem to manage to make a perfect pie. Will you please help me? Thank you ever so much.
Mrs. Jim Davis, Rhode Island.

A perfect pie! Well, what better time to talk about pies than right this very minute in November, traditional month of pies, with special emphasis on Pumpkin and Mince! Certainly you will agree that we must help Mrs. Davis and other readers with a "pie problem," so that their families may get the most out of the gay, long holiday season ahead. With Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year just around the cooking corner, almost every menu demands pastries which make the repleted guest reluctantly lay down his fork and sigh: "My, but *that* was a perfect pie."

What if Mrs. Davis' mother-in-law *did* make delectable pastry and so got her son into the habit of eating perfect pies? Any young wife or hostess can make just as good (and I'll say *better*) pies today as were ever made by the older generation. Why? Because today we have improved new shortenings which are *purer, whiter,* and *easier to cream* than were those of those "good old days." These new shortenings are all-vegetable, and hence fresh, sweet and bland, allowing the pastry and flavorings of the pie itself to be known to full extent. These shortenings seem already creamed, as they blend so easily with other ingredients, and thus produce smooth, crisp, or fluffy textures as called for by pastry of different types.

Moreover, today's bride should make better pies because her range and cooking fuels are also improved. The controlled even heat of electricity or gas permits the slightest variations of temperature from lightest tan to golden brown. A touch of the finger, and the range does your bidding, and will produce measured heat without watching for the length of time you desire. Now think of that old wood or coal cooking-range, and *its* temperamental oven—not to mention the ashes and hard work of running it!

And two other points: what about the fine dependable refrigerator which will chill pastry just right; and what about the increased variety of fruits and other ingredients—frosted and canned fruits, tropical fruits and fruit juices—ready for you on your grocer's shelves?

MRS. DAVIS: Don't you believe it when your husband (or anyone else's husband) tells you his mother made better pies than are made today. *She didn't.* It's only that sons and husbands look back longingly and affectionately to childhood [*Continued on page* 80]

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 55]

nervous. Don't worry. And I know you'll do a swell job!"

The kid came back, played the scene like a trouper and read his line so well that he won applause from Barrymore.

And you'd better be careful what you say about John Barrymore in front of *that* lad!

Barnyard Chatter

LILY PONS reports that she saved one of her chickens from an untimely end last summer. While wandering around on her Connecticut farm she noticed one of her neighbors making a great show of digging a hole in which to bury said chicken.

Lily asked tentatively, "Isn't that one of my chickens?"

"Yep," replied the neighbor.

"But what are you doing then?"

"I'm re-planting some of my seeds," said the farmer.

"But that's my chicken you're planting," cried Lily.

"Yep," agreed the farmer equably. "The seeds are inside her."

Lily built a fence.

Still More Hollywhittlings:

ELEANOR POWELL'S automobile is a dazzling affair—it has a green body and blue fenders . . . When John Barrymore works on a set there are always several young actresses and actors standing around watching him. They feel they can learn more that way than they can at a dramatic school . . . Marlene Dietrich considers herself quite an astrologist; she works out horoscopes on the set . . . Jane Bryan carries a teddy bear and a picture of Wayne Morris in her car . . . At the drop of a hat, Francis Lederer will talk on and on about his plan for world peace . . . Alan Mowbray seldom sees any of his own pictures because he thinks he looks "silly" on the screen . . . Norma Shearer picks up and saves every hair pin she finds.

Who's Whose in Hollywood

ROSALIND RUSSELL and Billy Selwyn have made up again and the romance is on. . . . Cary Grant is squiring Phyllis Brooks to the Troc these nights. . . . John Barrymore and Elaine Barrie hold hands wherever they are. Perhaps they don't dare let go. . . . Claire Trevor and Wilmer Hines, the tennis player, are that way. . . . Al Hall and Lucille Ball have settled down to a long run. . . . Frances Farmer and Leif Erikson are lunching together . . . they do say that George Raft gave Virginia Peine a lovely diamond ring for her birthday. . . . Anita Louise and Buddy Adler are still twoing. . . . Gloria Swanson still goes places with Gene Markey. . . . Isabel Jewell and Owen Crump, the radio m. c., think Love is Grand. . . . Anne Shirley and John Payne are just too happy. . . . Lloraine MacLean and Douglass Montgomery like to be together. . . . Eleanore Whitney and Johnny Downs have had a lover's quarrel. . . .



Virginia Grey has been handling bit parts for quite a few seasons, sorta grooming herself for featured roles. But you can't deny talent, especially when it is coupled with beauty. And so Virginia plays her first leading role in *Bad Guy*

Rough Stuff in the Lines

THE visitors on one of the Jimmy Cagney sets were very much upset when they thought they were being asked to leave. Jimmy's latest picture has a sequence showing him as a movie star making a picture—it's an inside story of a Hollywood studio.

The visitors were having a grand time, when Jimmy suddenly turned to the director and shouted, "I could do the scene all right—if you'd just get these visitors off the set!"

Immediately, and much chagrined, the visitors started to leave the set. But the director was more chagrined—for they had spoiled the "take" in their stampede off the stage. An assistant director hurried over to tell them to keep their places; Jimmy's speech was a part of the picture—only the extras who were hired as "visitors" were supposed to leave the set.

Skipper Hughes—Mate Hepburn

KATHARINE HEPBURN'S friends are amazed. She's seeing very little of them and is devoting all her spare time to Howard Hughes—and seems very happy doing it! They've been shopping for a yacht—up New London way! The Connecticut town is the place to trick 'em.

Akim Had the Words for It

WHEN Akim Tamiroff was given the part of *Varasi* in *High, Wide and Handsome* he went to town on the Italian accent that was necessary for the role. For weeks he studied it, until he felt that he had it down cold.

Just before the picture went into production Tamiroff was told that a line of dialogue would have to be inserted into the story identifying the character as a Greek.

Tamiroff takes his work very seriously and was heart-broken because he wouldn't have a chance to work on a Greek accent, and he was afraid he would give a poor Greek interpretation.

Imagine his surprise when a Paramount official stated, "Tamiroff was marvelous! I've spent years in Greece and I know just how perfect his accent was!"

So you can never tell.

Runs in the Family

IT SEEMS to us that the young "kid sisters" of the Hollywood stars are doing right well for themselves. Joan Fontaine, who is Olivia de Havilland's sister, is coming ahead in leaps and bounds. Loretta Young's sister, Sally Blane, always works steadily. And though she never created the furor that Loretta has, nevertheless she has carved a nice little niche for herself. All eyes at present are turned towards Joan Blondell's sister, Gloria. Rumor has it that she's really

sumpin'. But of course the classic example is Joan Bennett. When Constance was at the top and knocking down a salary that was the envy of every other star, who paid any attention to quiet little Joan? She didn't cut any ice at all! Slowly but surely, however, she was forging steadily ahead—and now her only worry is, which picture shall she do first?

Just another case of the porpoise and the hare.

Raggedy Ann for a Change

CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S latest role in *Tovarich* is a far cry from her usual sleek self. Her well-groomed coiffure is covered by a wig; runs chase each other up and down her stockings; her jersey dress is mended—and darns ornament each elbow.

And the chic Claudette is glorying in it. "No actress," she says, "wants to be known as a clothes-horse. If she's really interested in her work, she welcomes a role that enables her to *act* and portray a character—without all the usual trappings!"



Here are Virginia Fields and Blake Owensmith (left), June Lang and Michael Whalen (center) and Anne Shirley and John Payne (right). They attended the ball of the Film Welfare League at the Beverly Wilshire. Since the dance Anne and John got married

Taken for a Ride!

FLORENCE RICE and Michael Bartlett went night-clubbing the other night. They decided to go in a taxi for convenience. After a pleasant evening of dining and dancing, and after Bartlett had taken Florence home, he went to his apartment. He started to pay the taxi fare, but found he had run out of cash. The driver would not accept an actor's check, and Bartlett hadn't gone to the bank for several days. The driver finally agreed to return the following morning for his money. Early the next a. m. he was there, getting Bartlett up and driving him to the bank for his fare. To top it all, the driver charged Michael for his transportation to the bank.

Great Dane Meets His Master

AND still talking about Michael Bartlett, he joined the unheralded hero ranks recently when he saved a small child from possible serious injury. He was just coming out of the West Side Tennis Club when he saw the tot throwing rocks at a huge Great Dane. Bartlett saw the Dane start for the lad, so, forgetting his own danger, he grabbed hold of the dog's collar while the child ran screaming down the street. Bartlett finally saw the danger he was in, so he released the animal and ran quickly to his car, with the Dane hot on his heels.

Forgets But Also Remembers

PHIL REGAN now joins the rank of Hollywood's clan of the absent-minded. Phil decided to buy himself a new suit, but on his shopping tour he spied a new electric range Mrs. Regan had been wanting. He bought the range, forgot about the suit, and came home. He's afraid the next time he goes shopping for a suit, he'll bring home a piano or a vacuum cleaner.

Phil Regan has never forgotten the "gang" back on the New York Police Force. Recently, he received a letter from a cop who has been a steady correspondent with Phil since he left the force to go into his singing career. The policeman told him that another "copper" on the force, a close friend of Phil's, was shot trying to stave off a robbery. Regan immediately wired the money to cover the operation and hospital expenses.

In Good Pasture

DICK PURCELL played godfather to a doomed horse, and in so doing acquired a perfect riding horse. Purcell heard of the animal, a one time picture worker, who was to be sold by its owner to a junk man. Dick didn't like the idea at all, so he immediately bought the horse, started giving it some square meals for a change, installed it in his stables, and now he rides it every morning. Purcell is never away from the horse unless absolutely necessary, and every time Dick comes near it, it greets him with a grateful whinny. Love at first sight—or something.

Struck Erl

DAVE APOLLON, Russian comedian and orchestra leader, now working in Universal's *Merry-Go-Round of 1938*, bought two acres of land outside of Tulsa, Oklahoma, for $200 from a down-and-out friend. He had forgotten about the purchase completely until he received a check from the Shell Oil Co. for $10.67 recently as a first dividend on an oil well that just came through on the property.

Girls Under Bob's Bed

ALL the ship's officers and all the ship's crew of the Berengaria are mighty, mighty glad that they don't have a Bob Taylor sailing every day. Here was Bob, who, when he arrived in New York's Grand Central Station on his way to London to make the picture, *A Yank at Oxford*, was literally mobbed by three-or-four-hundred frenzied fans. But he was pretty well protected by the brawny cops. The fans got their autographs—and after the wear and tear was over he did miss a button here and there.

But the station welcome was as nothing compared to the "reception" the fans gave him on the Berengaria. Here it was a Saturday at high noon—the boat ready to leave on the stroke of twelve. But it was delayed over a half hour while the autograph fans and fiends were ushered or shoved down the gang plank. They simply wouldn't give up their Bob. When he arrived in his suite what if those guarding him didn't find a couple of girls hiding under his bed! And armed with cameras, too. They had been hiding there for two hours on one of the hottest days of the summer. But neither rain or snow or heat or gloom of night could stay these fans from storming all over the ship, ganging up the passageways, screaming and yelling and shouting and tugging and shoving—to see their hero in the flesh, to hear him speak, to touch him if possible.

And Bob sailed away and endeared himself to his public by showing himself, and being very friendly about it. He didn't high-hat them; he didn't shut himself up in his state-room; he didn't come aboard on the third-class gangplank and hide away. He knew he had to run the gauntlet. And he faced it with a smile—the while perspiration literally oozed down his face. The London bobbies will have their hands full when the boat train chugs into Paddington Station, keeping him from being torn to pieces by the London fans.

On the SETS with the STARS



Cameras take to sea for this unusual shot of South Sea Island natives greeting an incoming schooner for *The Hurricane.* The photo was taken right on a Hollywood set

WHERE EDDIE CANTOR gets his pep was the wonder of everybody on the 20th-Fox's *Ali Baba Goes to Town* set. After putting over a song with all the Cantor zip, he'd come off the stage and instead of going to his dressing-room for a rest, he'd do a little more clowning for the amusement of the assembled extras. To cap it all his secretary would appear on the set with a batch of letters to be answered. Eddie would stop clowning and start dictating. In the middle of a letter, when the director would call, "All ready, Cantor!" Eddie would leave the letter, go through his scene perfectly, then pick up his dictation right where he left off—and without having his secretary re-read it to him either! He's quite a card, that Cantor!

ON THE SET in Walter Wanger's *Stand-In,* Joan Blondell was asked for a technical definition of the term, "stand-in." Said Joan, "It's a girl you hire if you feel too inspired to perspire."

IN *Stage Door* they were having trouble lighting Adolphe Menjou. Finally the cameraman told him if he didn't stand still they wouldn't be able to get a good picture of him. "Don't you worry about me," said the suave Adolphe, "when the camera starts rolling, I'll be in focus all right." And he was. Very camera-wise is our Adolphe.

A HUNDRED DOLLARS swapped hands on the set of Samuel Goldwyn's *Marco Polo.* Ernest Truex bet Archie Mayo, the director, that spaghetti came originally from China. To Mayo's consternation Ernest was right—spaghetti was brought from the Orient to Italy by Marco Polo. Archie paid up like a gentleman . . . In one of the sequences one of the players had to fall through a trap-door and out of sight. Although a mattress and pillows had been placed on the bottom to break his fall, nevertheless they were a bit worried as to how he'd fare. Several lines of dialogue followed, so it was a minute or two before they could determine the fate of the faller. As soon as Mayo called "Cut!" he yelled anxiously, "Okay, boy, are you all right?" Several members of the crew rushed over to pull him out of the hole. The actor's head emerged from the door, he shook off offers of help and said earnestly, "Mr. Mayo—you don't need me in the next scene. If you don't mind, I think I'll stay right here and take a little nap!"

ON SELZNICK'S *Tom Sawyer* the new discovery, Tommy Kelly, was in for a shock. In one of the scenes there were several little girls standing near-by with long pig-tails. Like all twelve-year-olds, Tommy simply couldn't resist the temptation. He firmly grasped one of the braids and gave a hearty yank. To his dismay the whole thing came off in his hand. There were so few little girls in Hollywood with real pig-tails that wigs had had to be made. "Gosh," gasped Tommy, "I thought I'd scalped her!"

INSTEAD of waiting to give presents at the finish of Paramount's *Wells-Fargo* Frances Dee presented her make-up girl and her hair-dresser with necklace watches the second day the picture was in progress . . . The calls to work were so early in the morning that Frances and her husband, Joel McCrea, had to leave their ranch and take a place nearer the studio so they wouldn't have to get up "in the middle of the night" in order to be on the set in time . . . But Bob Burns loved the picture. He had to grow a beard for the part—and says he could wander all over town without being recognized!

HUMPHREY BOGART was on his way to the commissary for lunch when he was stopped by Joan Blondell in the publicity department. Proudly she exhibited new pictures of herself, being just too elegant in evening gown and "jools." "Look," she said, beaming, "Get a load of the Duchess!"

Humphrey Oh'd and Ah'd, then continued on his way to lunch. Shortly after, Joan came rushing in in such a hurry that she bumped wham! into a waitress. The tray flew into the air and dishes clattered all about. In the clutter and confusion of broken dishes and spilt food stood an embarrassed Joan. Humphrey Bogart looked up from his lunch and called, "Yeah! 'Get a load of the Duchess'!"

JACK HALEY says it's impossible to get a swelled head around his house. His young son is the world's best Deflator-of-the-Ego. Jack, junior, has a yen to be a cowboy when he grows up. The other morning at breakfast he sat playing with his food instead of eating it. The nurse warned, "If you don't eat your cereal, you'll never make a good cowboy." The child wasn't fazed—he simply shrugged philosophically and replied, "Then I'll grow up to be just a man—like Daddy!"

RECENTLY CLARK GABLE, in a picture, was required to crawl under a bed for a comedy scene. He tried it several times but with no success—the director didn't like it. Exasperated, the director went through the whole scene, himself, to show Clark how it should be done. As he scrambled out from under the bed he said, "You see, Clark, there's nothing to it—it's an easy stunt."

"Yeah," retorted Clark, "it's easy for you—but look at all the practice you've had!"

ONLY ACCIDENTAL falls hurt Joan Davis. She can skate all over the floor on her heels in those funny dances of hers and can take terrible falls on any part of her anatomy, without batting an eyelash. But the other day, at home, she slipped on a rug, landed lightly on her you-know-what and for two days had to eat standing up. I suppose it's all in being prepared.



Billy House is no Gable or Taylor but he has a style all his own and Evelyn Brent falls for it in *Merry-Go-Round of 1938*

Don't Call Me "Glamour Girl"

[*Continued from page* 58]

THEY adopted her, those old timers. She was the baby of the troupe. Trained by such celebrities of other days as Stanley Price (the original *Abie* of *Abie's Irish Rose*), by Gareth Hughes, the man who created the role of *Everyman* in its first presentation . . . She played parts that ranged all the way from *Moonyean* in *Smilin' Through* to *Paul Robinson* in *The Devil Passes*. And it was while she was in this latter play that things began to happen in earnest.

"A studio scout wants to see you," the usher said. The girl went right on powdering unperturbably. She knew better than to get excited over that. Hadn't they told her to be careful of so-called scouts and small-time "sucker" agents that haunt the theatre these days? (Already she had sent Fred Datig's card back to him four times never dreaming he was one of the greatest star-makers in Hollywood!)

"But he's from Warner Brothers," the usher added. So she decided maybe she *had* better see him . . .

The next day she had an interview with Warner's casting director, Max Arno. Now millions of girls have pictured such an interview to themselves. The try-out . . . The breathless waiting . . . Here is the way this one actually went:

As she came in the door of his office, Arno regarded her speculatively. Then—"I hear you're an actress."

"That's right," she said, swallowing hard. It was like a cue in a play—a play in which she expected to make a hurried exit.

"What have you been working in?"

"The Devil Passes."

He thumbed through a row of books and drew one out. "Will you read this, please?" It was a scene from her play. At the end he said simply, "You're all right."

"Thanks." Her smile was a little wobbly around the edges. The interview was over. That was all there was to it. She was almost at the door when he called out, as if it were an after-thought, "Come in for a test on Monday."

THERE have been, according to the records, some 748,000 tests made in Hollywood since the advent of talkies—only nine per cent of which have "clicked." Even then, if it's a good test and you get a contract, that is only the first step on the long road.

The girl signed that contract with mixed feelings. She thought, "What if they give me namby-pamby Hollywood blonde roles? *I can't do them!*" And a little wave of terror brushed over her.

She couldn't, of course, know what transpired in another section of the studio that same morning. A group of us were in the publicity department when one of the fellows said, "Come on, they're running those new tests in a couple of minutes over in B projection room. More blond babies to try to tell the world about!" and he groaned.

But it was a different story as we sat there watching the first try-out run off. It was of a very young girl with fair hair and blue eyes, the perfect ingenue type who wasn't an ingenue at all! There was a power and richness and strange exoticism in her voice that made you think of misty chimes ringing through a Parisian night. She dominated the camera, her little scene . . . When the lights flashed on we saw Mervyn LeRoy, one of the foremost producers in the industry, get up thoughtfully and signal to the projectionist to run it over again . . .

NO ONE—except young Miss Dickson herself—was very surprised when he assigned her the feminine lead in one of the most important pictures he has ever made, *They Won't Forget*. And those who have seen it won't forget *her!*

"I'll never be able to understand how life, the different little incidents in it, can dovetail so wonderfully," she says, still obviously a bit awed. "What if that postcard from the Federal Theatre Project hadn't come? Or if the studio scout had decided to go somewhere else that particular night? . . . And if it had not been for the one real heartbreak of my life I probably wouldn't be in California at all! I'd be picking potatoes back in Idaho.

"We were a very close family—Mother, Dad, my sister, Doris, and myself. They had named me 'Thais' because both my parents had loved the meditation from that opera so well. Dickerson is the last name. 'Gloria Dickson' is the studio's invention. Our life there in Pocatello was uneventful enough by most standards, I suppose. But I loved it. Giving plays in the basement with a corncob goatee and feathers for whiskers . . . going for long rides in the country on Sunday afternoons.

"Then, when I was ten, my father died. I can remember yet how I clung to mother in sheer terror, wondering how death had the power to break up a family as bound together as we were . . . We had to start all over again so we came to Long Beach, California. There wasn't much money. Just enough to go on. Doris was studying to be a doctor. She was older than I, different in every way (I practically faint if I have to step in a hospital!) And I adored her. She is still my idea of what a woman ought to be.

"At high school I worked chiefly at drama and later I joined Gladitzsch's tiny Wayside Colony theatre there in Long Beach. We did Eugene O'Neill and Shakespeare mostly."

O'Neill and Shakespeare—a pretty heavy diet for a youngster barely sixteen. Yet looking at the "glamourie," the amazing poise and depth of this girl who is the nineteen-year-old Gloria, you can well imagine it.

"I did sketches over the radio for a while," she was saying. "And then I joined a tent show, the Hart Players. Sometimes—when the week was exceptionally good—I made all of three dollars!" chuckling. "But my best experience was with those fine troupers down at the Mason playhouse. I wonder how you ever repay a debt of gratitude like that?



Perc Westmore, Warner's make-up artist made up Gloria Dickson for her first role—now he wants to make her his own

"ROMANCE? I didn't have much time for it. I was never really in love—until I came to this studio."

It's a singular story. She was like a lost youngster in a new world those first few weeks before she started work on the picture. Exploring this department and that one with eager curiosity. But the one that interested her most was where they kept the clay-modelled heads of the stars, fascinating wigs. The make-up department. There was a decidedly vital young man at the head of it. Dark and vigorous and something of a sculptor himself. A chap by the name of Perc Westmore . . . "I don't like this wig," she told him one morning.

"But it's a grand one! Look, it's hair-laced . . ." They argued hot and heavily about it for an hour. And at the end of that hour somehow, through some age-old alchemy, they were in love.

Gloria's wearing a very impressive square-cut diamond but they say they won't be married for a year. Every Sunday they go deep sea fishing and she acquires a tan which sends her into the make-up department Monday morning for a bleach-out. Life's pretty marvelous.

"I think that romance is the greatest thing in an actress' life," she tells you in that throaty, fascinating voice of her's. "Perc is such a *real* personality. I like real people. This manufactured glamour of the screen worries me. *I don't want to be known as a 'Glamour Girl!'* One of these dressed-up personalities. I'm afraid of it—afraid of creating an impression I couldn't live up to."

She meant it. There was a troubled frown puckering her forehead. She's such a straightforward young person along with all the unconscious mystery and high voltage allure.

She doesn't know—she hasn't the faintest idea—that, already, she is Hollywood's outstanding Glamour Girl of the hour!

Hollywood's International Marry-Go-Round

[*Continued from page 35*]

munch bran muffins—for health—between shots on the set, and referred to him caustically as "that mad Czech!"

Then they grew serious, and now everyone is predicting marriage bells. It's something in the Hollywood air!

Miriam Hopkins gave a "Russian" party for Anatol Litvak, and the guests, including two dozen nationalities, happily quaffed vodka and sent their glasses crashing into the fireplace, *a la Russe*.

Claudette Colbert (France) and Joel Pressman (America) live the close family life that is essentially "continental," with *Mama* a respected member of the household.

Just to give you an idea of the problems of a hostess in Hollywood today: Elissa Landi and Nino Martini speak Italian when they're together. Miriam Hopkins and Anatol Litvak talk French. Galina Liss (Russia) and Ray Mala (Eskimo) compromise on using English.

Greta Garbo (Sweden) and Leopold Stokowski (Russia), it is understood, don't say much in *any* language.

CAN they succeed, these hectic round-the-world matches?

Dolores Del Rio told me: "Far from feeling that there's any difficulty of understanding to be bridged, I believe 'international' unions have the same chances of success as those between couples of the same country. *Perhaps you won't blame me for saying they have greater chances!*

"I am Spanish and my husband is Irish. I've found that an intriguing mystery is aroused by our differences in background and viewpoint. Cedric, with his Irish gaiety, humor, and moods, is always a source of engaging wonder to me. I find myself trying to understand why something amuses him—when to me it appears to be only a prosaic fact! Again, I try to guess why he sometimes is silent, even moody, with his changing Celtic temperament.

"Here, you see, is something only two people of different nationalities can understand. For we do not always ask each other 'Why? Why?' We feel that each is entitled to his own thoughts.

"Oddly enough, the realization that we have such different viewpoints makes us judge one another more fairly, less severely. We try, instead, to understand the opposing attitude. And we're always stimulated by finding new fields of understanding!"

And it does seem that those on the international marry-go-round have a way of making their matches last—even though their home lives may be tempestuous!

Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez have battled and reconciled for three years now, but they're still married. Karen Morley (America) and Charles Vidor (Austria) are noted as one of Hollywood's most devoted couples, even though Karen telephoned a friend recently and wailed:

"My mother-in-law is coming to visit us and I can't speak a word of Hungarian and *she* can't talk English. What'll I do?"

LILI DAMITA and Errol Flynn made one of those "You go your way; I'll go mine!" agreements when they married. Lili, bred to drawing rooms and social gatherings on the Continent, realized that her manner of living was far from that of Flynn, the adventurous Irishman.

Every year each member of this engaging team takes a vacation—to spend as he sees fit. This year Lili spent hers in Europe, while Errol cruised and fished along the Mexican coast. During the rest of the year, when they're together, certain nights belong to Lili, others to Errol. On these occasions, one follows the dictates of the other. Supposedly without argument!

Equally liberal in their viewpoints are Luise Rainer and Clifford Odets. If the little Rainer must go to bed at nine for an early studio call, she insists that Odets dine out with others, even if it does give the gossip writers a chance to shriek, "Divorce!"

Luise, incidentally, agrees with Dolores that there's nothing like a husband of different nationality to provide constant interest in the home.

"You don't grow dull to one another," is her belief.

Boredom, you see, is one thing you never need worry about when you step on the merry-go-round. Lyda Roberti and Bud Ernst dined with friends one evening. Their host, speaking of a new cook, said jokingly, "I've gained ten pounds since my wife quit cooking."

Everyone laughed except Lyda, who drew the wife aside later and hissed, "If my hooosband said sooch things about me, *I would leeeev him!*"

To this day, the blonde comedienne believes no wife should be funny—to her husband. In that way their relationship should be sacred. "I never joke about you," she says reproachfully.

One day, acting as hostess in a friend's home, Lyda became confused over a delay in the service. She whispered her panic to Bud. To relieve the fidgets of the guests, he repeated it for a laugh. Lyda sat tense, furious at him for betraying her. Yes, that's one of the times they separated!

Nevertheless, every time they part, in the very act of packing her bags, Lyda mutters grimly, "I always said this is the only marriage I'll have. It *has* to work out right."

AND if you don't think the other international couples feel the same way, just listen to Mary Astor (America) and Manuel Del Campo (Mexico) or Maureen O'Sullivan (Ireland) whose husband is Johnny Farrow (Australia).

Says Maureen: "I've often thought how odd it is, that we came from the far corners of the earth to meet and fall in love in Hollywood. One of those miraculous, *meant-to-be* things.

"Some day, when our work makes it possible, we hope to spend six months here, and six months in England. We'd like a large ranch, like Johnny had as a child, for our headquarters."

Sounds permanent, to say the least!

Grace Moore (America) believes American girls can make successful marriages to foreigners just as she has triumphed so brilliantly over international barriers in her union with Valentin Parera (Spain).

"Being born in a little town in Tennessee," she says, "my ideas of romance always centered on things European." Every little girl, she believes, dreams of a Prince who'll come riding out of another world—and for this reason, foreigners are apt to have more romance than men of your own country, whether you were born in China, Italy, or El Paso, Texas.

Just another reason why it's fashionable—and fun!—to hop aboard the round-the-world marry-go-round in Hollywood!



No international marry-go-round would be complete without Lyda Roberti and her new sweetheart and husband, Bud Ernst. Lyda is Polish—and is famous for her rendition of "Sveet und Hot" in an erstwhile Broadway show. Bud Ernst is American

Hotcha is Outa for Ida

[*Continued from page* 45]

still fluffed around her pert little face in a golden haze. And she liked swing music—or did they call it jazz four years ago?

"Then one day," (says Ida) "I looked in the mirror and I just didn't like the looks of my face. So I let my hair grow out and my eyebrows grow in—something just happened to my nose and it straightened itself out."

"But what did *they* say when they saw your eyebrows?" I asked. Because if there's one thing, judging by their vindictiveness against them, *they* seem to dislike, it's eyebrows.

"They just looked me over and said: 'What have you done to yourself? You look much better.'"

And of course she did.

SO THERE she was with the face she'd been born with—and goodness knows why anyone should have ever wanted to change it—and with hair its natural soft-brown shade fluffed around her face. And that left just one more thing to be done before she would be perfect—the hair needed sleeking down.

Neither Ida nor Hollywood is responsible for the now-so-sleek hair. That was the idea of "a very dear friend of mine" (we come to him later).

"It would look nicer," he said one day, "if you wore your hair smooth and turned under, page-boy style."

Ida shook her head doubtfully, but because the friend is pretty dear at that, she went home and fooled around with her hair and found he was right.

The outer woman is now up to date (in this article and in life). Now let's go back a bit and follow up what's been going on under the surface. You will remember I said something about swing music. Blonde hair, pencilled eyebrows and hotcha just seem to go together, and the hotcha craze worked out of Ida's system along with the new set of eyebrows and a pretty serious attack of infantile paralysis.

If you have a burning fever and feel not so good anyway, it won't help your mental state at all for your doctor to come and stand over you shaking his head and saying: "You've got the worse case of infantile paralysis I've ever seen."

It didn't make Ida feel cheerful either. If anything, she thought she'd rather die than go through the rest of her life as a cripple, but neither prospect appealed.

Coming like that right bang up against a very unpleasant reality developed a serious streak in Ida she didn't know she had, and when she recovered (no ill effects) one of the first ways the serious streak showed up was in a sudden distaste for swing.

Into the garbage pail—Ida, who at all other times now speaks such perfect Boston American, still calls it the dust-pan—went the shattered remains of her collection of recorded swing. And as soon as she was able to get around, Ida, who had never known symphony from psalmody, went out and bought every classical record she could find: 250 of them she has now.

She taught herself to play the piano, and one day, while riding in a taxi, a tune insistently repeated itself in her head. She rushed into an apartment house, borrowed an apartment with a piano, and began playing her tune.

Since then she's written other music, partly orchestrated it, and heard it played over the radio by such well-known composers as Andre Kostelanetz.

Since then she's lived in a house up above Hollywood's Bowl and lain out in her garden on starlit nights soaking in music. Since then she's become so interested in developing her talent that she's stopped going out nights and spends her evenings practising the piano; gets in 15 hours practice a week, even when she's working. Her musical ambition: to write light opera scores—for the stage, not the screen.

ONE day I renewed my five-year-old acquaintanceship with Ida and had lunch with her at her dressing-room at RKO.

Coming right off the set of *Fight for Your Lady* she slipped off a Hungarian accent and a blue woolen frock trimmed with grey fox. The frock was the blue of her eyes which color scheme won't show on the screen except, as the designer, Edward Stevenson, says, in the confidence it will give Ida to feel she is looking her best. The accent is good, too, not one "ze" in a sentence. Ida hasn't got a musical ear for nothing.



Ida Lupino chooses slacks and a sweater to relax in her new Lookout Mountain home. It's cool in them Hollywood hills

After we had sent back one salad because it had onions in it ("It's selfish," said Ida, "to eat onions when you're working, much as I love them,") and eaten another, a less offensive one, Miss Ward, who is Ida's dresser-companion, came in to massage Ida's ankles. Ida says that the heat makes her ankles swell and she should know. All I can say is that Ida's ankles swell up to half the size of anyone else's normal-size ankles.

Miss Ward is a cheerful, red-haired lady who once nearly became a nun, who has an excellent sense of anecdote, and who thinks Ida is pretty good. "You should see her dance," she says fondly. I said that I hoped to. Dancing is another of Ida's accomplishments that she takes time out for practising—five hours a day she practised for two weeks before the latest picture started. No wonder she weighs only 108 pounds.

"Yes, she dances beautifully. But she's going to have to cut down smoking or she's going to get winded," said Miss Ward.

"I'm not going to cut out smoking—or any of the things that make life worth while; life's too short."

"I said cut down, not cut out."

Ida shook her head. "Too many people die young," she said.

WE TALKED of a couple of young actors recently engaged.

"How *he* loved Ida," said Miss Ward. "She could have had *him* if she'd wanted."

"But I didn't," said Ida.

"Maybe you know Louis?" asked Miss Ward, suddenly.

"Louis" is Louis Hayward, for 18 months now Ida's steady beau and, as we hinted in the beginning of this article, very dear friend.

He's in England now, visiting his mother. And, if rumor tells all, or even a little, spending most of his pennies on transatlantic, transcontinental telephone calls.

"Miss him?" I asked.

"I should say I do. When you've spent most of your time with someone for a year-and-a-half it leaves a big gap when they go."

"Engaged?" I inquired impertinently. Ida was wearing one of those square-cut diamonds on her left hand that you and I look at in the jewelers' windows.

She shook her head. "Not yet. Hollywood's no place for marriage," and she named the last two Hollywood brides to come back from their honeymoons with divorce petitions in their hands. "We'll see what happens later to our careers. We're both young."

What else? Well, Ida now lives on Lookout Mountain which is exactly what its name implies, way up there above everything. She lives with her mother whom she calls Connie and whom people still ask: "Which of you two girls is the elder sister?"

The third girl in the household is Ida's baby sister, Rita, the dark-haired Italian one, who's studying acting at the school of acting in which Connie has a partnership.

"I want her to get acting experience before she goes in the movies," says the head of the family (Ida).

So there you have Ida Lupino, 1937 model. At 20, a serious, beautiful young woman with serious ambitions, a serious hobby and a serious philosophy of life. She's through with night clubs, flirtations, shaved eyebrows and hotcha music. Think of that, next time you go to snatch your lipstick out of your 12-year-old's eager fingers.

The New Side to Irene Dunne

[*Continued from page 32*]

and still remain what is known in these parts as a human being.

Not that Miss Dunne has let herself be bothered either by the earlier tales of her "coldness" nor the more recent hosannas to the "new Irene Dunne." She has her own sense of values that refuses to be swayed by every shifting wind. And instead of wrapping herself away from the drafts that blow on every movie star, she lifts her chestnut head to them and enjoys the breeze.

"You know what somebody said to me the other day?—and I still don't know how to take it. I'm trying to muster up courage to ask him what he meant. 'When I sit and talk to you,' he said, 'you're one person. The moment you go into action, you're another. Something seems to flow into you, something electric, vital. You simply generate,' he said." Her face turned solemn. "Now what d'you suppose he meant by that? Did he mean I was hollow until I started acting? I wouldn't blame him, you know. I have a way of relaxing between scenes, letting every thought and emotion drain out of me, till I probably look like a bump on a log. Or was it a pretty compliment to my acting?" She shook her head sadly. "I'll never know. I'll just have to take comfort in the thought that I *do* generate."

THERE'S nothing showy about her humor. It doesn't pop and flash, but gleams from behind her gravity, with all the more tang for its soft-footed approach. As when she drew her brows together in mock bewilderment and told the story of her first meeting with the man who was to become her husband.

"I went to a party at the Cascades on New York's Biltmore Roof. I didn't want to go to that party. I struggled bitterly against going. I don't know to this day what made me go. But I went. I wore a red dress. I never wear red. But that night, for no reason I can give you or myself, I wore a red dress. Dr. Griffin watched me all evening. I didn't know he was Dr. Griffin, and I thought he was watching me because of the red dress. One minute I'd vow never to wear red again, and the next minute I'd defy him and think: 'Why not?'

"He got someone to introduce us. I danced with him. He asked me a lot of questions, and I answered them all." A faint smile came to her lips. She seemed to be remembering something. Her eyes held a faraway look, as she said: "I hadn't been around very much. I guess I must have been pretty naive.

"Then he asked if he might call. I said yes, when by all the rules of the book I should have been coy. But the rules didn't seem to matter at the time.

"Well, nothing happened—which was typical of Francis. I had no way of guessing that he'd gone out next day to look at engagement rings. Finally I heard this chipper voice over the phone. 'Remember me?' There was my second chance for a good rousing no. But—I *did* remember. And that was the beginning of the end." A smile that was charming in what it hid and revealed flitted over her face. She was silent for a moment. Then, with apparent irrelevance, she added: "New York's a very nice place," and laughed herself at the laugh that sally brought.

MISS DUNNE'S happy marriage is eight years old. Much of the time she is parted from her husband, whose work keeps him in New York when hers takes her to Hollywood. She smiles at the notion that physical separation could bring harm to their marriage.

"I think a lot of silly theorizing is done on that subject, especially where actors and actresses are concerned. When a woman marries an engineer or anyone else whose work takes him away from home, you don't immediately get that headshaking, whispering chorus of my, my, and how long do you suppose it will last? But somehow the notion has got abroad that it doesn't take much to ruin an actress's marriage.

"Well, in my marriage, I'm not an actress. I'm just such another woman as those whose job it is to cook and take care of the children. And talking of children," a soft light grew in her eyes, "we have Mary Frances now.

"If two people love each other, there's something deep and fundamental about their love that separation can't touch. If they're afraid, it's because they're not sure of themselves or each other. And that can drive them farther apart under the same roof than any distance in miles.

"I don't say I advocate separation in marriage. I *do* say that, when circumstances make it necessary, it needn't hurt your marriage. While I'm on a picture, I'm not much good as hostess or companion. I get home from the studio, tumble into bed, wake up and go to the studio. So long as we know that the other is well and happy in his work, we're content. I know I'm close in his thoughts, as he is in mine. And we both know that the moment either of us is free, he'll go flying back to the other."



The Awful Truth **is the title of Irene Dunne's new picture but the truth will always out-proving Irene a grand actress**

MARY FRANCES has blue eyes, shaded by very dark lashes, and golden hair—she's not quite two. Her name is Mary for her mother, whose middle name is Marie, Frances with an *e* instead of an *i* for her father. They call her Missy. "I was so in love with a baby in New York named Missy," explains Miss Dunne, "that I insisted on calling her Missy even before we found her. Even when I thought she was going to be a boy.

"We've always had the idea of taking a baby, and we've always definitely wanted a boy. But it's a much more complicated business than you realize, until you've gone into it. You decide to devote your life to a child, and you want to be reasonably sure that the child will in some way be able to accept it. So you ponder and discuss and investigate and consider and can't make up your mind. After this had been going on for a while, I'd say to Frances: 'Look at my aunt and uncle.' And he'd say: '*You* look at them and take heed.' You see, I have an aunt and uncle who've talked all their lives about adopting a baby and never got around to it. They're in their fifties now, and probably never will. So when we found Mary Frances, whose particular setup seemed to fit so beautifully into our family, we decided we'd been all wrong about wanting a boy."

Characteristically, Miss Dunne won't have the baby publicized. "She's too young to have her picture in the paper," she smiles. She did bring a photograph to the studio one day—the photograph of a child so lovely that Leo McCarey, the director, insists her face has been haunting him ever since.

THERE'S nothing wraithlike about Missy, however. Though she may look like an angel, temperamentally she's the bouncing type, and accepts the fact with complacence, having dubbed herself "the buthy bee." Up at six every morning to breakfast with Mimi, as she calls her mother, the day is one long round of thrilling activity, of squealing, shouting, tumbling and general joy. Daddy will play roughhouse with her, and if there's anything more charming than the combination of Daddy and roughhouse, Missy has yet to meet it. Mimi will sing *Scooter* for her—otherwise known as *Schooldays*, and her favorite song. "Again," she cries, and Mimi sings it again. After Mimi has sung it through a long series of "agains," her daughter notes the symptoms of a certain reluctance to continue. But she has an almost certain cure for that. She cocks her head like the beguiling minx she is, wrinkles her nose in an alluring smile and pleads: "Again—Mimi *dar*leen."

On their eighth wedding anniversary, Dr. Griffin was in New York, his wife in Hollywood. Except for a long-distance call, there could be no celebration till he returned. It happened, however, that the wedding anniversary of Leo and Mrs. McCarey fell on the same day. The company got wind of it, and as the day's work ended, the strains of the wedding march were heard, a handsome cake was brought in with ceremony and presented to the director.

McCarey is a close friend of the Griffins. He knew it was their anniversary, too. With a little smile, he handed the knife to Miss Dunne. Smiling back, she slid it into the cake. "To the McCareys," she said. Only her friend knew that the second knife-thrust was dedicated to Dr. Francis and Missy and their Mimi *dar*leen.

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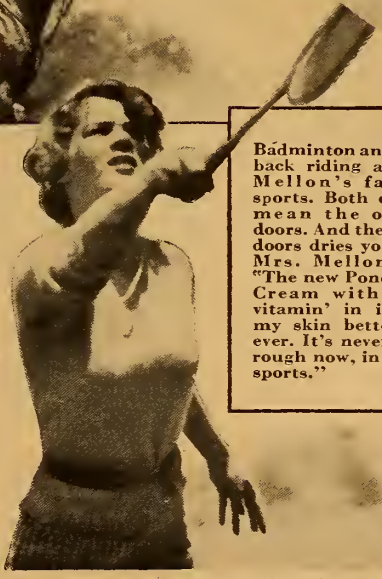
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MEN behind the STARS



JOHN M. STAHL

Director of *Parnell*

NO DIRECTOR in Hollywood obtained a surer foundation for future accomplishments in the school of rough-and-ready experience than John M. Stahl.

By the time he had reached his sixteenth birthday, he was sure that he did not want to follow in the footsteps of his father, who was a civil engineer. In fact, he didn't want to go into anything tinted with a serious, academic, professional background. He had only seen three or four plays, but the theatre was in his veins.

In short, he wanted to be an actor. His family, as all families will do under such circumstances, worked for months to dissuade him. He was promised gold watches and bicycles if he kept on with his studies. But pleas, promises and cajolements all proved futile. Haunting the stage doors and downtown casting offices, young John Stahl had the good luck to obtain a letter of introduction to Mrs. Leslie Carter, then at the pinnacle of her fame, and was given a small bit in her new play, *DuBarry*. The bit, to be soberly statistical, consisted of one speaking line.

Half a loaf is better than none, however, and one line an immeasurable improvement over a walk-on. So the would-be actor graduated to character juveniles in New York stock, acted and collaborated on the writing of several vaudeville sketches, and followed this with a season in George Barbier's Philadelphia stock company.

HIS first important Broadway role was in Brandon Tynan's production of *Robert Emmet* at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, which gave him considerable prestige in Gotham theatrical circles.

Stahl's initial movie venture was *The Boy and the Law*, made in the studio at Peekskill, N. Y. It was an independent seven-reeler, dealing with juvenile delinquency, and a tremendous commercial success.

His success here led to his selection by Benjamin Chapin to direct *The Lincoln Cycle*, a nine-reel feature dealing with the Great Emancipator, which was subsequently made into six two-reel pictures. Four Florence Reed starring pictures (including *Woman Under Oath*, and *Wives of Men*) and three Mollie King pictures, found Stahl well on his way as a director and producer.

In 1918 he went to Hollywood to join Louis B. Mayer at the Mission Avenue studios. Among his picture for Mayer were *The Woman in His House*, with Mildred Harris; *Sowing the Wind*, with Anita Stewart; *The Dangerous Age, Why Men Leave Home, Husbands and Lovers, The Child Thou Gavest Me, Fashions for Men, One Clear Call*, with Milton Sills; *Lovers*, with Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry; *In Old Kentucky*, and *Memory Lane*.

IN 1927 Stahl became vice-president in charge of all production at the industry's largest independent studios, Tiffany-Stahl, and made 60 pictures within the next 30 months. After disposing of his interests in Tiffany-Stahl in 1929, Stahl joined Universal as a producing director in June 1930. His Universal pictures were *A Lady Surrenders*, introducing Genevieve Tobin and Rose Hobart; *Seed*, bringing back Lois Wilson; *Strictly Dishonorable*, with Paul Lukas, Lewis Stone and Sidney Fox; *Back Street*, with Irene Dunne and John Boles; *Only Yesterday*, which introduced Margaret Sullavan; *Imitation of Life*, with Claudette Colbert, and *The Magnificent Obsession* with Irene Dunne and Robert Taylor.



John M. Stahl instructs Myrna Loy in one of the moods he wants her to establish in *Parnell*. He uses tact and subtle suggestion

In January, 1936, Stahl rejoined Louis B. Mayer at the Culver City studios of M-G-M, directing *Parnell* co-starring chic Myrna Loy and Clark Gable. This is an adaptation of the Broadway stage hit dealing with the career and the great romance of Ireland's famous nineteenth century leader.

Stahl shares with Roy Del Ruth, director of *Broadway Melody* and *On the Avenue*, the distinction of being one of Hollywood's mildest-mannered directors. He never raises his voice, resorts to cutting epithets, or even publicly criticizes a player. Through the use of tactful encouragement and subtle suggestion, however, he obtains striking results.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!

The Kid Himself

[*Continued from page* 39]

young woman well known in movie circles. Even though he may have spent the evening at home with a toothache, the papers finally had him dancing around with Alice Faye. The impression grew that one Mr. Tony Martin was even gunning for young Mr. Morris with a water pistol loaded with harsh, angry words.

Between you and me, since we seem to be taking down our back hair over this Morris boy, the only time he ever spoke to Alice Faye was when Alice, herself, popped by his table and told him how much she had enjoyed his performance, or some such bit of innocuous chit-chat. Maybe she suggested they dance around a bit. One hears so, at any rate.

Anyway, the young Romeo thing grew into quite a cadenza of commotion, with Wayne neither knowing why nor what, nor wherefore about it. All he knew was what he read in the papers and the papers told him he was having giddy-gaddy goings-on with Alice Faye and Lana Turner and Dixie Dunbar. Didn't he know that people always got engaged, sooner or later, to Dixie Dunbar?

Well, he took it standing up. So easy for him to have said: "I've been home, tending to my own business, while the gossips have been rubbing raw glamour in my hair." But he didn't. Which makes him okay with me, anyway.

THE idea seems to be that *Kid Galahad* was Wayne's initial appearance on any screen. No such thing. If it will ease the resentment of some of the "starve and slave" veterans who resent Wayne's easy advent into the movies, I shall state here and now that Wayne also served his apprenticeship. He made Westerns, fight pictures, action fracases and so on for several years before his big hit. Such little numbers as *King of Hockey* and *Don't Pull Your Punches* brought Mr. Morris to the screen. The Pasadena Playhouse also saw him in some very strange contortions prior to that.

He's a Native Son. Which may have something to do with the present resentment against him. Native sons who become actors, being rarer than hens' teeth, are naturally looked upon with more than a *soupçon* of suspicion until they prove themselves worthy of the name "actor" as well.

His dad has always held an executive position in California, thereby removing the necessity for starving, even as other actors. But for all that the lad has fortitude. Craving a job after school, he accepted the only one that came his way—a forest ranger on a long, lonely beat of nothing but trees and squirrels and, God help him, campfire girls on hikes. On his only day off, Saturday, he cleaned his lonely cabin, washed his clothes, cooked his weekly supply of food (that must have been something) and caught up on his sleep.

He kept that job for almost a year, and when his family moved from Los Angeles to Pasadena, Wayne came home. As the youth of Pasadena were to be found *en masse* at the Playhouse, Wayne just naturally gravitated that way, too, where a Warner Bros.' scout saw him.

He has only recently moved from his father's home in Pasadena to a hillside bungalow handy to Warner's studio. Anyway, the constant bickering between Wayne and his kid brother, Dick, over who would wear

[*Continued on page* 75]



● *"Now wait a minute, Mrs. Zebra. What's your hurry? Stop and catch your breath. Look at your poor little colt—he's winded and all of a lather! You really shouldn't let a baby get so hot."*



● *"I'll fix him up, though. Just leave it to your Uncle Dudley. A good rub-down with gentle, cooling Johnson's Baby Powder and he'll be fit as a fiddle and rarin' to go again."*



● *"Imagine, Mother—Mrs. Zebra has been trying to raise a baby without Johnson's Baby Powder!...She'd no idea how to stop chafes, rashes and prickly heat. Seems odd in this day and age, doesn't it?"*



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PICTURE PARADE

THAT CERTAIN WOMAN

—AAA—



Keyed to an emotional pitch, certain to stimulate femme audiences, this picture is a perfect pattern for the release of Bette Davis' energies. Its plot plays on the nerves of sympathy, curiosity—the tear ducts, the heart-strings of the patrons—telling as it does the tale of a gangster's widow who, through pluck and courage, lifts herself into the good graces of three admirers, her employer, a rich ne'er-do-well and a bounding newspaper man. These men all need her. The story is a companion piece to the gangster formula—showing a crook's regeneration. Here the girl goes through the same evolution—and as she makes good her character develops apace. Naturally such a story permits Miss Davis to run the full gamut of expression—calling for self-sacrifice, pride, pity, hatred, love and the spiritual glow. Her portrayal equals anything she has ever done on the screen—and should entitle her to rank as one of the best emotional actresses—if not the best. Rounding out a fine cast are Henry Fonda, Anita Louise, Ian Hunter—and a host of others. Mark it down as well worth your while.—*Warner Bros.*

IT'S ALL YOURS

—AAA—



A comedy bordering on farce is unfolded here which can be catalogued as smart, sophisticated and gay. Projecting a fluffy story of a playboy's plight when left penniless by his uncle's will (the old boy had left most of his fabulous estate to his secretary) it speeds along gingerly as farce-comedies should do if the twists and turns are to develop perfectly. So what? So the youth, to reap some of the wealth, becomes a secretary to the former secretary. This is all interspersed with much by-play carried out briskly by Mischa Auer as a fortune-hunting baron. He, it is, who instructs the heroine (Madeleine Carroll) in the technique of love. A Cinderellish role, she makes the most of her scenes. And Francis Lederer as the luckless nephew shows a fine comedy sense which is balanced with fine restraint. He plays it more straight than humorous. The entire cast does a neat job. It is smartly mounted, well photographed, ably directed. And offers a grand hour at your theatre.—*Columbia.*

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!

The Kid Himself

[*Continued from page 73*]

the white sweater that day and who got the blue shirt, had his family at the breaking point and beyond it.

Not to Wayne's face would Dick admit it (rather would he die first) but to his friends the kid brother boasts of Wayne's screen accomplishments. Wearing the actor's necktie while doing it, too.

THERE is none of the bored, ultra-sophisticated youth about young Morris. He has none of Tyrone Power's worldly knowing or Bob Taylor's bored bewilderment. The utter boyishness of him would warm even the coldest of hearts. Look how proudly he displays the sheriff's badge he carries with him. "And see," he points out, "it has an 'A' on it, which brands it as a real one. Not a 'phoney'."

He has a way of throwing up his head like a young stag at bay. A wise crack, a suspicion of a slam or unadulterated kidding brings up that blonde mane with a quick, sudden jerk. He realizes, mind you, that he's on the receiving end. But he knows how to take it.

He carries a two dollar bill around in his purse for good luck. Claims he's a terrible dancer and probably is. Wayne isn't exactly the rhumba type, if you know what I mean. The roller-coaster at the beach is his idea of spending a grand evening with a girl. After a nice dinner of steak and potatoes, of course. He wouldn't give two cents for candy or ice cream, or liver either, if you want to go into the liver end of things.

We won't mention names, but on that set of *Submarine D 1* there comes every day a certain beautiful young actress, just to stand and look at the tall blond giant of *Kid Galahad*. "You like him, don't you?" a studio friend once asked. Her eyes quickly brimmed with tears. "I'm crazy about him," she whispered, "but he doesn't even know I'm living."

WE ASKED him about his ideal girl. That head jerked back and he looked at us long and seriously. To see if we were kidding, you see, or on the level. Obviously, what he saw satisfied him, for he said, with boyish backwardness, "Olivia de Havilland." And something in the way he said it told us that Wayne had let us in on a secret.

His idea of a joke is to call after a pal, "Hey, do you like that suit better than the ones they're wearing this year?"

Even as he is proving, day by day, that he can take Hollywood's rebuffs and criticisms, he proved his true worth before the world's toughest audience. It happened while he was on location in San Diego. After a day's shooting near the waterfront, Wayne and a friend entered a joint frequented by sailors off Uncle Sam's ships. Wayne stepped up among the sailors and ordered a glass of buttermilk. If he had said "dynamite" the silence couldn't have been thicker.

"Say, ain't you a movie actor?" one demanded. Wayne admitted he was. "What about a speech?" another suggested. And the cry was taken up. Nothing daunted, Wayne (with neither profile nor curly locks) stepped up and spoke as one boy to another.

Those sailors reached out and took young Morris right to their hearts. He was theirs and they were his—a man among men from that moment on. And to prove their affection, the navy neither smiled nor sneered when young Morris upped his glass of buttermilk.

"It takes the navy to know a real guy when they see one, even if Hollywood doesn't," his friend mumbled.









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The new HOLD-BOB WAVESET PINS are the very smartest way to keep your waves fresh and deeply set. They are curved to fit the head and hold with just the right amount of pressure. Three sizes—Small, Medium and Large.

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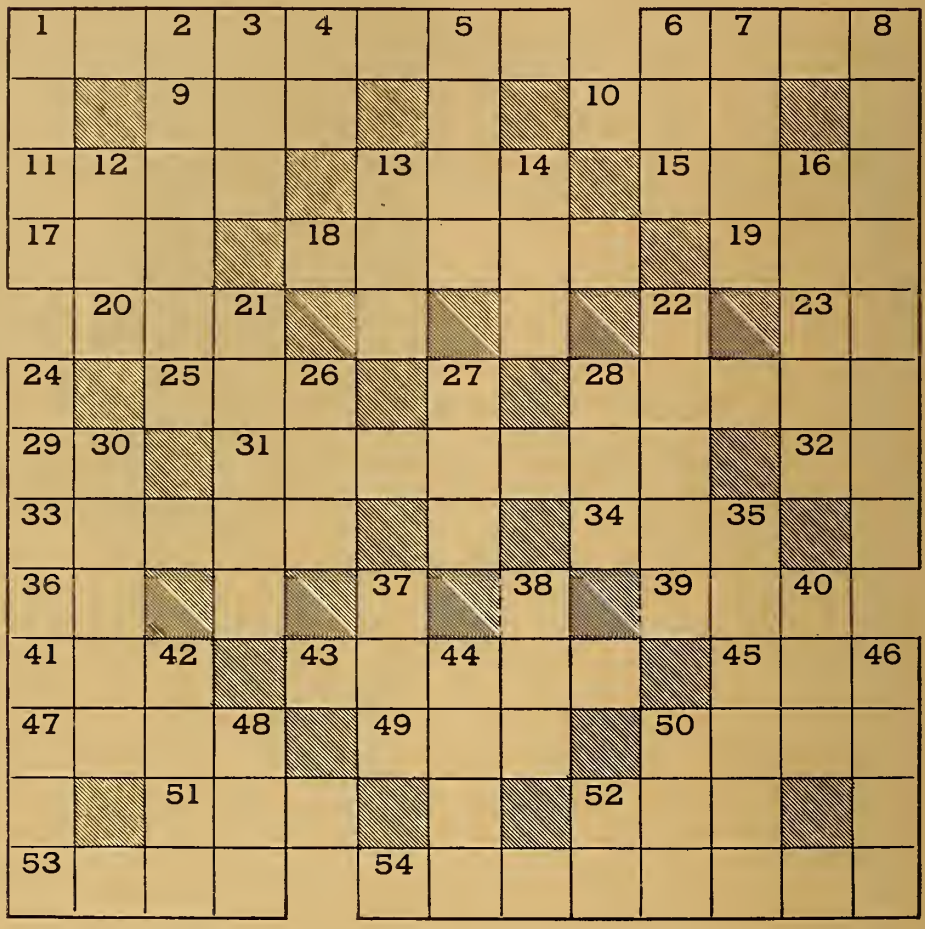


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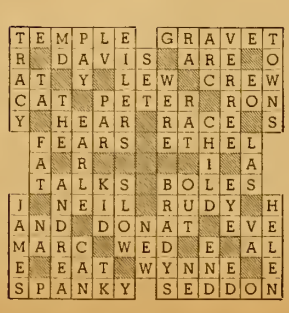
ACROSS

1. The late Jean Harlow's last *film*
6. —— *Is My Affair*
9. Bob Burn's native state (abbr.)
10. —— *Many Wives*
11. First name of Mr. Blore, comedian
13. *They Gave* —— *a Gun*
15. Remember —— Negri?
17. Many winter scenes are filmed at — Valley, Idaho
18. He was *Joe Jenkins* in *Pick a Star*
19. Date in December on which Victor McLaglen was born
20. Frances Farmer was *The Toast of* —— *York*
23. Eleanore Whitney's initials
25. Color of lipstick worn by feminine stars
28. Hero of *Forlorn River*
29. *It's Love* —— *After*
31. Male lead in *It's All Yours*
32. Sue Carol's initials
33. *Boswell* in *Rhythm in the Clouds*
34. Whose role was that of window washer in *Blonde Trouble?*
36. Irene Dunne's native state (abbr.)
39. Eddie Cantor's latest is — *Baba Goes to Town*
41. *Make Way* — *Tomorrow*
43. He co-stars with Carole Lombard in *Nothing Sacred*
45. This organ enables one to enjoy sound films
47. Descriptive of speaking roles
49. Kitty Clancy, seen in *Midnight Madonna,* is one
50. Steffi's surname
51. You saw her opposite Kent Taylor in *Love in a Bungalow*
52. —— *Them Live*
53. *Mr.* —— *Takes the Air*
54. Joan Crawford's husband

DOWN

1. —— *No Lady*
2. A star of *The Emperor's Candlesticks*
3. Kind of lights used on movie sets
4. Tom Keene's initials
5. *Cynthia* in *Artists and Models*
6. —— *of the Town*
7. Cowboy star
8. Hollywood's latest *Stella Dallas*
12. *Love on the* ——
13. His last name is Roach
14. *The League of Frightened* ——
16. Villain's side glances
21. Feminine lead in *The Frame-up*
22. *Violet* in *Vogues of 1938*
24. Recent bride of Buddy Rogers
26. *Margaret* in *Souls at Sea*
27. His last name is Ritter
28. *Michael Balk* in *The Last Train from Madrid*
30. City official such as Frank M. Thomas portrayed in *You Can't Beat Love*
35. Jack Oakie was *Super* ——
37. Hero of *San Quentin*
38. What motion picture stars must do
40. *Lloyd Rogers* in *That Certain Woman*
42. Famous fan dancer whom you've seen in films
44. To make a sound like M-G-M's Leo
46. *Powdah* in *Souls at Sea*
48. Billie Burrud is one
50. Sally Eilers was born in this month (abbr.)
52. Lloyd Nolan' initials

Last Month's Solution



Solving The Mystery of Brian Aherne

[*Continued from page* 46]

He laughed. He laughs a great deal. "Don't you think an actor has to be a little mysterious? I had six interviews last year. Isn't that enough? Have another biscuit—cookie, I mean. We call them biscuit in England."

Now Aherne has plenty of British class, and I was curious to know if he has ever been broke and hungry.

"Certainly," he said. "I went on the stage because I was broke, down to a few pennies, and couldn't get any other job. For two years after I left Malvern College I worked for a firm of West African merchants in Liverpool. Then I lost my humble position —I was a bookkeeper—and went to London in search of another. It was in 1922, at the height of the post-war depression in England. No job of any kind was available. In desperation I went to the office of a theatrical agent, with the idea of earning a few pounds by acting until I found a real job.

"'Have you done any acting?' the agent asked me.

"'Oh, yes, a lot,' I said. I had grown up in a theatrical atmosphere, as my mother was a member of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre Company. But my acting experience was limited to school dramatics.

"'Listen," he said, 'can you run?'

"I told him I was one of the fastest runners at Malvern.

"'Then run like hell to the Savoy Theatre,' he advised me. 'They are looking for a young chap to play in *Paddy, The Next Best Thing*. A very small role.'

"I started for the door. 'Wait a minute!' he shouted. 'How much do you want?' 'Eight pounds a week,' I shouted back. 'Good God, that's too much money. But anyhow you tell them eight pounds a week and shut your mouth tight.' I ran like hell to the theatre and got the job, and have been a professional actor since then."

"WHAT was your school ambition?" I asked him.

"To leave school." He smiled.

"You didn't aspire to an acting career?"

"No."

"Now that you're an actor, and a famous one at that, what's your great ambition?"

"I am not ambitious. I like to play parts that interest me, and enjoy life as much as I can. I am afraid you will find very little of a personal nature about me that would make what you writers call good copy, but my career has been interesting, to me at least. I have played on three continents, Europe, Australia, America, all kinds of parts. I was a star in British films during the silent days. I refused Hollywood offers for nearly ten years before I came here. I was anxious to get experience and lay the proper foundation for my career, as I have always believed it to be a mistake for an actor to capitalize on his youthful appearance. I think an actor should be at his best between 40 and 50. It is then, if he has developed properly, that he should have something to give to the public. I don't believe in snatching at immediate profits.

"Suppose I had come here ten years ago," he added. "I had numerous offers. I am sure I would have been finished by now, and missed the opportunities for developing myself which I have enjoyed. I have never envied the position of youthful stars who are



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The Three Ordeals of Woman

1. *Passing from girlhood into womanhood.*
2. *Preparing for Motherhood.*
3. *Approaching "Middle Age."*

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

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mobbed by the feminine public wherever they go. That sort of success doesn't appeal to me at all."

THERE isn't another player in Hollywood who has such a combination of qualities for ruling the romantic roost as Brian Aherne. He has what it takes—looks, youth, sophistication, and real acting ability. He has a fatal charm for women of all ages and classes, and men don't resent him. Yet he has been very casual about his screen career. *The Great Garrick* is his first picture in Hollywood in more than two years. When I asked him why he doesn't make more pictures, he said:

"Twice Irving Thalberg tried to sign me to a term contract, but I refused. He told me if I would only sign a term contract with him and settle down in Hollywood he would make me a very great star. But signing a term contract meant signing away my freedom, and it was also against my best professional judgment.

"One day Thalberg told me, 'Brian, I'm going to find an extravagant wife for you. Then you'll get on your knees and beg me to sign you to a term contract. You wait and see! I'll fix you!'

"He asked his secretary to get Norma Shearer on the phone. 'I want you to find a wife for Brian Aherne,' he told Norma. 'One who has very expensive tastes and doesn't know the value of the dollar.' I could hear Norma's voice and laughter coming over the wire. I said to Thalberg: 'Find me a wife like Norma, and I'll marry her in a jiffy.' I left his office still a free man." He chuckled merrily to himself.

"Don't you believe in marriage?" I ventured to ask him.

"I believe in marriage with all my heart."

"Why haven't you married then?"

"Oh, I don't know. It hasn't worked out yet. One must marry young, when adjustments are easy to make."

HE TALKED as if he were no longer young. As a matter of fact he was born in 1902, and looks even younger than he is. He has that irresistible combination of a boyish face with intellectual maturity and romantic sophistication which women find so disturbing.

I asked him about Merle Oberon, to whom, according to published reports, he was recently very attentive in London. Is it a romance? "I am very fond of Miss Oberon," he said. "She is a remarkable girl." But that was all he would admit. His current romantic interest seems to be Olivia de Havilland, who plays opposite him in *The Great Garrick*. "Isn't she a sweet girl?" he asked me. "So unspoiled, so charming. The other day we celebrated her 21st birthday. We had a large cake with 21 candles. I sent her flowers."

Brian Aherne has the right slant on this business of acting. Living and acting are intimately bound with each other, and the latter cannot exist without the former. So many actors in Hollywood stop living once they get their share of the movie coin. But Aherne wants to live, as a citizen of the world, and interpreter of mankind.

"As I see it," he explained, "I have two duties as an actor. First, to live life fully, to foster experiences not generally known to other people, and to understand all types of men. Acting begins with living. In order to reproduce the emotions of someone else, you must have experienced them yourself. Otherwise your acting will be mechanical, will lack the vital and creative emotional spark.

"Secondly, to be able to convey to others what I have done, seen, felt, experienced, to infect them—that's the word, infect them—with the emotions of the man I am portraying, emotions which I have experienced myself. I'm afraid I sound didactic and pontifical, but this is really my credo as an actor, and I try to conform my life to it.

"The actor, like the novelist, must have plenty of material drawn from life to work on. I scored my first success on the stage as *Langford* in *White Cargo*. To this day it remains my favorite stage role. Well, I knew how to play *Langford* because I had



Brian Aherne is an aviator as well as movie star—and when it comes to tinkering with his plane he is as good a mechanic as he is an actor. Here we find him tuning up his plane while "grounded" during the filming of Warner's *The Great Garrick*

met his prototypes when I worked for that firm of West African merchants. I had met many men, broken in body and spirit, returning to England from the outposts of the British Empire in Africa and the East. I myself was being trained for service in Africa—the British colonies on the Gold Coast. I lost my job because I didn't care to desert civilization for the jungles."

HE INTENDS to continue dividing his time between the stage and screen. It is the stage that gives him real artistic satisfaction, but he is fully aware of the merits of the screen. "I don't think any actor can afford to disregard the cinema today," he stated firmly. "It's doing unique and extraordinary things, beyond the scope of the stage. The screen has strangled the stage, perhaps not for the worst."

He explained that the technique of screen acting is entirely different from stage acting. "On the stage, you have to stand on your own feet, and are under the responsibility of dealing with a living audience, directly, with an audience that says in that silent and powerful language which all actors understand: 'Make us laugh, make us cry, make us happy, make us sad.' It's a wonderful stimulus. I miss this emotional communication with a living audience when I am acting before a camera and microphone.

"In screen acting, you have to do your work piece-meal, distracted by various noises and innumerable interruptions. And you are a puppet on the screen, created by the director, cameraman, sound engineer, cutter, film editor. When I go to see my pictures, I wonder, is that man me? I hate his voice, manners, everything about him. On the stage, you don't see yourself."

His favorite screen role is *Lewis Dodd* in the British production of *The Constant Nymph*. He enjoyed also *What Every Woman Knows* with Helen Hayes and *I Live My Life* with Joan Crawford. His favorite actress is Garbo, and screen actor, Cagney.

Born with a yen for vagabondage, he wouldn't live permanently in Hollywood, or anywhere else, for that matter. His passion for travel has taken him on tours of exploration in France, Italy, Germany, Australia, Ceylon and other parts of the world.

"Bob Taylor had his buttons torn off when he went to Honolulu," he said, "but they don't bother me when I travel, except when people mistake me for Gary Cooper, as they sometimes do. Naturally, I am flattered. I admire him very much."

He advanced his ability to travel unmolested and really study the countries he visits as another argument against sensational stardom. Fame is a good thing, but too much of it becomes a terrible burden.

HE THOROUGHLY enjoys his periodic visits to Hollywood. He likes the movie crowd. "You hear all kinds of stories about the stars being temperamental and impossible. But I have found extraordinarily nice people in all branches of the motion picture industry." He has inherited from his father, who is an architect and typical country squire, a love for attractive homes and outdoor life. He rents a house in Beverly Hills, with a garden and swimming pool. He has a secretary and two servants.

"I'm sick of hotels. I like to be able to go into a kitchen and cook something I like. What attracts me most about Hollywood is the opportunity it offers for a healthy outdoor life. I don't do anything special to keep fit. On my days off I am likely to play tennis or golf, or pilot my plane. I'm very keen on flying." He drives a big con-

[*Continued on page* 100]

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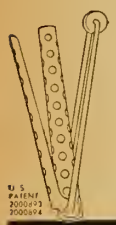
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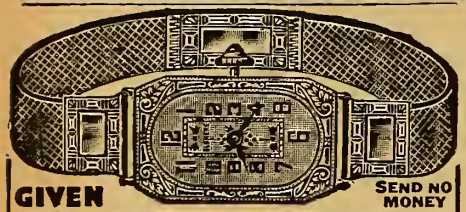
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Simple As Pie

[*Continued from page 63*]

days and events, and have idealized them through sentiment! But I see that we must get back to our pies . . .

POINTERS ON PASTRY

1. Sift dry ingredients together.
2. "Cut in" chilled shortening.
3. Add ice water, sparingly, to moisten.
4. Do not handle dough more than necessary.
5. Chill ball of dough before rolling.
6. Roll out dough lightly.
7. Fit dough into pie plate and let it relax.
8. Pat bottom pastry with ball of dough to exclude air.
9. Trim lower crust, moisten, and adjust top crust over filling.
10. Fold top crust under lower crust, and seal edges with fork tines.

If you follow these ten points, how can you fail?

Now for a single lesson in technique:

THE "HOW" OF PASTRY

2½ cups sifted pastry flour
1 teaspoon salt
¾ cup vegetable shortening
5 tablespoons (about) ice water

Sift flour and salt together in mixing bowl. Add ½ of the shortening to flour, and "cut in" either with 2 case-knives or a wire pastry blender, continuing until the mixture looks like fine meal. Add remaining shortening and continue cutting until particles are size of navy beans. Sprinkle water, 1 tablespoon at a time, over dough. Work lightly together until all particles are moistened and in small lumps. Press dampened particles together into ball. Do not handle much. Wrap ball of dough in waxed paper and chill 3 hours or more in refrigerator. Dust wooden board lightly with flour. Roll out dough to ⅛-inch thick. Follow through as directed above. (Makes 2-crust pastry for 9-inch pie.)

MASTER RECIPES FOR VARIOUS PASTRY

Single-Crust Pastry: 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup shortening, 4-6 tablespoons water.

Double-Crust Pastry: 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, ⅔ cup shortening, 6-8 tablespoons water.

Crumbly Crust: Sift flour and salt. *Do not chill shortening.* Cut in very finely and add only enough cold water to hold mixture together.

Flaky Crust: Sift flour and salt. *Chill shortening.* Cut in shortening coarsely. Add ice water to hold mixture together.

FROM here on the technique is the same for all pastry: On slightly floured board, roll out pastry ⅛-inch thick. For *unbaked* pastry, line pie pan with pastry and trim edges; for *baked* pastry, cover inverted pie pan, baking crust on outside of pan for 15 minutes, hot oven (450° F). For a 2-crust pastry, bake entire pie 10 minutes, hot oven (450° F), then reduce heat to moderate (350° F), and continue baking until filling is done.

And now for some additional pointers: If the pastry shell bubbles and becomes uneven after baking, it is probably because the pastry was not "pricked" sufficiently to allow the air bubbles to escape easily. So prick entire surface of dough with fork before fitting into pie pan. For the same reason, prick the top crust. Always pour filling into shell when filling is cool or almost cold, so that there is least chance for the liquid to seep into the lower crust. Or, brush lower crust with unbeaten egg white, and set in oven 3 minutes to glaze egg, remove and pour in filling. Always allow dough to "relax" in pan, before trimming edge of crust. Shake pan up and down to settle dough and exclude all possible air. *Let stand at least 5 minutes to prevent shrinkage.* Many short or uneven crusts are due to failure on this score. Trim pastry ½-inch larger than pie pan, and turn back to make an upright rim. Flute or twist rim with finger and thumb. A built-up crust with fluted rim is particularly nice for fruit and custard pies.

NOW with all this information on hand, shall we bake a pie together? Here's one that would make any husband's mouth water:

PECAN CARAMEL PIE

⅓ cup butter or shortening
½ cup light brown sugar
1 cup pecans, chopped
3 eggs, well beaten
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup light corn syrup
½ cup milk
½ teaspoon vanilla
Unbaked pastry shell

Cream shortening, add sugar, and cream together until fluffy and light. Add chopped nuts. Combine eggs, salt, syrup, milk and vanilla, and beat thoroughly. Add to sugar mixture, and blend well. Pour into unbaked shell. Bake 10 minutes, hot oven (425° F), then reduce to moderate (325° F) for 30 minutes longer. Chill. If desired, cover top with sweetened whipped cream, and sprinkle lightly with minced pecans.

Since Thanksgiving is already in the air, and pumpkin is a traditional holiday pie filling, what about trying the following new and interesting use of pumpkin? Note this pie is baked in a shallow square pan so that it may be cut into squares instead of the usual wedges:

COCOANUT PUMPKIN PIE

1 cup cream
½ cup sugar
2 cups canned pumpkin
2 teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon mace
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
⅛ teaspoon cloves
¼ teaspoon ginger
½ teaspoon cinnamon
2 teaspoons vanilla
1 cup moist shredded cocoanut
3 eggs, well beaten
Single crust pastry

Combine cream, sugar and pumpkin, and blend well. Add, salt, spices and

vanilla, and ½ cup cocoanut. Add eggs, and mix thoroughly. Line shallow square glass baking pan with pastry, and pour in filling. Bake 20 minutes, hot oven (450° F), then reduce heat to moderate (325° F) and bake about 45 minutes longer or until firm. Sprinkle with remaining ½ cup cocoanut, and brown lightly. Serve in squares topped with whirl of cranberry jelly.

A FRUITY filling is always especially welcome in winter when fruits are less abundant. The following recipe uses grapefruit in a very delicious way, and note that you don't have to cook the filling. Made with sweetened condensed milk, the filling thickens itself to a rich custard. Only the shell is baked, so just try it!

GRAPEFRUIT CREAM REFRIGERATOR PIE

1⅓ cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk
¼ cup orange juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ cup canned grapefruit juice
2 cups canned grapefruit pulp, drained and diced
1 teaspoon grated grapefruit or orange rind
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon melted butter
2 egg yolks, well beaten
Baked pastry shell
Whipped cream
Whole canned grapefruit sections
Maraschino cherries

Blend together milk, fruit juices, pulp and rind, salt, butter and beaten yolks, and mix thoroughly. Chill. Pour into 10-inch baked pastry shell with fluted built-up rim. Cover with sweetened whipped cream. Garnish with radiating "star" or grapefruit sections, and stick cherries around edge. Chill before serving.

WHEN TARTS ARE TRUMPS

WHEN tarts are trumps, any menu becomes a holiday one. A tart is, of course, a little pie, and quite fun to make with assorted fillings and garnishes. The professional pastry cook uses individual fluted pans of tin which are usually 3 inches across. Therefore cut out 5-inch rounds of rolled pastry and fit dough over *outside* of pan. Press a second pan down over the first, and bake thus, double, for 5 minutes in a very hot oven. This insures a perfectly shaped tart. Then remove top pan and continue baking at lower heat until delicately browned.

Another method is to shape the rolled dough over the backs of muffin tins, custard cups or any small molds, and bake. Always press dough tightly against pan, pleating excess paste if necessary to tailor a tight fit.

Here's a recipe for mince tarts which, dusted with powdered sugar, will certainly grace any holiday table:

MINCEMEAT CUSTARD TARTS

1 package (9-ounce) dry mincemeat
½ cup apricot or prune juice
½ cup sweetened condensed milk
2 eggs, well beaten
2 tablespoons molasses
Individual Baked Tart Shells
Almond or Walnut Halves or Candied Cherries

Break mincemeat into pieces and add cold water. Place over heat and stir until lumps are thoroughly broken up. Bring to boil and cook briskly 3 minutes or until mixture is practically dry. Cool. Blend together milk, eggs, molasses. Add cooled mincemeat, and mix. When cold, pour into pastry shells and bake, moderate oven, until custard is set. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and garnish with nutmeats or candied fruits.

ONCE you get to working with paste, there's a lot of fun to be had in making a craft of it. Thus, cut lattice strips to fit over a fruit pie with rich color, such as cranberry, plum or huckleberry. From the rolled dough cut a turkey shape and adjust in center of cranberry or mince pies for Thanksgiving. For Christmas pies, cut out paste to resemble bells, Christmas tree or stars. Quite a bit of skillful design can go into this Kitchen Kraft. Make tarts each with a star of pastry on top, or use nutmeats, candied citron or fruit peel as garnish.

Here's wishing you, dear Mrs. Davis, and all other readers, "that perfect pie."

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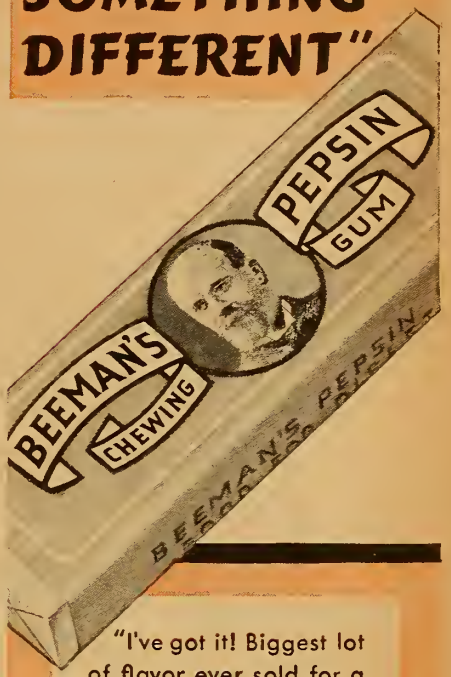
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Eye Care for You

[*Continued from page* 59]

so that it will leave no traces. First, place hot, damp cloths over the skin to open the pores. Then grip your tweezers firmly and pull each hair with a lightning-like motion, in the direction in which it grows. You won't feel it, there will be no irritation of the pore pocket, no "replacing of divots." After removing the hairs, apply a bit of antiseptic solution to prevent infection, then a soothing cream.

THE fourth step-by-step picture of Mary shows her applying a special cream to stimulate the growth of her brows and lashes. This can be applied with the fingertip, but it's more satisfactory to use a generous-sized brush as Mary does. You get the preparation more evenly distributed, and closer to the base of the hairs, when you use a brush. And the friction involved in the brushing makes the brows and lashes grow faster, keeps them silky, healthy and burnished looking—just as brushing has a beneficial effect on your hair. . . . Also, when the brows or lashes are rather straight and stubborn and inclined to shoot off in the wrong directions, this brushing helps to train them in the way they should grow. Many a movie star has acquired her beautifully arched brows by dint of much brushing.

There's nothing that spoils the finished effect of make-up, hairstyle and frock so much as a film of face powder left in the lashes and brows or on the eyelids. It gives the eyes an old, tired look, takes away any natural beauty they may have. So, even if you don't choose to use eye make-up frequently, please don't fail to use a clean brush to go over your brows and lashes at the last minute, after you have applied powder, rouge and lipstick.

WITH all her preliminary eye-work done, Mary Maguire is ready for the crowning touch—the application of shadow, pencil and mascara, in that order. These cosmetics must be applied according to the individual need, so it is useless for me, in this limited space, to try to give all the rules. If you are struggling unhappily with problems of eye make-up, write to me for some personalized advice on the subject, describing your eyes, lashes and brows in detail, as well as the shape and size of your eyes, the general contours of your face. Because Mary's eyes are strikingly beautiful in themselves, she places most stress on their care and grooming, uses cosmetics with a light touch. Just tips the lashes with cream mascara, blends a bit of shadow evenly along the full length of her upper lid and extends her eyebrows at the very ends with pencil, blurred slightly.

To begin at the beginning of eye essentials, I must tell you about the bath for your eyes that makes them feel grand and look oh! so clear and bright. It is made by a large pharmaceutical house that turns out products noted for their effectiveness and their complete lack of frills, and comes in a simple, tall blue bottle with a light, metal eye cup. You fill the cup half full of the water-like fluid, place it snugly over your eye, and let the cleansing liquid wash over the eyeball soothingly. It is ideal for use after you have motored, read, sewed or typed over-long, sat in smoke-filled rooms or otherwise abused your eyes. Costs about 50 cents and is on sale at most drug stores.

Another eye care item you should use faithfully is a new eye cream designed to keep the fine skin around the eyes smooth and unlined. . . . Its soft, creamy consistency helps it to spread easily and become absorbed quickly. This cream, which comes in an attractive dressing-table jar with rose and silver accents, is both for day and night use. It should be applied liberally at night to smooth away lines while you sleep and on the upper eyelids during the daytime, to protect the delicate skin and give a moist look to the lids. Try smoothing a bit of this cream on the lid before using the shadow—for ease of application and a more lustrous effect. Costs one dollar.

For the times you do not want to use mascara on your lashes or brows, there is a preparation with a dual purpose. . . . It is a rich, brown cream that promotes the growth of the lashes and brows and, at the same time, darkens them slightly and gives them a silky-smooth sheen. You can apply it with your fingertip, then brush the lashes and brows to distribute it evenly, and separate each hair. A small jar that seems to last forever costs $1. Want the name?

But for those moments of glamour, when you want to cut quite a figure, use mascara. . . . I can recommend one of the creamy type that goes on easily (without benefit of water) and stays on through the most hilarious evening. It comes in black, brown and dark blue and has undergone some dressing-up lately. The silvery tube is much fatter (although still only 50 cents) and is enclosed in a smart, new purse container of silk that has a trick slide fastener.

BUT in Hollywood there are four brothers who have made a name for themselves as make-up experts—those wizards who glorify the faces of pretty movie stars and beautify the faces of stars who aren't much to look at in their natural condition. . . . After several years of this, the brothers started out on their own in a swank beauty salon and now, I am delighted to report, they have put a complete line of toiletries on the national market. I won't go into detail now about each of the preparations, except to say that they are exquisitely packaged and do what they're supposed to, for your skin. Two of the items, which fit into a discussion of eye make-up, are a long and inexhaustible eyebrow pencil and some slick eye shadows—both in the green and gold decor of the entire line. The pencil comes in black, light brown and dark brown and the shadow in blue, gray, light brown and dark brown—all of them non-streaky. The booklet put out by these brothers, telling how to make-up according to the shape of your face, is one of the most truly helpful I have ever seen. Makes fascinating and constructive reading.

Although it's off the beaten track of eye make-up, I feel impelled to tell you about a new vanishing lotion for keeping the hands lovely. With winter coming on apace, and cold weather robbing your hands of their softness, you might want to try it. It's a pale orchid in color, and almost as thin as water, requiring no tedious rubbing to make it vanish magically into the surface skin. Comes in a distinctive bottle that is copied from an old Colonial bottle now in a museum; a graceful looking hand is blown into the bottle itself, a novel and interesting conceit. . . . The five ounce bottle, which comes with a foolproof applicator, costs 59 cents. There are smaller bottles for 39 cents and ten cents, if you want to test it.

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 18]

would learn to love her. Purcell wired back immediately that he was leaving on his honeymoon. He hopes the gag works, but he's watching each train and each communication from Kansas City with no little concern.

• • •

YOU all (as they say down in the South) gotta surprise when Tallulah Bankhead up and married the other day. Talloo says it is the first and last time. The benedict is John Emery, a stage actor who has been associated with Katherine Cornell. He also appeared in a small role in M-G-M's *Parnell*. . . . The happy couple flew from New York to Talloo's home town, Jasper, Alabama, where the bride was given away by her father, William B. Bankhead, speaker of the House of Representatives. Immediately after the ceremony the bridalites flew to La Bankhead's Connecticut home for a honeymoon of two weeks before they go into rehearsal for Tallulah's new stage venture, *Anthony and Cleopatra*.

• • •

JUDY CANOVA, radio star, who talks and sings the hill-billy stuff, says as how she refuses to play second fiddle to a dummy. She was referring to Charlie McCarthy. Judy and Charlie's mouthpiece, Edgar Bergen, were that way about each other. But Judy claimed that all Edgar talked about was Charlie. Judy agrees with W. C. Fields—that Charlie should go to a sawmill and let a buzz-saw cut him into small pieces.

• • •

DORIS DUDLEY, who divides her time between stage and screen, is now jiggling a bassinet. A son was born to her August 29. She is the wife of Jack Jenkins.

• • •

CLARA BOW, erstwhile "It" girl, and her husband, Rex Bell, have taken over the Cinebar Hollywood Nitery, and after decking it out in new thisa and thata are calling it the "It."

• • •

REMEMBER Mae Marsh of the silent pictures, who bounded to fame in *The Birth of a Nation*? After being married for twenty years to Lee Arms, she went to Reno the other day. But doesn't admit seeking a divorce.

AND there's Alice White, who after a marriage of several years, is seeking a divorce from writer-husband, Cy Bartlett.

• • •

THE Don Ameches are expecting a precious lil package from old Doc. Stork.

• • •

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS and his missus (the former Lady Ashley) have sailed for Europe. It was a "hail and farewell" for him just before he sailed. He says he is through with movie acting, the years having caught up with him as a player of those heroic-adventure roles which made him the Gable-Taylor of his day a few years ago. He prefers to let his son, Doug, Jr., carry on.

• • •

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN and her hubby, John Farrow, finally got away on that belated honeymoon, both heading for London via way of Quebec. Maureen had a flock of luggage—almost as many pieces as John Montague, the phantom golfer, when he returned to the Adirondacks. Which reminds us that when she first arrived in New York from Ireland a few years ago, she had but one trunk. . . . The reason that Joan Bennett didn't appear in summer stock in the East is that by the time plans were made the summer season was over. So she returned to Hollywood and movies. . . .



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Woodman, Spare That McCarthy

[*Continued from page 57*]

rascally Charlie and his boss for four pictures, the first to start in January and to be, perhaps, the story of Bergen's life. There will be another the same year, and then one a year for two years after that.

BERGEN is amused at all the fuss a wooden dummy and himself are causing. "It's something new, this tremendous adulation, isn't it?" we asked him. Blue-eyed, tallish, slim, with the impassiveness of the Swede, he shook his head. "It's always been like this," he told us. "Maybe not so extreme, but nevertheless it's not entirely new." If our remark sounded like *lese majeste* it was not intended that way. Bergen, tired from the two-a-nights at the Cocoanut Grove, rigorous rehearsals for the Sunday coffee show, managerial-studio conferences, let it pass without further comment.

Edgar John has been at the business of entertaining the public by projecting his voice for nearly twenty years. He put himself through college, or rather Charlie did. The humorous splinter is exactly seventeen years old, one-half of his *alter ego's* present age. Bergen keeps him mentally fourteen, and a precocious fourteen at that. Charlie's first incarnation was a tough school-boy in a baseball player's suit.

He came nearer being the exact counterpart of the little gutter newsboy that he was modeled after in this earlier phase, "but he grew English after awhile," says Bergen. "A top hat, white tie, tails and a monocle." Observers will note that Charlie's voice did not adopt an Oxonian accent despite his change of character. Perhaps it is just as well.

It has been told that Charlie Mack, a skilled wood-carver, made him after Bergen's specifications. The newsboy was Irish. From this combination came the mighty mite's name. Today his personality is such that thirteen-inch "Charlie McCarthy" dolls are made in his likeness, "Charlie McCarthy" jewelry is about to make its appearance, he is willed $10,000 in Bergen's last testament (to make hospital and orphanage appearances after his creator's death), children are told to take their medicine and eat their spinach "because Charlie McCarthy wants you to."

He gets fan mail, presents, advertisements, goes to premieres, meets Shirley Temple; is, in every sense, a living personality, with one exception. He sleeps in a felt-lined (green) box and not in a satin-upholstered bed like other stars. Half of the fan-mail that comes to Mr. Bergen is addressed to Charlie. Children worship him. So do aged women. His patter makes their hearts go pitter-patter. He gets boutonnieres and mash notes, and his most recent gift is a foot-and-a-half square scenic view made of inlaid woods. A dentist changed his office hours to be able to hear him on the air, and another dentist asked the privilege of examining his teeth, not knowing that Charlie stemmed from the dark forests and not the chemical combinations of man.

CHARLIE'S meeting with Shirley Temple is perhaps the most noteworthy event of his career, although Edgar Bergen cherishes his talk with Chaplin, at the Grove, as the highlight of his Hollywood visit. "There I was, sitting at the same table with him and talking with him," Bergen tells in honest delight. "When I was a kid in Decatur, Michigan, running the projection machine in the little theatre that was only open three nights a week, I used to polish the machine and give all Charles Chaplin's films the best possible projection because I admired his work. And then to meet him . . ."

He doesn't say it. But we do. Chaplin, the master pantomimist, was meeting a craftsman as brilliant in another art as he is in silent mimicry. Mister McCarthy's meeting with *La* Temple had less epic qualities. This was a simple affair, minus any of the fanfare of publicity. It was at a private home, at dinner, and the host was a man who had met Bergen and McCarthy on a world tour (perhaps on a North Cape cruise where the ventriloquist had been guest artist), and Shirley on her first trip to Honolulu.

The little Temple was in a dither all afternoon before she was to see the lively limb of larch. At three o'clock she turned to her teacher and said, "How many hours will it be before I see Charlie?" When she did see him, after dinner, McCarthy accepted the introduction by saying: "Shirley Temple? Who is she? Never heard of her. Does she work in pictures? Probably does 'bits parts.' Does she get fan mail?" Shirley was entranced. They exchanged autographs.

"Mr. Bergen," said *La* Temple to Charlie's spirit self, "we could all go out in vaudeville together. Charlie could sit on one of your knees, I could sit on the other, and then you'd have *two* dummies!" Then, hastily thinking, Shirley added, "But I guess that's not very complimentary to me, is it?"

Knees are out, usually, with Bergen and McCarthy. This mischievous sliver sits on a high four-legged stool, such as *Scrooge's* bookkeeper used. His head, never inactive, always moving, is on the same plane as Bergen's. He is always animated, never does he go "dead," as they say in show parlance.

"Many ventriloquists boast that they can work six dummies on the stage at the same time," says Bergen, revealing a reason for Charlie's success. "They can do it, all right, but in dropping one dummy to animate another the illusion of reality is destroyed. I never let an audience see Charlie other than 'alive.' I never toss him to one side and pick up another dummy. The result is that Charlie is always a living personality to them."

During a broadcast, in a film, in a night-club appearance, Charlie is always the life of the party, even when he is not talking. He whispers into Bergen's ear, eyes the musicians, any pretty girl, grins with that trap-like mouth of his. Experienced actors may consider this "scene stealing," like fingering a handkerchief or a tie when another player has the audience's attention, but all rules are outlawed when it comes to a wooden actor.

SAM GOLDWYN will introduce Bergen and McCarthy to the screen in their first full-length film, the two-million dollar *Goldwyn Follies*, but it will not be the first time the two boys have been in the gelatins. They have made some fourteen two-reel features and if you stay for the short subjects you have probably seen *Nut Guilty*, *Double Talk* and twelve others. The dialogue for these films, as well as for his radio and night-club appearances, is written exclusively by Bergen. He likes to hie himself away to a babbling brook or a lake and

sit and meditate. From this meditation arises his incomparable witticisms. Sometimes he gets an idea—a gag idea—in the middle of the night. Later he dictates all his notes to the efficient and Irish Mary Hanrahan, his secretary.

How he built up his ideas baffled us. "I take a subject like—well, Charlie is a Boy Scout," Bergen amplifies, "and I think of all the circumstances that might arise from being a Scout. Lighting a campfire with two matches . . ." and he lapsed into sample dialogue. "Charlie says 'I lit a campfire with only one match, Mr. Bergen,' and I say 'How was that, Charlie?' and Charlie says something like 'I took the match and lighted the fire and burnt down the whole camp!'"

Not very funny, perhaps, in its rough form, but wait until it is emitted from Charlie's trap-door mouth. Bergen, incidentally, was a Boy Scout.

In 1923, after a childhood spent in adding pennies to the family purse (his first job was at fourteen selling popcorn and peanuts) Bergen entered Northwestern University at Evanston. During the four years there he studied dramatics under the direction of Dean Dennis, and Alexander Dean among other things, worked his way through school "talking from the stomach" as they say of ventriloquists.

USELESS as his dramatic lessons may have seemed to friends in those days, they may come in handy with his Universal starring contract which calls for a turn at acting. It has been proven that Bergen's trained voice is able to express all the human emotions, so why shouldn't Edgar John who is entirely personable with well-cut features and dimples become a romantic actor? Don Ameche went from radio to movie stardom on a voice. Clark Gable on dimples. There is no telling where Bergen, born February 16, and Charlie McCarthy will find themselves.

If he does, there is one thing that Bergen will demand and that is to meet Garbo, as one Swede to another. He and Charlie have met practically all the Hollywood glamour girls at the Grove and over their NBC-Chase and Sanborn broadcasts, and have found them charming—particularly Charlie. Bergen, speaking for himself, finds Hollywood's most beautiful women among her high-school students, and he deplores the super-athletics that make West Coast women of forty look much older, "and so muscular and sun-burned," he say critically.

Mister Bergen is a bachelor, so perhaps it behooves the so-called fairer sex to heed his words. As for Charlie . . . he's a bachelor, too, but he won't be for long if some of the glamour maidens (Constance Bennett, Carole Lombard) carry out their avowed threats to kidnap him.



The termite's flophouse—that's what Bill Fields calls Charlie McCarthy—turns a cold and poppy eye on his defamer. He must have cracked good and wise, for Bill looks good and sore. And Carole Lombard and Edgar Bergen say "attaboy, Charlie"

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You Can't Put Spencer Tracy Into Words

[*Continued from page* 31]

through McGill Medical, some other young man whom thanks to Spence, will write those Latin prescriptions! He's through Medical now, that young man. "He graduated with highest honors," Spencer told me proudly, "he's serving his interneship now. Smart fella . . ."

HE TOLD me about the time when he landed a job with Ethel Barrymore in *Royal Fandango* back on Broadway . . . "a critic said I looked like I'd been picked up by the property man," laughed Spence.

He always tells about how he hated school and constantly played hookey on the wrong side of the tracks, with the two adventurous sons of a South Side saloon-keeper . . . His best friend and idol was the late Will Rogers.

Yep, he holds out an honest hand to life, does Spencer. Nor would he cringe at death if death were in the cards for him. For when, recently, he went into the hospital to have a goitre removed he went as casually and with less fear, he said, than he would have felt going to his dentist. He was in top condition. The night of the operation, which took place in the early morning, Mrs. Tracy came to the hospital to see him and found him sitting up in bed eating a mammoth meal! He left the hospital at the end of five days. He looks, now, as though he had been on one of his fishing trips rather than on an operating table.

When I said to him: "How do you account for the way in which you have 'bounded ahead' these past two years?" He replied: "The breaks. The stories they've given me. Think 'em over . . . *Fury* (that was the turning point in the Tracy career) *Libeled Lady*, with Jean Harlow—no, I'll never be able to realize that she is gone—*San Francisco, Captains Courageous* and now *Big City* with Luise Rainer and *Kim* ahead, with Freddie again—well, that's the answer. Answer enough for any actor. The play's still 'the thing.' What else could anyone do but take a coupla bounds ahead with pictures like that put in your lap?"

WE WERE having tea, Spencer and I, in his portable dressing-room, on the *Big City* sound stage. And I mean *tea*. From her adjoining dressing-room Luise, also having tea, shouted in for the loan of a couple of lumps of sugar. Spencer dispatched the sugar and bellowed back, "How about a hunk o' lemon in return?" He said to me, handling the tea cup rather gingerly, with the slightly anxious air of a grizzly bear manipulating an egg-shell: "it's been a year-and-a-half yesterday since I've had anything stronger than a cup of tea. I didn't think about it. But Mrs. Tracy did. No, not even beer. Not even light wines. Nothing. And there's all the difference between night and day in the way I feel now. Everything is different. Me. Our home life. It just isn't the same at all, in any way. It's normal now. It's comfortable.

"Mrs. Tracy and the kids went to Honolulu for the summer knowing that all would be well with me. I get a kick out of life such as I never had when I was on the merry-go-round. We take long drives in the evening, Louise and I. We sit home evenings and read and talk. We plan trips. The kids and I go swimming together. And riding. There's a flavor in doing all of the so-called 'little things.' We have one or two couples in for dinner, the Walt Disneys, the Van Dykes, the Pat O'Briens. That's social life enough. We have our polo crowd, of course.

"I wish that I could write," Spencer said, "I'd like to compose something by way of a message to men who have got into ways they know are bad for them; I wish I could tell them that we can all break our bad habits if we want to—badly enough. I wish I could tell them that if we stumble it isn't because someone in back of us gives us a push. No one can 'make or break' a man, pretty legends and alibis to the contrary. No one can *make* a man do or be anything. No one can make a man a good actor or a bad actor, a dipsomaniac or a teetotaler, a good sport or a bad sport. It all comes from within. The seeds are there. I don't know, maybe the chemistry of the body changes every so often and we slough off old habits and acquire new ones. But whatever causes a man to change his ways comes from somewhere within that man himself. We can't be 'killed or cured' by anyone but ourselves. The conquests we achieve over ourselves come from within, or not at all. And what I want to say is this: *we can achieve those conquests.*"

I KNEW of what Spencer was speaking, I knew that he was speaking of the man who had been himself—the hard-working young actor with the scars of stage struggles still upon him; the young husband and father who had never had time to play and had then come to Hollywood and, for a little space of time, had got on what he always called "the merry-go-round," that mad, meretricious merry-go-round from which so few ever return. From which only the very strong ever dismount. But Spencer dismounted. Out of the ashes of his former self he has risen, as it were, a powerful Phoenix. And in his clear, honest eyes there is that which makes you proud to be a member of the human species. And very grateful that Spencer is.

"Probably," Spencer was saying, "I couldn't have done those pictures, *San Francisco, Captains Courageous* and the others, five years ago. I couldn't have been depended upon. So perhaps it's the breaks *plus* the stamina to stand by them when they come."

And now he hopes, does Spencer, that this will be the story to end all stories about the "merry-go-round" days; that it will never again be necessary to "go into that again." He has achieved his conquests. He stands squarely on the abandoned territory of the "Past." His face is set toward his future.

"But we were talking about Freddie," Spence said, "he's a swell kid, as I said. He doesn't think of himself as a little genius or anything like that. He doesn't think of himself any more than any healthy, normal kid does. He plays around on the sets, gets pig-dirty. He gets in your hair. He's always hungry. He's a real trouper, off the set as well as on. You never have to fake any scenes with Freddie. I hurt him when we were working on the ship in *Captains Courageous*. Pulled him over the side of the boat and tore the skin right off his ribs. He didn't bleat, not a bleat. He lives the character he's playing when he's playing it and forgets about it when he leaves the set.

"That's me, too," grinned Spence, "I feel the part I'm playing all right *while I'm playing it*. You've got to do that. But I can't say that I take my character home with me. I didn't think I was the Portuguese fisherman when I was at home. Say, did you hear that one about Freddie when he was playing

in *The Devil Is A Sissy? No?* Well, seems that one of the kids in the cast called Freddie a sissy, and meant it. Freddie said: 'We're working now and I can't do anything about this. But as soon as this scene is shot I'll meet you out back of the sound stage and then we'll see.' They met. And Freddie kicked hell out of the other kid!

"I DIDN'T want to play *Manuel,* you know. Fought against it like a steer. Thought the characterization would be phoney. Didn't see how the pieces would fit together. Didn't know where I could borrow an accent. I went to every picture in town where an actor might be found speaking with an accent—saw Eddie Robinson, Muni, others. Then we scoured San Diego trying to find a Portuguese sailor to use as a model for *Manuel.* Finally we found our man. The chap came to the studio to see me. He *was Manuel.* The expression in his eyes, the way he walked, the way he sat, the way he used his hands, his knowledge of boats. Then he began to talk and—*he spoke better English than I do!*

"When I asked him what he thought about my calling the kid my 'leetle feesh' he looked at me patiently and a little pityingly and said, 'do you mean *little fish,* Mr. Tracy?'

"I gave up," laughed Spence. "Then we got an educated Portuguese to advise us. He told me that if you put an Italian, a Spaniard and a Portuguese in the same room and listen to them talk with your eyes closed you can't tell which is the Portuguese, which the Italian and which the Spaniard. So I sort of made up my accent as I went along. Maybe some of it was phoney, I don't know.

"Then the hair," grinned Spence, looking

[*Continued on page* 102]



Two of Hollywood's best troupers play opposite each other in *Big City.* One is Spencer Tracy, the other Luise Rainer. Which assures the picture of perfect acting. It's a story of transportation strife with Spence as a taxi-driver and Luise as his Roumanian wife

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Hitting the Jackpot in the Gamble of Love

[*Continued from page* 51]

"Just ask for it," George urged him, and pointed out to him the many excellent features of that new dressing-room. The temptation was too great, and Bob went to the front office to see if he could get one, too. He was very apologetic about it. The front office told him the dressing-room he admired so much was his. And George, who was only gagging up on Bob, went back to his own lair on the set, which looks like a dog-house on wheels.

George lived with his sister and her husband when he was a kid, and was a schoolmate of Bob Montgomery's at Pawling. "Until I was twelve years old my burning ambition was to be a doctor," he said. "My dad had great hands for setting broken bones. He treated all kinds of injuries. He knew how to cure headaches by massaging certain muscles of the face and neck. His hands fascinated me." But by the time he was graduated from prep school his interests changed, and he wanted to be an engineer.

WHEN he went to college he enrolled in the Sheffield Scientific School. At Yale the name Murphy meant something. Old grads, many who had won their Y's, and some who didn't, who cherished the memory of his father, offered to pay his tuition, help him in other ways, but no son of Mike Murphy's could accept such favors.

"In my stubborn way I refused. I guess I'm too proud. I've been independent all my life. I don't like to be under obligation to anybody. Even today I don't owe anybody a cent."

He was a resourceful lad, and worked his way through college.

"I did all kinds of jobs. I got my meals free by waiting on tables at the "Y" Club. I signed thirty fellows for the Club, which netted me thirty dollars a week as commission. I worked for a tailor shop as its representative on the Yale campus. I knew everybody. One or two new customers meant another suit for me. I had more suits than anybody else. My employer was a good tailor. He used to make clothes for Al Jolson and Eddie Cantor. During the summer vacations I worked in an automobile factory in Detroit."

"I did all right, in a quiet way, you know." He winked. "Still water runs deep."

No great shakes as a scholar was George. But he distinguished himself in sports—track, baseball, basketball, football—and as a raconteur rated high with the campus wits. "I spent more time memorizing stories than studying my lessons," he admitted. "I got only 15 in chemistry. I was pretty fair in other subjects, but chemistry baffled me." He was a member of the Cloister Club, composed of the aristocracy of the Yale campus.

AFTER three and a half years at Yale I decided to work in a coal mine. My older brother had been in the mines for two years. I had specialized in mining engineering, and wanted to start from the bot-



No male player has taken a bigger toe-hold on Hollywood than George Murphy. He is popular with the acting gentry—as well as the props and studio workers. And his home life is ideal. Here he is with his wife—who was his former dancing partner

tom. We hoped some day to be coal operators. I worked as a loader, in a place only four-and-a-half feet high, so that you couldn't stand up. It was back-breaking labor. We went in early in the mornings and had to walk two miles to get there.

"Very few of the men I toiled with could speak English. They were Germans, Austrians, Hungarians, Bohemians, Yugo-Slavs. A tough bunch. They knew I was a college boy, and many of them resented me. They would play practical jokes. For instance, they would wire my lunch bucket, connect it with the power line, and when I picked it up I was shaken with 400 volts of electricity.

"One day I got very mad and hit the ring leader of the gang that annoyed me right on the chin. From then on they didn't bother me any more and everything was pleasant. But under their rough exteriors they were really good fellows.

"I had been five months in the mines when an accident happened that ended my mining career. One day the cable broke and a huge load of coal dropped over me. They dug me out and hauled me to a hospital. When I got back to my feet again, I went to New York to get a job. I had only seven dollars in my pocket. I arrived in New York on a Sunday morning. You know how New York is on Sundays. No chance to get a job. I was feeling pretty blue when I ran into a friend of mine, and the next morning he found a job for me as a runner in Wall Street. My pay was $12 a week.

The first thing I had to do was to go to a bank and get a certified check for a million dollars."

WHILE he was running errands in these mighty citadels of finance at $12 a week, he met a girl, Juliette Johnson, who was attending a school nearby. She was a bundle of vivacious femininity, whose acquaintance he had first made at a party in Detroit, when he was working in an automobile factory. He had put his greasy overalls away and gone to the party with a friend, wearing his best suit, and distinctly a Yale man again.

It was a big, swelegant affair. As the hostess introduced him to this girl, that winged little boy with the bow and arrow flew into the room and scored a direct hit. "It was love in bloom at first sight," George explained with a reminiscent twinkle in his eye. But their paths led in different directions, until they met again in New York.

She was studying to be a dancer and actress. She suggested that they would make a swell dance team. He scratched his ear and agreed that it wasn't a bad idea. He had always danced. And besides, a girl like her needed a strong arm to protect her in show business. Cupid listened and screeched in delight. Juliette had found her Romeo.

"We practiced three routines," George recalled, "and pestered an agent to get us an engagement. He finally got us a week's engagement, and I gave up my job in Wall Street. The George Murphy-Juliette Johnson dance team was launched."

AS THEY clattered their heels onto the floors of stages and night spots in volleys of breath-taking rhythm, or pirouetted gracefully, Cupid did somersaults above them and one day Juliette's Romeo popped the question.

"When I proposed to her we were making $150 a week jointly. It wasn't a big sum, as most of it had to be spent on clothes and shoes, but I was certainly more prosperous than in Wall Street. We had a quiet wedding, and went to work that night, billed as George and Juliette Murphy."

Impresarios of such celebrated nocturnal salons on the Gay White Way as the Montmartre, the Lido, Central Park Casino, the Club Richman, the swank Mayfair in London, the ultra-smart Opera Club in Paris, yammered and dickered for the services of this dance team, whose fame and price increased as the months rolled by. But dancing is a precarious profession, and they have been through some awfully lean periods.

"One time," George recalled, "all the night clubs in New York were closed. I took a suit to the cleaner, and on my way home, I remembered that I had forgotten a $50 bill in my coat pocket. It was all the money we had. I ran back to the cleaner, but the bill had already disappeared. He denied that he had found it. For the next three days we had to live on a few cents."

George also gained a reputation as actor and singer. In 1928, a year after his marriage, he played the juvenile lead in *Good News*. Then he performed successively in such Broadway productions as *Hold Everything, Shoot the Works, Of Thee I Sing,* and *Roberta*.

"My wife convinced me that we should come to Hollywood," George said. "I was

[*Continued on page* 104]

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Not the Type?

[*Continued from page* 40]

that swept her to Hollywood and fame. Brunette Lamour lost out. In 1931, as Miss New Orleans in a Galveston beauty contest, she lost again. It may have been then that doubt about her own beauty overtook her. The seeds of what she now, in the modern way, calls her "inferiority complex" were sown.

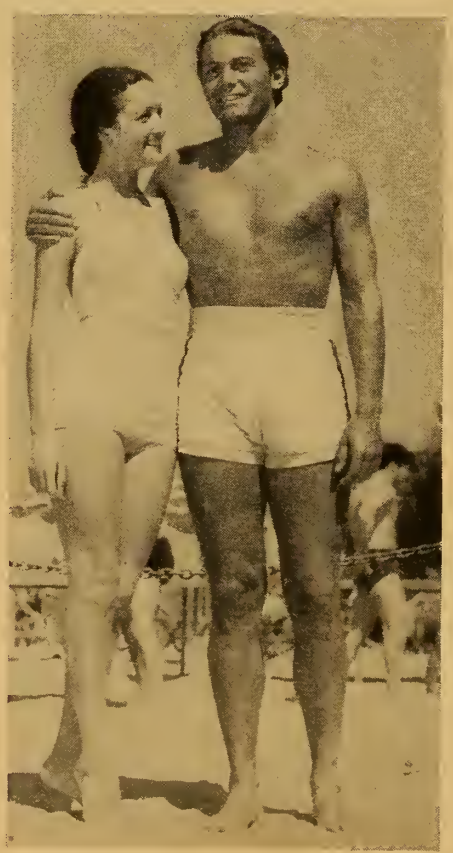
Statistics show that the lovely Lamour took the long way to fame. The road of night-club singing, modeling, radio. Dorothy Dell's destiny took her to immediate fame, and sudden death, when a speeding car swerved into a telephone pole one dark midnight. Her career had come and gone in a few short years. Lamour's success arc was of slow elevation. She found time to fall in love, with the rare kind of love that is devoted and enthralling.

FOR three years she was in an agony of bliss, loving the young bandleader for whose orchestra she sang, not knowing that he loved her in return. For two and one-half years they have been married. And for Dorothy Lamour her emotional life has ben richer from these experiences than if she had been scooped into starry success earlier. She has learned the value of certain important fundamentals.

"I didn't know that Herb loved me," she said, anxious to talk, as women are, about the man she loves. "For three years I sang with his orchestra, went out with him to dinners and lunches and parties, watched him, listened to him, worshiped him, until finally I decided that I couldn't crucify myself any more . . . he never said anything about liking me all those years. After we were married, he said he was so stubborn that he didn't want to give in to the point of showing that he cared for me. . . .

"My NBC contract was a good excuse to get away from Herb," continued Dottie. "I went to New York and sang over the network there. Before I left Chicago, where Herb's band was playing at the Black Hawk cafe, I told him that I was through. 'I don't want to be bothered about hearing from you,' I told him. 'And don't bother to write, because I won't answer.' A few days after I got to New York, my 'phone rang. It was Herb. 'I've got something to ask you,' he said. So he came over, and asked me. And I said 'Yes.' "

That was the end of a courtship and the beginning of a richer romance that sounds like it had stepped, already written, from the head of a fiction writer. The little Lamour was a child of divorce. Her parents separated when she was two years old. She is an only child. "So is Herb," she says today with a grin. "It's too bad, in some ways, because our children won't have any aunts and uncles." Mrs. Kay would like to have four children, incidentally. "It would be nice if two were twins," she says, practically, "but Herb says to me, 'A glamour girl pushing a double perambulator down Hollywood Boulevard *would* look nice!' "



When Jon Hall calls l'amour, l'amour to Dorothy Lamour in *The Hurricane*, he isn't calling but telling her he loves her

AS AN only child, Dorothy found economic clouds fogging the present and the future. Her father died six years ago in a 'plane crash. It left Dorothy and her mother to face an indefinite future, and to forget a lean past. Variously Dorothy tried her hand in business offices; as a chorus girl (for six months with Dorothy Dell) in a Fanchon and Marco revue. She lost in the finals of the Galveston beauty contest but 1931 found her with $250 in compensatory awards. With this she and her mother went to Chicago on vacation from her commercial office job.

Chicago was pretty impressive to this French and Irish (three-to-one in favor of the Gauls) girl from the South who had no Southern accent. "I spoke nothing but French when I was a tiny girl," tells Dorothy. "There wasn't a word of English that I knew. My Aunt Jeanne and everyone else around me spoke French. Mother decided it was high time that I learned my native tongue and she started teaching it to me, carefully enunciating all the 'r's' and 'i's' so when I did speak English I emphasized all the letters that the Southerner slurs and I talked like any Northerner that you know."

Thus equipped, all unwittingly, the little Lamour went for dinner to Chicago's Black Hawk restaurant, little knowing that Destiny waved the baton on the orchestra's dais. She took one look and succumbed to the enchanting fellow's personality. Do you think that Lamour could leave Lake Michigan's metropolis when Winnetka-born Herb Kay breathed the inland air? Of course not. She explained to her mother about it, and Carmen Lamour understood. In a jiffy, the beauty that young Lamour deprecates today got her a job as model in Marshall Field's department store.

As depression slid over the land, the

modeling job vanished. Dorothy took a job as clerk in the same store. Finally, she became elevator operator. Times were hard. But still there was the lure of the voice and the clean Irish look of Herb Kay (he's three-quarters Irish and one-quarter German). She hadn't met him, yet. A publicity woman at the Morrison Hotel took care of that. It was celebrity night at the cafe in which he was batoning. She induced Dorothy to sing. Can you guess who heard her? You're right, Herb Kay. Again the fictional twist. He asked her to join his aggregation. And she did, and sang with his band until 1935. Then came the marital music.

IT'S nice to picture the Herbert Kays at home, running over their scales, thumbing through sheet music, scoring the latest ditties for Dorothy's sweet, soft and low tones. But no. You're bound for disappointment. "I can't read a word of music," confesses Dorothy. "And I've never taken a singing lesson in my life. Put a page of written rhythm in my hands and I'm a total loss. Tell me to sing *pianissimo* and I don't know what you are talking about, which reminds me of something. . . .

"My husband flies out here for occasional week-ends—his contracts take him all around the country—and one Saturday he sat in on a rehearsal of the Chase and Sanborn show. Werner Janssen was then conducting the orchestra. 'Please, Miss Lamour, a little more *pianissimo* on that last bar . . .' he said to me. I gave him a blank look. 'And what does that mean, Mr. Janssen?' I asked. 'Softly—very softly,' he explained to me.

"When I finished the rehearsal, I joined Herb. He was running his hands through his hair: 'My lord, what a woman! The wife of an orchestra leader, and asking what *pianissimo* means!' It wouldn't do me any good to know musical terms, because I just sing."

Her ability to "just sing" in good old torchy style (her favorite song is Gershwin's *Man I Love*), plus a streamlined figure, one hundred and seventeen pounds of tantalizing femininity, thirty inches of long straight brunette hair, brought her to film-makers' attention when they were casting *Jungle Princess*. So well did Lamour acquit herself that Paramount snapped up her first option a month before it was due. The second option was plucked two months before it was ripe.

Under her contract she has also made *College Holiday, Swing High, Swing Low* with her favorite actress, Carole Lombard, and *High, Wide and Handsome*. It was in the Lombard film that Director Mitchell Leisen nicknamed her "Toozhie," short for "Toujours" Lamour. Later it evolved into "Toozhie, the Rhumba Dancer," because of a Cuban number she performed. "I was terrible, dancing it," she says, characteristically.

WHEN it comes to titles, men have usually done our Dorothy wrong. It started out with her father who hied himself off to the City Hall to register his daughter's birth, and put down the name of Marylita Dorothy Lamour, when he had been expressly told to dub her Dorothy Marylita Lamour, after maternal and paternal grandmothers. "It would have sounded too burlesque-y if I had let it stay that way," says Dorothy today. "Imagine Marylita Lamour on a billboard!" The girl is right. It was Edgar Bergen's young pine upstart, Charlie McCarthy, who started calling her "Dottie." Now everyone does.

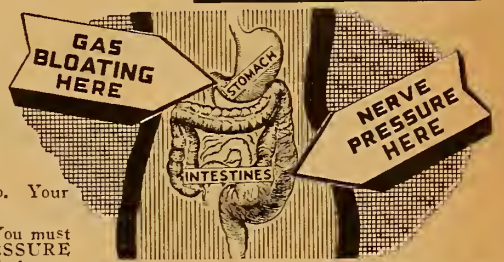
To date, Producer Samuel Goldwyn has given Dottie her most pretentious role; also her greatest snub, which she bore with fortitude. In his *Hurricane* Lamour becomes a Polynesian maiden, with *parco* and flowing locks. Sam took one look at Dottie's prideful hair, luxuriant, falling to her waist, and said "Hmmmmm . . . looks like a cheap wig." More to her liking is the Paramount producer who put workers busy for four days checking up on the habits of alligators when he was informed that Dottie would not be available for his film because *Jungle Love* had to be finished before October when the saw-toothed crocodiles go to sleep for the winter. The experts discovered that if the alligators' bath water is warmed the poor dullards don't know what season it is and will stay awake all year. So Dorothy will also be in *The Big Broadcast of 1938*.

It means that she will be busy . . . too busy, as she is now, to do much about counteracting the radioed report that "Dorothy Lamour's husband, Herbert Kay, is soon to sue a young-man-about-Hollywood for alienation of affections." The "young man" is hand-carved Charlie McCarthy, dummy of the Sunday radio program, and the whole thing started as a studio gag. You never can tell when such things will turn into boomerangs.

Lamour, wide-eyed and honest, tells you that divorce is furthest from her mind, and, after seeing all of the Hollywood glamour lads, she would not trade her Herb for a gross of them. And the funny thing is that she means it. She means it, too, when she says she isn't the type for pictures. Everything is okay with Mrs. Kay, it seems, except her ego. It needs a little inflating.

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New Sensation No. 1—Sigrid Gurie

[*Continued from page 37*]

about them—so that they will be famous *before* they make their Goldwyn debuts. That happened with Vilma Banky. It happened with Anna Sten. And with Merle Oberon.

Yet, with Sigrid Gurie, Sam's tactics have been totally different. You could almost accuse him of being secretive about his new star-to-be. He hasn't even told Hollywood how to pronounce her name. (It's pronounced *See*-grid *Goor*-ee.)

But if Sam's silence about the beautiful Sigrid is something unusual, there is a reason. Sigrid, herself, is something unusual. So unusual, Sam believes that the public will be able to decide for itself that she is a sensation.

He hasn't spent a year or a million dollars, teaching her English. She spoke it beautifully when she arrived. He hasn't been coaching her in the science of glamour. He hasn't permitted her to take one acting lesson. He has insisted on her being herself—and, despite her ambition, patient. He has simply been waiting for the "right" role in which to introduce. And *Princess Kukachin* looks like the role.

There is a shrewd gleam in Sam's sharp eyes, a grin on his face that won't come off. He has the air of a man about to spring a surprise. And a man confident of the reaction to his surprise:

Who *is* this Sigrid Gurie? Where did he find her? What has she done? What is she like? What is her story?

Sam has such a passionate dislike of being mistaken that we suspect that he's right—again. (After all, we have seen Sigrid, ourselves.) And we, in turn, passionately dislike to be caught napping. So—we lose no time in getting Sigrid's story. And her first Hollywood interview.

IN PERSON, she is surprisingly unlike the pretty *Princess Kukachin*. She is prettier. Her hair is not a lacquered black, but a silky natural blonde. Her eyes are a Scandinavian blue, not slanted. She wears no make-up. The tint in her cheeks is natural. As natural as her unforgettable voice. Or her smile.

She is young, yet she has poise. Not pose. There is nothing affected about her. She is too carefree, or too clever, to begin her Hollywood life wearing a mask. She isn't trying to be impenetrable, mysterious, exotic. She is trying to carry out the Goldwyn orders and be herself. And is succeeding admirably well.

She is trim-figured, with the litheness of a girl athlete. Yet she prefers dresses to Hollywood slacks; she is that feminine. Her eyes bespeak the dreamer, the quiet idealist, and her hands, the artist; and she is both. In a hectic town, she has an enviable serenity. With Sigrid, there is time for tomorrow—when tomorrow comes.

She was twenty-three years old last May 18. She is Norwegian, and her family, on both sides, has been Norwegian for centuries. But she was almost born in New York, not Oslo.

"When my father was a young man," she relates, "he, too, came to America—to be a civil engineer. He helped to build Grand Central Station in New York, and a big viaduct, and some other things I have forgotten. He met Mother at the Norwegian Club there. They lived in New York ten years. My brother, Knut, three years older than I, was born in New York. But Mother couldn't stand the climate. They went back to Norway. And soon afterward—in Oslo—I was born. . . ."

Born with the urge to be an actress—which she cannot explain. There were never any actresses in the family. Or actors, either.

"Yet, always, as long ago as I can remember, I was acting. I knew hundreds of fairy-tale stories by heart, and would act them all out, all by myself, in the woods near our home. Every day. I could never stay away from it. And I was always imagining myself a Princess—though never a Chinese Princess. I remember some lace curtains that Mother had, that I would drag down to make long trains.

"When I was six, I was sure I wanted to be an actress. And not just any kind of actress. A movie actress. I saw my first movie when I was six. And it wasn't seeing a feminine star that made me decide. It was Charlie Chaplin. I never had a doubt



Sigrid Gurie gets the opportunity to show her talent and beauty in *The Adventures of Marco Polo*. She makes her American debut in the Goldwyn special, and according to our coast spies will create a sensation opposite Gary Cooper in title role

that some day I would grow up and go off to America and act on the screen. And, always, I thought of the screen—rather than the stage.

"When I was sixteen, I told my family. They laughed. They wouldn't listen to the idea. I was heart-broken, I remember. If I didn't start then, I'd never start. Why, by the time I was eighteen or twenty, I'd be getting old—too old to start. Now, I'm twenty-three, and just beginning. And I feel horribly young."

BUT sixteen, for all her heart-break, was the turning point in her life. She had reached the age to be sent abroad to school.

"Norwegians are that way," she explains. "They are not narrow. They know there are other worlds beyond Norway. They try to give their children some years abroad, studying. It may prevent restlessness later.

"I left home the first time, to go to a finishing school in Brussels. I didn't want to go. I wanted to be an actress, go on the Oslo stage, instead. My parents wouldn't let me. I felt my life was ruined. I remember saying so. I said, 'All right, I'll go away to school and come home and marry and ruin my life.' Nothing would console me. Not even my parents' feeling that I had artistic talent and should develop that. They didn't object to *artistic* talent.

"Brussels took some of the sting off my disappointment. There I went to parties and operas and the theatre to my heart's content—as long as a chaperon went with me. Always, always, there had to be a chaperon, even going shopping. And never, never, did I go out with a young man. That was strange, after Norway, which is very free, like America. But I think young girls in middle Europe need chaperons. They are not level-headed; they are too impulsive, too romantic . . .

"I was a year in Brussels. Then I went back to Oslo for a few months. Then to Biarritz, to another school, where I had a cousin. I had drawing lessons there. Then—back to Oslo, where some of my drawings were published. I had offers from two magazines, illustrating. I turned them down. I *still* wanted to be an actress.

"I belonged to a sports club in Oslo. All my friends also belonged. They urged me to try out for the Christmas play, *Elsa*, at the Norwegian National Theatre. My heart in my throat, I had an audition. I didn't think I was good enough. I had never had any acting lessons, except in finishing school, and those weren't any good. But they seemed to think I could play the role. Anyway—I played it.

"After that, there were three or four other plays. They made my father and mother unhappy. They didn't like to see me trying to become an actress. Not because of any moral scruples, but because there was too much hard work for a young girl, too many disappointments. They don't object to an actress in the family. But they would like to see their daughter at home, happily married, having children. Some parents are like that. It is understandable.

"I went back to art. I went to London to study, at the Heatherley School. Alone, this time. While there, at a party, I met Mr. Goldwyn. He heard I had done some acting. He asked me if I was seriously interested in an acting career. I wanted to say, 'Yes—yes—yes.' Instead, I said, 'No.' I did not think I had had enough acting experience, even to think of Hollywood. He said, 'If you should ever change your mind—if you should ever come to Hollywood—come and see me.' I did not think then I would ever be coming. That was two years ago . . .



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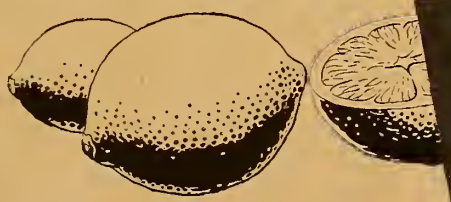
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"I STAYED six months in London, painting, constantly painting. That was not bad for me, I think now. There is a connection, a subtle connection, between painting and acting. Both must have careful, detailed composition—the right strokes in the right places. They must not fall to pieces.

"After London, I went back to Oslo. Everybody thought that now I was going to settle down. Even I thought so. Months passed by. I did one play—Ibsen's *The Wild Duck*. Then some friends suggested that I go with them on a holiday to America—to Chicago.

"Always, I had heard so much about America. My parents had talked about it. My brother had talked about it. He had gone to Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He was fascinated by America, and what he said fascinated me. We talked about it, hours on end. Always in Norwegian. We were too shy to talk English. We both had decided accents—his, American; mine, English.

"I went with my friends. We saw Chicago, visiting people they knew. Then we went on to New York. We could not leave America without seeing New York. I tried to picture my mother and father there. We were almost ready to sail for Oslo, when my friends decided that we had time for a quick trip to Hollywood. We really should see Hollywood. We took a plane out. That was how I came. On a holiday.

"I remembered what Mr. Goldwyn had said in London. I also remembered what my friends had said whenever I had mentioned any screen ambitions. 'Sigrid, you're funny!' I did not tell them what I had in mind. I simply said, one morning, that I was going out for a little while. I had a taxi take me to the Goldwyn Studio.

"Perhaps Mr. Goldwyn would not see me—or, if he did, would not remember me. Perhaps he would not remember what he had said. Perhaps I did not stand a movie chance. Perhaps I still did not have enough acting background. But here I was, in Hollywood—where I had dreamed of being all my life. I would be a fool, not to find out. I would never cease regretting, if I didn't.

"Mr. Goldwyn seemed so friendly, I almost believed he did remember. I almost dared to hope. And a few days later, I did have a test. A few days after that, I had a contract. My friends were astounded—sailing for home without me."

SIGRID came to Hollywood, buoyed by an old dream, by ambition. She was burdened by an inferiority complex. She doubted her abilities. She asked Mr. Goldwyn what she should do to prepare herself for the screen.

"'I don't want you to do anything at all,' he told me. 'Don't change, in any way. I signed you as you are. I want you to stay that way.' I wanted to take dramatic coaching; he wouldn't let me. I thought I might learn how to be prettier. He told me to stay away from the make-up department. I did nothing for months. Finally, I pleaded to do

[*Continued on page* 101]



Quite an armful of dog is this African Lion hunter which Errol Flynn brought back from Europe. We don't know how the dog would do in an actual battle with king of beasts, but he poses well and can probably growl a good fight. He's Errol's best friend

The New Heart-Throb

[*Continued from page 36*]

seeing it on the screen "Oh, come, come, now, things like this don't happen!"

For it is a twisted tale. The "writer" exhibited all manner of blind spots before he brought it to the ending—and the beginning—of a Goldwyn contract.

Jon was born in San Francisco, March 24, a little more than twenty-four years ago. He was taken at the age of three to Tahiti where his father had business interests. His mother is one-fourth Tahitian which makes Jon one-eighth Tahitian. And there, facing the palm-fringed sea, blue lagoons, blue mountains, the young Jon grew to manhood. He spent his youth in bathing trunks or wearing, more often, one of the abbreviated sarongs of Tahiti. He developed there a perpetual tan which some additional Hollywood sunning has burned a clear bright copper.

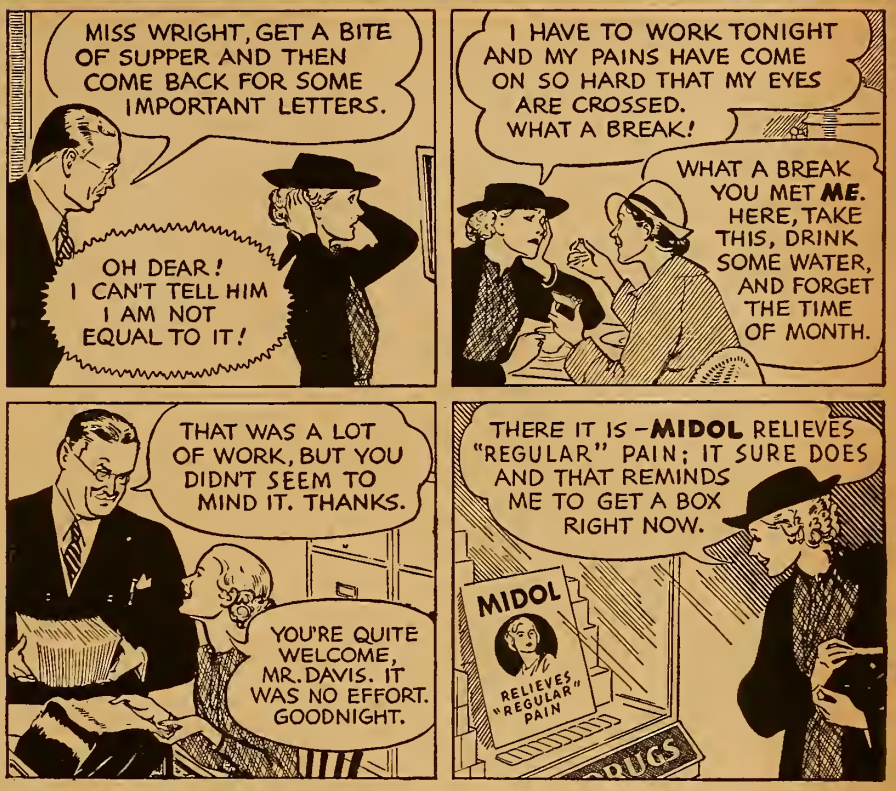
He spent his youth swimming, diving, canoeing, riding the surf-boards over stormy waves. He fished with spears. He met his match in sharks. He shinnied cocoanut trees. He lived as young savages lived when the world was young. He lived, also, in a cultured, very civilized home. His father had lived much abroad in his earlier life. His sisters, one of whom is married, the other acting as her brother's amaneuensis here in Hollywood are, like Jon, tall and strong and lithe and copper gold.

The combination of the island life outdoors and the charming life of his home gave him his strong fine body and his civilized, cosmopolitan mind and manner. He went to the movies, he told me. He saw, and



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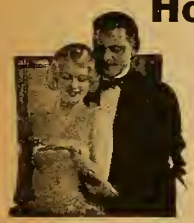


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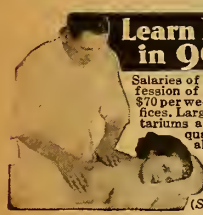


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especially admired, Tom Mix. He thought it might be fine, one day, to act in pictures, to do so many exciting things all at once.

AND so, he *is* in *Terangi*. This first picture may not prove conclusively whether he can act or not. He lives the role. He *is* the Tahitian boy you will see in *Hurricane*. But did those who should have hailed him instantly the book was bought for the screen rise up and hail him as *Terangi?* No. But wait a bit . . . the folly follows . . .

In Jon's veins, to sketch in his background a bit more fully, flows the blood of New England sea captains, of French pioneers. And the Tahitian blood from the maternal side. His maternal grandfather, Captain Charles Chapman, sailed his own schooner into the harbor of Papeete, married Charles' grandmother, became one of the South Seas' most respected white traders. His Tahitian great-grandmother was one of the legendary queens of the Islands. His father's people were business men with sound continental connections, impeccable manners and fine appearances. Today, Jon's relatives are the most prominent white citizens of Tahiti. And control many of the island's leading industries.

Young Jon was educated in Tahitian schools where he acquired, among other things, a fluent mastery of the French language. He now speaks, besides fluent Tahitian and English, equally fluent German, French and Italian. He took his first college course at the University of Neuchatel, Switzerland, and later transferred to the International University at Geneva. There he won renown as a ski jumper, track star, swimming and diving champion.

He spent months on the French Riviera, in Paris, in Vienna. So that, in addition to his physical prowess at sports of all kinds, on land, in the water, he has, also, the sleek sophistication, the easy charm of manner, the social graces of a member of many continental salons. He enrolled, after Geneva, at Badingham College in England. And specialized there in Latin and law. It was his plan to go to Oxford and prepare for a diplomatic career. That ambition got somehow sidetracked and Jon returned to Tahiti.

NOW comes the first strange factor in the silly symphony preluding Jon's name on a Goldwyn contract. For to whom do you suppose he is related? None other than James Norman Hall who, (with Charles Nordhoff) wrote *Hurricane*—and, as you know, *Mutiny on the Bounty*. Now, wouldn't you suppose that even as James Norman Hall wrote his character of *Terangi* he would have had in his mind's eye, as his flesh and blood model, the face and form of his young cousin, the then Charles Locher?

Any old "supposer" would suppose *that*, I should suppose! But no. When the novel *Hurricane* was finished some three years ago author Hall sent one of the first copies to Jon's parents. Jon read the book. He thought it was swell. As he had thought *Mutiny on the Bounty* was swell. Cousin James and his collaborator, Charles Nordhoff are Jon's favorite authors. Yes, he thought the book was swell and he thought that it should make a terrific picture. More terrific, if possible, than the *Mutiny*. He also thought but he didn't say, being a young man of no bumptious presumptions, with, indeed, an engaging shyness tempering his smooth poise . . . he didn't give voice to his thought that he might so well play *Terangi* . . . (that modesty, by the way, was to cause Sam Goldwyn considerable time, also anxiety and money in days so soon to come).

On the island, however, Jon had met Zane Grey and Gouveneur Morris. It was Morris who advised young Jon to go to Hollywood, told him he should get a big break, in pictures. Jon came to Hollywood. His family—mother, dad, unmarried sister, came with him. They took a house. The house was right next door to the one of John Ford *who is directing Hurricane.*

Now, wouldn't you suppose that, testing young men by the dozens for this role of *Terangi*, finding no one who looked as though they might just have arisen from the shark-infested waters or the blue lagoons of Tahiti, many who looked too much as though they had just arisen out of a grease-paint pot via the Trocadero—wouldn't you suppose that John Ford would have taken one look at his young neighbor and, forthwith, leapt the hibiscus hedge between their two houses and, then and there, flung the lei of a promised test around his throat? Why, just *any* old supposer . . .

But no. Nothing of the sort happened. John Ford, perspicacious as he is, did not lead Jon to Sam Goldwyn triumphantly declaring "Sire, I have brought you—*Terangi!*" He, like cousin James, "never thought of it."

I'VE always known that the mills of the gelatin gods can have it all over the mills of the other gods for "grinding exceeding fine"—but this has all the gods and their grinders stopped!

What did happen was this: Gouveneur Morris introduced the young man from Tahiti, the unknown young man named Charles Locher, to E. E. Clive, theatrical producer. E. E. Clive was then in process of producing a play called *M'Lord the Duke* at the Hollywood playhouse. He was rather accustomed to taking on strange young men of magnificent appearance and untested ability. Had he not just had a fellow named Arlington Brugh under his professional care? Young Brugh had just been signed by M-G-M and so had had to leave the cast of *M'Lord the Duke*. Yes, Mr. Clive told Gouveneur Morris, he'd give young Locher a chance. His looks were astounding. His enthusiasm was contagious.

It was at the playhouse that Charles Locher and Arlington Brugh first met and talked. Jon told me about it the other day, amused. He said: "Bob didn't think much of the movie racket then. We both decided that it was pretty over-rated, that you had to have some mighty 'pull' to get an 'in' anywhere. Then Bob got his contract with M-G-M. They were to pay him $35 a week, I believe. He didn't think he was so hot, either. He said to me: 'there's nothing to this Hollywood stuff. I think I'll chuck it. *I won't get anywhere.*' I said I thought I'd hang around for a bit. But, privately, I was inclined to agree with him. We both had had the idea that the movies were Aladdin's Lamp, that all we needed to do was rub the lamp and thousands of dollars a week, fame, fortune, favor would be ours "overnight." We got over that idea and then—then it did happen to Bob. Funny, now, thinking about Bob. We've had a lot of laughs over it—"

FUNNY, *I* thought, thinking of both of them: Arlington Brugh and Charles Locher: Robert Taylor and Jon Hall! It *is* Aladdin's Lamp, boys, you just had to rub three times, with a circular motion, that's all. You caught on . . .

At any rate, young Jon made very good indeed in the Clive plays. Then the lightning of film fame seemed to strike him. He was signed for a juvenile role in *Charlie*

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Chan in Shanghai. Nothing further came of that. He never played extra but he did, then, do two or three bits, in quickies. The lightning hadn't struck, after all, then . . .

Jon began to grow restless. He went out a bit, dates with Simone Simon. Anita Louise, this girl and that . . . perhaps, he thought, he'd better go back to Tahiti, to the Riviera, to Oxford . . .

And then—then Sam Goldwyn began his famed fine-combing of Hollywood talent for the part of *Terangi*. Joel McCrea was Goldwyn's first choice for the part. But Joel begged off. "My nose," he said to Mr. Goldwyn, "will never look Tahitian." Mr. Goldwyn, always perceptive, acquiesced. And then began one of the most exhaustive series of tests ever made for any one part. At least 150 tests were made of 150 persons. And at this juncture John Ford, returning from Samoa on the Clipper, watched the tests run. Among them, the test of Charles Locher. He exclaimed: "Why that boy is my next door neighbor!" Said Mr. Goldwyn quietly: "and *my* next star!"

Thus, abruptly, the twisted tale righted itself. Charles Locher was christened Jon Hall. A long-term contract was signed. And a new star began to rise—

"I STILL don't believe it," Jon told me, "I don't believe I am playing *Terangi*. Maybe because I don't feel that I am 'playing a part.' I seem to know the fellow so well, to *be* him so naturally. But no one ever said to me, in so many words: 'you are chosen for *Terangi*.' I just came to the studio and went to work. I didn't want to talk about it. I didn't want to 'announce' it. I'm too superstitious. I'm afraid that material words will scare away immaterial miracles. I still knock on wood, you see, step on combs when I drop them, refuse to walk under ladders . . .

"I feel such an ordinary fellow to have all this happen to me. I *am* such an ordinary fellow. Just another one of the boys who likes to swim, dance, play tennis, eat hamburgers, go to the movies.

"I can't tell you how I'll feel when I see my name in lights and all that. I expect to be carried into the premiere of *Hurricane*. If I succeed, if they like me, I'll know still less what to do about it all. One thing I think I can state positively, though, and that is that I'll never do what is rather gruesomely called 'losing my head.' I've seen enough, I've been around enough, I've even been in Hollywood long enough (about two years) to be able to gauge pretty accurately how much and how little being a 'popular star' really means. I mean, I'm certain I'll always be able to divide myself, me, Charles Locher, from that illuminated shadow which will be called Jon Hall. It is to that shadow that the incense, if any, will be swung, the fan letters written, the attentions and flattery given.

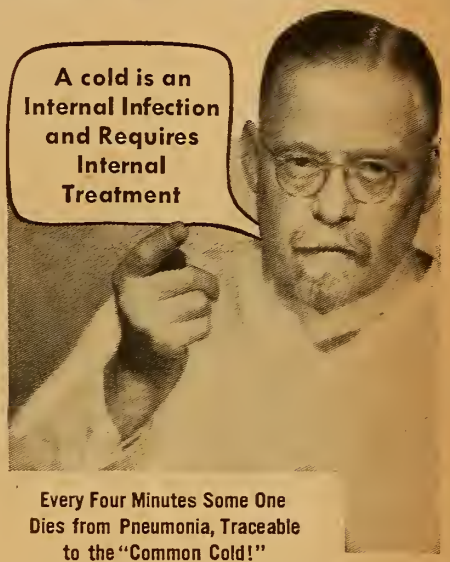
"I'm tremendously keen about having a career in pictures, of course. There is some talk, now, that Mr. Goldwyn may give me a spot in his Goldwyn Follies. I've had my voice tested. I never thought about whether I have a voice or not. In the South Seas, of course, we just sing—sing as we breathe and swim and dance and eat. But I had the voice tested. And if Mr. Goldwyn says I have a voice, I *have* a voice." (I am

[*Continued on page* 103]



Andrea Leeds is the girl who won some publicity several months ago in a kissing endurance test. But she came through with flying colors—showing more endurance than Frank Shields. Since then she has made good in six films, the latest being *Stage Door*

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Color Goes To Sea!

[*Continued from page 43*]

him. Paramount had to send a final shooting script to Homolka in England. He read it, smiled a bit to himself at his intuition about the injection of sex into the story—but accepted. The character of the man he was to play was left intact, as Stevenson created him. It was still the most dramatic role of a dramatic picture.

A realist, Homolka knew that people would go to the picture to see Frances Farmer and Ray Milland. But he also knew that if the character of *Capt. Thorbecke* were not tampered with, nothing could keep people from talking about, and remembering, the man who played *Capt. Thorbecke.*

THE screen story opens on the island of Tahua in the South Seas. The camera focuses on three white men, all exiles from the world of others of their kind. Homolka, an embittered ex-sea-captain, deprived of his papers for being drunk and useless when his ship had encountered trouble; Milland, an exile for unknown reasons; and Barry Fitzgerald (he who played *Fluther* in *The Plough and the Stars* and stole that picture) as a sly, shiftless Cockney.

Into the harbor of Tahua comes a sinister-looking ship flying the yellow flag of pestilence, its captain already dead from the fever sweeping the vessel. The crew are Kanakas. They cannot sail the boat away. The desperate harbor authorities get rid of their problem, and their three beachcombers, by putting the dishonored ex-captain in charge of the vessel, telling him to sail it to its destination—Australia.

Each of the three, for reasons of his own, doesn't want to face questioning in Sidney. They turn the prow of the ship toward far-off Peru, intending to sell both ship and cargo. But two complications arise. The dead captain's daughter, hidden aboard the ship, makes her presence known. And Homolka and Fitzgerald discover that the cargo is champagne and make the most of it. A storm comes up, with only Milland and the girl to handle the wheel. When the storm is over, they are far off their course, with an uncharted island directly ahead.

On this island, they find a white man—Nolan—a religious fanatic who rules his natives like an emperor. He isn't glad to see them, but, on the other hand, he doesn't want them to leave—to spread his secret. Only two of the four escape: Milland and Farmer. But what happens to the other three is the unforgettable part of the story—which you will enjoy discovering for yourself.

PARAMOUNT had its difficulties, finding a three-master that would look the part of the ship in the story. Three-masters of any kind are rare nowadays. The few left are mostly used as fishing boats in the Far North, where fuel depots are few. The ship they finally found is now an Alaskan fishing boat—the *Golden State.* Once green-colored, but now weathered black. A harridan of the sea.

It was easy enough to find sea—right at Hollywood's front doorstep. Though the *Golden State* had to go out thirty miles to find an empty horizon. And the settings for Tahua and Nolan's kingdom were to be found only twenty-odd miles off the coast of Long Beach—on Santa Catalina Island. The location site for many a sea epic before this, including *Mutiny on the Bounty* and *Souls at Sea.*

Santa Catalina has a reputation as a resort. But the reputation is limited to one thin edge—the southern edge—of this private domain of the Wrigley family, ruggedly mountainous and twenty-five miles long.



—*Wide World*

It took Ann Sothern several months to catch up with hubby, Roger Pryor. But not until they could enjoy a vacation together. So Ann flew to Chicago to be with Roger whose band plays at the Edgewater Beach hotel. How do you like those neat *nifties* of Ann's?

The resort is called Avalon, and Al Jolson used to sing a song about it. The rest of the island is wild and uninhabited, except by bison and wild boar and wild goats. And except for a handful of people at the far north end of the island in the yacht harbor and settlement called The Isthmus.

The movie company used the Isthmus for a base. A colorful place, this Isthmus. Approach it on a water taxi from the mainland and you have an impression of a nondescript, decaying South Sea village. There are a few palms along a pebbly beach, a few brief rows of small cabins with palm-thatched roofs (where the moviemakers stay), and a few tumbledown buildings, all South Sea in atmosphere. These are one-time movie sets, left standing by vanished movie companies. *Christian's* hut in *Mutiny on the Bounty* is, for example, now a cantina. The trading post in *Rain* is now the settlement commissary. The *Ebb Tide* company added another building to the eerie Isthmus collection—the religious fanatic's storehouse of metal salvaged from wrecked ships.

The village of Tahua and Nolan's house were miles away, on the west shore of the island, in a spot almost inaccessible on land, and reached only by a tortuous one-way dirt road that climbs up and down and around rugged mountains, sometimes on shelves of rock hanging precariously hundreds of feet above the Pacific. Seamen call the spot Little Harbor.

Here is a double cove, a sharp-nosed, precipitous gray cliff forming the division. One side of the cove is open, with the clear emerald-green water foaming into long white rollers on a gray sand beach; the other side is sheltered, almost waveless, thick with brown seaweed. One side is Tahua; the other is Nolan's harbor.

First outside one pocket of the cove, then the other, the *Golden State* looms sailless and black against the horizon of green sea and pale blue sky and billowy, wind-filled white clouds.

BEING there, I don't see the sea and the sky and the cliffs and the settlements on shore and the faces of the players as varying shades of lifeless gray. And you, sitting in the movie theatre, will not see them as varying shades of gray. You will see them in all their vivid, life-real colors. Thanks to a six-hundred-pound Technicolor camera—which Director James Hogan insists on moving around like an ordinary camera.

Most directors of color pictures are harried men. But not the tall, lean, energetic, good-natured Hogan. His slogan is: "This is a motion picture—let's make it move!" He doesn't let his players sit around looking handsome. He likes them looking alive. When they have to be still, then he has the camera moving—whether it's a Technicolor camera or the other kind. He's the perfect choice for an action drama like *Ebb Tide*.

And *Ebb Tide* needs some of his Irish luck. For three weeks, while he is filming interiors, a second company is off Catalina, trying to film sea vistas for "atmosphere." They encounter fog and haze. Hogan arrives, and the fog and haze vanish. He finishes ahead of schedule.

Frances Farmer gives him his worst moment. In the story, the heroine swims ashore from the ship to the fanatic's island. Hogan brings over a stunt swimmer from Hollywood to double for Frances—and Frances insists on doing the swim in person. She spent half of her childhood in Puget Sound; she's a bit of a stunt swimmer, herself. And there's enough show-off in her reticent make-up for her to like to prove it. In a billowing dress of the 1890's . . . But Hogan takes no chances. He has a dory following her, out of camera range.

On the trips at sea, in search of rough weather, the only player who has any difficulty is Homolka. He loses his voice for two days, after shouting orders from the wheel-deck to his crew, against the competition of a gale.

Homolka, on his vacations, sails on the Mediterranean. Frances has been on Puget Sound waters, as much as in them. Ray once sailed around the Horn in a schooner. When Lloyd left college, he left it to go to sea as an apprentice seaman. Barry has been adrift on the Irish Coast. They all are good sailors. They need to be. Hogan doesn't dodge rough water. He looks for it. He wants—action.

He finds plenty, but not enough to suit him. He wants a hurricane. And, begad, he gets one—even if he has to manufacture it himself. The Technicolor men say a storm has never been photographed in color. Maybe it can't be done. Maybe not, Hogan says, but he's going to try.

He builds a full-sized replica of the *Golden State* in the huge outdoor "tank" on the Paramount back lot. He has the tank filled with water. He has pneumatic, under-water jacks rock the ship. He sends water spilling down big chutes at regular intervals to simulate waves beating against the vessel. Overhead are strung perforated pipes, releasing a torrent of water. Big wind-machines on the sidelines drive it in every which direction. He even provides "lightning." The camera and the microphone, as well as the players, take a beating—but Hogan gets what he wants.

You've never seen as realistic a storm on any screen before. You've never seen a storm in color before.

The fact that Hogan not only photographed the sea in all its moods, but photographed a storm, is all the proof Hollywood needs of the potentialities of color. Nothing is so difficult to photograph as the sea, unless it is a storm—because of the lighting difficulties. The color of objects we see, one of the experts tells us, does not depend so much on pigments, as on the light playing on those objects.

AND what do the players think of Technicolor?

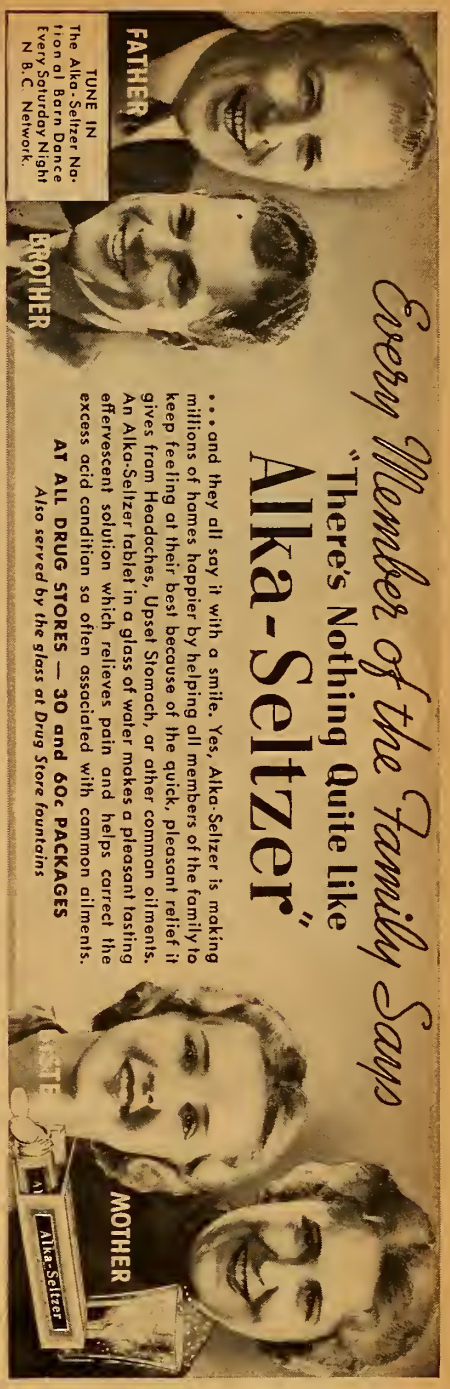
Frances Farmer says: "I never have liked grease-paint. It makes me self-conscious about my face, as if I had to keep it in constant repair. Now I can forget all that. Technicolor make-up is practically invisible—flesh-colored cream topped by a thin dusting of the same-colored powder, to remove shine from your face. And, incidentally, a perfect protection against sunburn. The first few days on location, everybody was hideously sunburned—except the players. The answer was the make-up. Now, Jim Hogan and the entire camera crew are wearing it, too. Why, they've even put some on you!"

Ray Milland says: "The other day, Jim Hogan had an ordinary camera catch the same sea scene the Technicolor Camera did. I saw the rushes last night. You should see the difference. The flat deadness of the black-and-white—the life-like color of the other. Say, I wish I never had to make another black-and-white picture!"

Lloyd Nolan says: "I'm in favor of seeing things as they are. I'm all in favor of color. It makes even the 'heavy' of the piece look more human!"

Barry Fitzgerald says: "Marvelous! Marvelous! I used to think the movies had

[*Continued on page* 105]







Most women don't need beauty parlors. Your own doctor will tell you that sallow complexions and pimply skins are rarely matters for cosmetics. Because most skin blemishes are aggravated by constipation.

Dr. F. M. Edwards treated hundreds of women for constipation and frequently noted remarkable improvements in their appearance. He used a purely vegetable compound —Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This laxative is gentle, yet peculiarly effective because *it increases the bile flow without shocking the intestinal system.* Try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. At all druggists, 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

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MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

Solving The Mystery of Brian Aherne

[*Continued from page 79*]

vertible roadster. Prefers to buy his clothes in London. And his favorite color is blue.

"What are your pet economies?" I asked.

"I have none since I have been in Hollywood."

"You pet extravagances?"

"Women. I am a great admirer of women. They have influenced my life a great deal."

"What are your hobbies?"

"Flying, reading, sleeping. When not working I rise as late as possible. Hollywood night life is non-existent so far as I am concerned. At nights I would rather visit friends, or stay in and read a good book, meanwhile listening to some symphonic music on the radio."

He revels in such heavy tomes as Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,* Tolstoy's *War and Peace,* Thackeray's *Vanity Fair.* He is very much interested in government problems and world politics.

BOTH of his parents are living; he has a brother, Patrick, and a sister, Elena. His full name is Brian de Lacy Aherne. He was born on May 2, 1902, in Kings Norton, Worcestershire, England, and is of Irish-English descent. No doubt, the Irish in him is responsible for his *bonhommie* and sense of humor. He is 6 feet 2½ inches tall, weighs 186 lbs., has fair hair and blue eyes.

I had practically given him the third degree, but I thought I might cull some items of interest from his scrapbook, but he said he doesn't have one, that his father, who is his No. 1 fan, keeps one for the pride and joy of all the family.

"Now and then I throw press clippings in a huge envelope and mail it to him. He indignantly destroys all the bad notices." He laughed. "If a reviewer criticizes my acting unfavorably, he thinks he is a damn fool."

It was time for me to go. As I left the stage, I carried with me the conviction that I had met the happiest actor in Hollywood.



There are very few players who own planes—and those who can fly their own planes can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Brian Aherne happens to own his own plane and can fly it, too. Here he spins the propeller for a Hollywood flight

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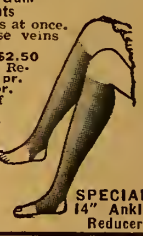


KAY HUGHES, Republic featured player in "A Man Betrayed"

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New Sensation No. 1—Sigrid Gurie

[*Continued from page* 94]

a small part in a big picture at another studio that had been offered me. He refused, and kept refusing. He said he wanted to be the one to introduce me to the movie public. He taught me how to mix ambition and patience."

By giving her nothing else to do, he also taught her how to be natural in Hollywood. Without her realizing it, he also taught her un-self-consciousness. So that today, although *The Adventures of Marco Polo* is her first picture, she can say:

"I think I have defeated self-consciousness, although I am still a little afraid to let myself go. I expect, in my second or third picture, it will be all gone. I don't ever think of the camera. I am not conscious of the mike. They do not bother me. What bothers me is this: When it isn't acting, when you really feel an emotion, to have someone say 'Cut'—maybe twenty times a day."

She has no explanation for her unforgetable voice.

"I never sang. I suppose some day I will have to find out if I can. Caruso's accompanist once said I should have lessons."

SHE lives in a little hillside house near the Hollywood Bowl—and wishes she were a little nearer, so that she could hear the music. "I am so fond of music. I cannot be without it. Particularly opera. I have, I think, all the records of Gigli and Scotti and Caruso. And every time I hear one of them, it seems like the first time."

Because she likes swimming, she has a pool. She also likes horseback riding—and, without naming any names, mentions that she has "a boy friend who is very fond of horseback riding, also." Yet she adds that she is not "one of those sporty women who *have* to play tennis and golf." She doesn't go much to night-clubs or parties. "I don't really care for running around," she explains.

She would much rather drive herself out to the beach and watch the sunset or go in search of vistas she would like to sketch. Or read books about painting, sculpture, plays, "all sorts of books—even silly, stupid love novels and detective mysteries."

Hollywood isn't what she expected, from all her reading about the place. Its streets are narrower than she anticipated, and there are fewer palms. But she likes its friendliness—everybody calling everybody else by his first name. ("People are so formal in Europe!") For a native Norwegian, however, she has one strange idiosyncrasy. She likes the balmy warmth of Southern California much more than the brisk cold of Norway. "At home, in the wintertime, I was always a joke to friends—wearing two or three jumpers."

She has never met Sonja Henie, although they have mutual friends in Oslo.

She is "afraid" she is inclined to be impulsive. "I have a good temper, but—I know I can lose it. When that happens, I never lose it for long. I never brood. Please say that in my favor."

Before she left Oslo, she says, she was "in danger of falling in love—but never really did." She denies, with a smile, having been in similar danger since. But she is not to be lured into a prophecy about how long she will remain heart-free.

She isn't so intent on being an actress that she is forgetting to be feminine. She is reasonably sure that when love does come along, it will make everything else unimportant.

And that — for the present — is Sigrid Gurie, Hollywood's New Sensation No. 1.



If you saw *High, Wide and Handsome* then you haven't forgotten Ben Blue's characterization of the "hired man"—who followed Randy Scott like a faithful dog. Here is Ben arriving at the Hollywood premiere of the picture in a dog sled. Some fun eh?



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You Can't Put Spencer Tracy Into Words

[*Continued from page 87*]

somewhat shame-faced at the mere mention of curls, "I sure thought," he grinned, "that the critics would level me off for that hair. It took me two hours every blessed day to get the hair curled. They had women working on it at first. And they couldn't do a thing with the straw that grows on my head. They finally had to get a man. He used grappling irons, I guess. Anyway, he got a grip on the stuff and the curl stayed in.

"The death scene was the most difficult scene to do. Had to be in iced water for three days running. Time to die a hundred deaths. People have asked me whether my love for my own boy colored my performance as *Manuel*. No, not consciously. Maybe sub-consciously. My kid had a curious reaction to that death scene. He kept asking me when we were going to shoot it. He was uneasy and anxious about it. When we began to shoot and for that three days, he was jittery. Then later, when he saw the picture, he didn't shed a tear. He knew that I was okay. Funny, how cleanly kids can divide realism from illusion.

"Vic Fleming sure did a magnificent job on that picture. Over a year in the writing, six months on the stages alone. He must have done a magnificent job. Because it was the first picture of mine I ever saw where I sat and forgot all about myself, lost track that that was *me* up there. Just thought it was a great picture . . .I want to keep on playing characters. I can't play these leading men or heroes or 'straights' or whatever you call 'em. I want to do the kind of things Laughton does, and Muni . . . characters."

LOUISE was calling Spencer. In the near distance I could hear the muffled roar of the *Big City* . . . passing Spencer's dressing-room came Alice White, Gwen Lee, Eddie Quillen, playing bits in *Big City* . . .

"Spencer, called Luise, "they are want-ing us" . . . Spence ran his hands over his hair, pulled down his cuffs and, guiltless of make-up, without a glance in the mirror, went into action.

I wish that I could put Spencer Tracy into words, the right words. Words that rung as true as he is.



Spencer Tracy got a taste for the salty tang of the sea while filming *Captains Courageous*. Here he is indulging himself

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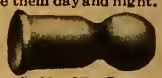
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SCREEN BOOK

The New Heart-Throb

[*Continued from page 97*]

told, by the way, that Jon has indeed a voice, a thundery baritone, rich, robust, resonant).

"I know too well what I want," Jon went on, "to be affected by anything that will swerve me from getting what I want. And what I want, *all* I want, is enough money to buy a schooner of my own and sail it back to Tahiti, into the harbor of Papeete as my grandfather Chapman did before me. And there, in Tahiti, which will always be home to me, I want to build my own home, have my family, raise my sons as I was raised . . ."

(Jon, did you know, so developed his skill at swimming and canoeing that he can beat the Tahitian natives at their own games? Not only can but has. In 1926 he competed in the swimming championship of all Tahiti and paddled away with the title.

"YOU mean, then," I said to this young man whose star is just rising into the hearts of all of the Judy O'Gradys and Colonels' Ladies . . . "you mean that you plan to *get married*?"

"Of course," said Jon at once, "I am a marrying man." He added, laughing, "you look as though I had told you I was going to retire among the llamas of Thibet or something. Is there anything *unusual* about a young man wanting to get married?" . . . "Oh, no," I said limply, "no, no, of course not. Still, I think there will be a revolution . . ." He eyed me in some alarm. I said: "Bob Taylor gets to be a star and in all the time he's out here he goes with *two* girls. You are, I mean you will be—well, you go steadily, it seems, with *one* girl. You may even marry, perhaps soon." I tried to let the general idea sink in. I murmured something about the good old days of Casonovas and Lotharios and kind of *purple* people.

This exceedingly, I am afraid, estimable and normal and well-brought-up young man shook his head over the vagaries of the feminine mind and said briskly: "I'm not much of a goer-over, a 'chaser,' as you say here. I've only been to the Troc' twice since I've been in Hollywood. I don't think I've ever been in love—er—before. Not really, you know. Not with matrimonial intentions, certainly. I've never been one to go about falling in love, indiscriminately. I say 'before'—well, as you may have heard, Andrea Leeds and I are going out together a lot. In fact, we *are* going out together. We have such a lot in common. We drive together, swim together, dance together, go to movies, watch 'performances.' We're both here on the Goldwyn lot, you know, both beginning. We have a lot to learn about pictures and it's fun learning it, together—we—"

Director John Ford's voice called: "Charles, we're ready to shoot!"

Dorothy Lamour's voice called: "Jon, we're wanted on the set—get back in that water!"

Mamo, passing, looked in and said: "Terutevaegiai, they're calling you . . ."

"Will you excuse me, please," Jon said, "they're calling me . . ."

I thought: "Millions of voices will be calling you soon, my lad . . .will only one be answered?" . . . who can tell, when a new star is rising . . .?



Dorothea Kent, who plays the *carnival queen* in the picture of that title, is a dancing girl who asks the spieler and ticket-seller, Robert Wilcox, to give her a nice build-up—something about the pretty little blonde on the end. "Step a lil closer, gen'men"

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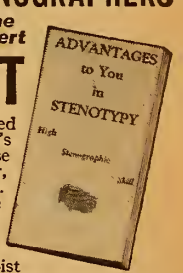
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Hitting the Jackpot in the Gamble of Love

[*Continued from page* 89]

skeptical about my chances in the movies, because I didn't think I had the looks, but I respected her opinion because she was my best critic." The Murphys came to the Coast without any fanfare of publicity, quietly slipped in from the back door, so to speak. George was placed under contract by Sam Goldwyn, then by Columbia, but the breaks didn't come his way. The producers seemed to think he couldn't be an actor because he was a dancer.

"In desperation I played in Henry Duffy's production of *Anything Goes* to show them what I could do." He appeared in a few pictures, good, bad and indifferent, and the movie public was hardly aware of him until Universal's *Top of the Town* was released. The Metro lion growled approvingly, shot out a possessive paw, and tucked him under his breast.

THE Murphys are building a commodious love-nest in one of the more inaccessible parts of filmland. "We bought the house, but we haven't enough money to furnish it all at once. I never buy anything on credit," George stated. "We are now furnishing the living-room and dining-room. The kitchen was a surprising item. I had no idea so many things are required to set up a modern kitchen. We have three dogs—two collies and a Kerry Blue terrier—and a Persian cat. When I take the dogs out for a walk the cat follows them. She is their pal."

George doesn't care for fancy chariots. "A car is a car for me, as long as it furnishes transportation. I'm satisfied with a 1936 Ford." Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, Gary and Sandra Cooper, Ann Sothern and Cesar Romero are close friends of the Murphys.

George has started the first water ski club in the world with Frank Shields and Courtland Hill, at Lake Arrowhead. They ride on ordinary skis behind careening speed boats, and would like to meet a similar club for competition. They are sure they can lick any team of aquatic sportsmen. George wields a mean racket at the Westside Tennis Club in Hollywood, and belongs to the Lakeside Golf Club, of which Bing Crosby and other stars are also members. The Murphys are a familiar couple in the swing salons on Sunset Strip.

George has an extravagant yen for silk socks and handkerchiefs. He always gets in bed from the same side, and always puts the right shoe on first. He hates fresh cops and taxis, and prefers good old Irish stew to the finest caviar from Astrakhan.

In spite of his many years of exhibition dancing, his gait lacks the ballroom glide. He doesn't look and behave like a hoofer or actor, and is utterly natural before the camera. Visitors on the set don't bother him. His modesty is disarming.

On the set of *This Is My Wife* he was asked by a studio press-agent to pose for a photograph with a girl who seemed to be an important out-of-town visitor. Perhaps the daughter of an exhibitor in Iowa. She had an autograph book with her, and their picture was taken as he signed his name in it.

"When she goes back to her home town," George told us, "she will show that picture to all of her friends and acquaintances if I am a success. But she won't show it to anybody if I am not."

Maybe his wife Juliette ought to tell him that he is already a success.

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Color Goes To Sea!

[*Continued from page 99*]

a static future—they weren't life-like enough. Now their future is limitless."

Oscar Homolka says: "Color makes more demands from an actor. It is so life-like itself, he has to be life-like. He can't trust to a story or tricks of make-up to make his character believable. He has to make it believable himself. He has to act—without seeming to act. This is good!"

You will think so, after you see Homolka in action. *Capt. Thorbecke* is a stolid man, whose emotions are, for the most part, locked within himself. But watching Homolka's face, every onlooker becomes a mind-reader. Without dialogue, without action, every onlooker knows *Thorbecke's* emotions. This is acting. Acting of a kind to give Paul Muni competition.

Homolka is Viennese by birth. His father was a shopkeeper; he was to be a shopkeeper, too. No one in his family had ever been an actor—but, in him, there was an irresistible, inexplicable urge to act. He ran away from home, to get the chance. He starved, to get the chance. He kept the flame burning through two years of compulsory military service.

For ten years after that, he was a Max Reinhardt star. He also starred in German films. Then came the time when dramatic art was changed into propaganda. The German theatre and screen were stifled. There was no theatre in Austria. None in Italy—for the same reason as in Germany. Homolka was a man without a career. For a year, he idled, hoping for a change. There was none. He said to himself, "I must learn another language—English."

He went to the Isle of Wight. For a month he took English lessons from an old chap there. Until one day he decided that this man did not talk as other Britons talked. He was learning English from a Scot! He went to London, found another teacher. Six months later, he was on the London stage—a star.

That's the kind of man Oscar Homolka is. Intense, with driving will power. A man with keen eyes and a keen mind, absorbed with watching life and men. A man who talks vividly, but little. A man who gives an impression of being lonely without realizing that he is lonely.

In Berlin, he married a beautiful stage star. The marriage did not last. "I cannot be happy when I am acting," he says, simply. "I am too absorbed with creating. Like an artist trying to create a painting of a vision he has had, or an author trying to make others see as clearly as he sees. I cannot imagine them happy, either, when they are creating. But I cannot imagine, either, their ever wanting to do anything else."

Watch for Oscar Homolka and the color in *Ebb Tide!*

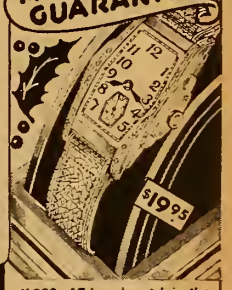


Oom-pah, oom-pah, oom-pah. The merry-go-round won't break down. It is geared to carry Joan Crawford through one of the scenes of *The Bride Wore Red*. And how Joan enjoys it. Joan is supported by hubby, Franchot Tone, as well as Robert Young

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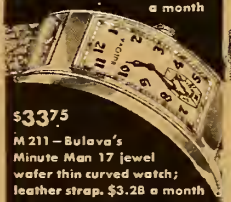




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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER



Here are the latest inside answers to Hollywood's romances, weddings, spats, divorces and blessed events

By HARRY LANG

HOLLYWOODENIZED Nursery Rhyme:
Gary, Gary,
So shy and wary:
How does your family grow!
You're all in a whirl
O'er the new baby girl;
Will it be the first of a row????

● ● ●

NO ADHERENT to the legend that fathers are worse sufferers than mothers when the stork arrives was Gary Cooper, when he went to Hollywood's Good Samaritan Hospital to welcome his 7-pound baby daughter. Nurses who expected Gary, like all fathers-to-be, to jitter about the corridors found him wisecracking instead. He saw a big sign at the door of the maternity ward, which read: NO CHILDREN ALLOWED!

"Humph!" humphed Gary; "*that* makes it kinda difficult, doesn't it?"

Then he took a room next to his wife's, waited patiently until, at 2:36 a. m., they woke him and told him Sandra Shaw had donated a lovely daughter to the Cooper menage. Next day, at the Goldwyn studio, hundreds of dollars were paid off in bets that had been made by studio attaches as to whether Gary's first would be boy or girl. Name of new Cooper?—undecided as we go to press.

"Wait until Mrs. Cooper is ready to discuss the matter," explained Gary, violently turning down studio press-agents' proposals that the baby be named "Miss Marco Polo Cooper".

● ● ●

TUG-at-the Heartstrings—Item from Milwaukee:

Arriving in the beer capital of America, where he married Mae West 26 years ago, Frank Wallace (better known as Mister Mae West) admitted the other day that it gave him "a tug at the heart" to be back where he once promised to love, honor and cherish Mae.

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Rosita Diaz and handsome Jon Hall—
Cupid's got 'em backed to the wall!

● ● ●

IRREVERENTIAL Hollywood, cynical as ever, comes staggering out from under the surprise of its two star-elopement-marriages in one day, and is already making book on "how long'll they stay mrandmrs?"

Ol' Man Tattler, utterly without intent to vex either Mr. and Mrs. Anatol Litvak or Mr. and Mrs. Tony Martin, merely feels impelled herein to report that the odds on the former are better than on the latter. Maybe Hollywood feels that Miriam Hopkins, with two marital experiences behind her, will stay a wife longer this time than Alice Faye, who's never tried wifing it before.

Of the two weddings—both of which followed week-end plane dashes from Hollywood to Yuma, Arizona (where you don't have to wait three days to get a license)—the Hopkins-Litvak I-do-ing was far less of a surprise to Hollywood insiders than the Faye-Martin welding. Miriam and Director Litvak have made no secret of their pit-a-patting about each other—and only recently, Miriam, foreminded about honeymoon conveniences maybe, presented Litvak with a completely equipped auto trailer.

● ● ●

BUT as for Alice Faye and Tony Martin—that's another story. Oh, yeah, yeah—they've been going together for a long time, but despite the gooey gush publicity gush it didn't really look like marriage. Inside fact: only a few weeks before they eloped, Alice upspoke to a close friend of hers and said that she "liked" Tony but she'd never marry him, "because he's kinda too young!" Other inside fact: Although Tony's always been sweet on Alice, he never really got matrimonially excited about her until he sensed that Alice was not altogether cold to the charms of George Brent, currently engaged in the difficulties of unmarrying Constance Worth. The birds whisper that Alice got a bit bothered about George, that Tony sensed it, put on the pressure—and somehow, overrode all Alice's objections and carried her off to the Justice of the Peace.

Now he's cooking dinner for Alice. At least that's what he said when he dashed away from the studio early the other night: "Gotta get home an' cook for the wife!" he yelled. My, my, my! —so the boy can cook, too . . . !

[*Continued on page* 8]



Dorothy Moore, 18 years old, is one of the peaches in RKO's crop of newcomers. She is the athletic type and is being groomed for pictures which call for Young Moderns

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"MANNEQUIN"...Joan Crawford in the love story of a beautiful model...with co-star Spencer Tracy better than in "Captains Courageous"...It's Katharine Brush's famous story. Wait till you see those gorgeous gowns!



"ROSALIE"...starring Eleanor Powell and Nelson Eddy with Ray Bolger, Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver and lots of others...Ziegfeld's greatest triumph becomes M-G-M's mightiest musical, surpassing even "The Great Ziegfeld" itself...Beautiful girls...new song hits by Cole Porter... Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II...WOW!

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WHAT ABOUT THE NEW GARY COOPER?

Gary Cooper, boy and man, has been around quite a few years now. And is still one of the ranking favorites. Indeed, he is more popular than ever. The hold he has on his public is proof of his personality and talent In many respects he has changed. But way down deep the true Gary is the same as he was in the silent era. Gary always makes good copy. He is live news and when he says something it has a point to it. A Cooper story will be one of the highlights of the January MOTION PICTURE. You'll want to read about Judy Garland and Deanna Durbin—those talented youngsters. You had better order your copy now!

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Editor

DECEMBER, 1937

Volume LIV, No. 5 Twenty-sixth Year

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AL ALLARD
Art Director

JOHN SCHWARZKOPF
Western Editor

Hands attract attention so give them attention and make them attractive



Gloria Dickson's slender, graceful hands are expressive as well as beautiful

The Feminine Touch

By DENISE CAINE

WITH a lovely gesture of her slim, white hands and a smile the camera should have got, Gloria Dickson excused herself to answer the telephone . . .

She probably doesn't react so prettily to *all* 'phone calls, but this one was different! Any girl would be thrilled by the prospect of hearing her fiance's voice bridging 3,000 miles . . . For Gloria was in her New York apartment, being interviewed by your beauty editor, while her devoted beau was languishing in Hollywood.

When I heard that Gloria, the Warner Brothers player who made such a splash in *They Won't Forget,* was in Manhattan rehearsing for a stage show, *Wise Tomorrow,* I decided to find out what, besides undoubted acting ability, makes her stand out from the hundreds of comely girls in moviedom.

So far as I can see, there are three types of women: the ones with pure, classic beauty; the ones who try to make up for a lack of beauty by over-glamorizing themselves; and the ones who have neither beauty nor glamour and don't seem to care. Gloria seems to me to strike the proper balance. She is no classic beauty. She makes no attempt to change herself into a spectacular and dangerous creature, dripping allure. But she never overlooks a single opportunity to play up her best features, to present a complete picture of exquisite grooming and natural attractiveness.

Although Gloria was tired from all-day rehearsals the evening I saw her, she managed to look fresh and compellingly lovely in her gold brocade house-coat. Her shoulder-length blonde hair gleamed softly, her skin had the translucence that comes with regular care and her nails were perfectly manicured . . . It certainly wasn't the flashing diamond on Gloria's finger that called attention to her hands. It was their slenderness, whiteness and their perfect poise. While they were nice hands to begin with, Gloria cannily realized, at an early age, that they could be spoiled unless she gave them expert and faithful care, unless she trained herself to use them in the most graceful way.

SOME of her remarks on hand care were well worth noting, I thought.

"It seems to me that hands are almost as important as faces," she said, "in conveying an impression of attractiveness. It is so distressing to me to see a pretty girl who uses her hands awkwardly—flapping them about loosely, keeping them curled up tensely, fingering everything within reach—including her face and hair—handling a cigarette clumsily. [*Continued on page* 68]

Have you checked up on your looks lately? Hair getting dull and dry? Pores enlarging? Nails splitting? Or are you tired of the same old hair-do, the same face powder? If these or other beauty problems are bothering you, write to Denise Caine. She'll gladly help you and give your problem individual attention. Write to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City, and don't forget, please, to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

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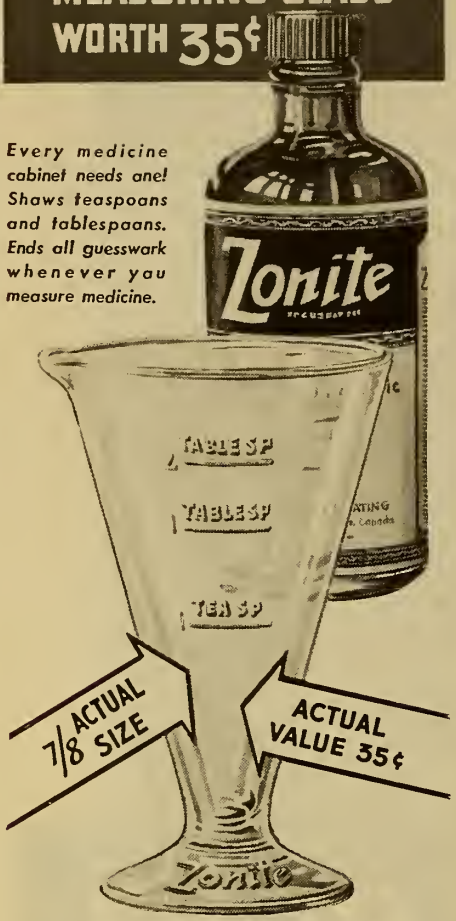
MELVILLE COOPER • ISABEL JEANS

MORRIS CARNOVSKY • VICTOR KILIAN • Directed by Anatole Litvak • Screen play by Casey Robinson • Adapted from the play by Jacques Deval • English Version by Robert E. Sherwood • Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros. Picture



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MEASURING GLASS WORTH 35¢



Every medicine cabinet needs one! Shows teaspoons and tablespoons. Ends all guesswork whenever you measure medicine.

Offer limited. Get yours while they last—at your druggist!

FREE WITH 6 OUNCE BOTTLE OF ZONITE

Use Zonite For—

1. BAD BREATH—Gargle, rinse, brush teeth with Zonite dilution. Zonite removes causes of halitosis—kills tobacco breath, even onion breath!

2. DANDRUFF—Zonite actually destroys dandruff and all scalp germs—*at contact!* Ends nasty scalp odor. Use Zonite scalp treatment when washing head.

3. CUTS AND WOUNDS—Zonite kills many kinds of dangerous germs, not just one or two. Then tissues heal in *less time!* Apply Zonite wet dressing *at once.*

4. SORE THROAT—Zonite kills "cold bugs" at start! At first sign of irritation, gargle every 2 hrs. with Zonite dilution.

5. "ATHLETE'S FOOT"—Zonite treatment gives quick relief from itching. For prevention, bathe feet in Zonite solution.

Zonite

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 8]

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Lovely Jean Rogers and handsome Jack Otterson—
Cupid's got them "all hot an' botterson . . . !"

• • •

PUZZLED is newest-Hollywood-bride Anne Shirley, over the wedding gift she got from the crew of *Stella Dallas*, right after her marriage to John Howard Payne. Crew's gift was a huge scrap book.

"But we're never going to have any *scraps!*" protested Anne.

• • •

WONDER if she thinks the influence will affect her new hubby? —anyway Miriam Hopkins and Bridegroom Anatol Litvak are going to start married life in the former home of the screen's Great Lover, John Gilbert.

Miriam bought it recently, had it renovated and redecorated for honeymooning.

No longer in it, however, is the famous oversized bed of Gilbert. Honeymooners Miriam and Litvak will not use it; it was bought at auction some time ago, installed in the "bridal suite" of a Pennsylvania hostelry.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Anthony Quinn and Katherine DeMille—
He's her jack, she's his jill!

• • •

OLD-TIMERS of the screen are crashing Cupid's Chatter-Column. But not through their own efforts! Through their offspring's:

Oldest-timer in the list is Paul Panzer (remember him as the glowering "heavy" of the *Perils-of-Pauline* days?), who is now a grandfather, thanks to the co-operation of his son and daughter-in-law, to whom an eight-pound son was just born.

Another screen heavy, not yet exactly old-timer, crashes the love-news because Georgette Bancroft is going to get married. Georgette is the 20-year-old daughter of George Bancroft, and she's the fiancee of a Santa Monica business-man, to marry whom she's going to quit her three-year-old film career.

Third child-of-star to make news-hearticle material is Bob Moreno, 24-year-old son of one-time screen-idol Antonio Moreno. Bob, an assistant cameraman, just announced his forthcoming marriage to a non-actress.

[*Continued on page* 12]



—Wide World

Alice Faye, who has fooled us all with her romances, up and married Tony Martin. Lissen: they were engaged 7 months!



Clara (IT) Bow bobs back in the limelight. With hubby, Rex Bell, she's opened a Hollywood nitery—called the "IT" Club

A KING'S RANSOM TO MAKE AMERICA LAUGH!



BILLY HOUSE · MISCHA AUER · JIMMY SAVO · BERT LAHR

THE 4 HORSEMEN OF HILARITY

Not since the days of Chaplin and Harold Lloyd has so much money, talent and creative effort been devoted to pure comedy —zestfully spiced with music, youthful allure and romance.

THE NEW UNIVERSAL presents

MERRY-GO-ROUND of 1938

A TEN-STAR FUN FROLIC



ALICE BRADY



BARBARA READ



LOUISE FAZENDA



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JOY HODGES and JOHN KING

with BERT LAHR · JIMMY SAVO · BILLY HOUSE
ALICE BRADY · MISCHA AUER · JOY HODGES
LOUISE FAZENDA · JOHN KING · BARBARA READ · DAVE APOLLON and His Orchestra

HIT SONGS! "I'm In My Glory," "More Power To You," "You're My Dish," by JIMMY McHUGH and HAROLD ADAMSON "Where who gave you Are You?"

Screenplay by Monte Brice and A. Dorian Otvos
Directed by Irving Cummings
Original story by Monte Brice and Henry Myers

Produced by **B. G. DE SYLVA**

CHARLES R. ROGERS

Executive Vice-President in Charge of Production





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Hollywood goes ROYAL

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CONTINENTAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, LTD.
Toronto, Ont., Canada

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 10]



Buster Crabbe, who was once a lifeguard, demonstrates how he applies the emergency respiration treatment for victims rescued from drowning. His "victim" is Terry Walker

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Now it's Joan Davis with Michael Whalen!
(Constancy sure *isn't* Michael's failin' . . .!)

• • •

HOLLYWOOD isn't what it used to be . . . ! Things are too, too sedate! ! Can you imagine what a pretty pass things have come to when Comedian Joe Penner is guest at two weddings in a row—and nary a ribald gag pulled . . . ? Why, he never even brought a duck . . ! ! ! !

As a matter of fact, he had to leave his duck home to be allowed to see the wedding of Charles Correll ("Andy" of Amos an' Andy, to you!) and Alyce McLaughlin, stage dancer. Correll, fearful that Penner would bust up the ceremony with clowning, made Joe promise to come alone and behave. "This," explained "Andy," "was serious. I was never more scared in my life than when I said 'I do.' I couldn't take a chance with any Pennering!"

• • •



—*Wide World*

Charlie McCarthy, for once, is mortified, staring at his mouthpiece, Edgar Bergen, and Loretta Lee—who are Thata Way

OTHER well-behaved wedding at which Penner restrained his anticking was the marriage of Billy (Ka-Choo) Gilbert, who's in the middle of Lily Pons' new picture, and Ella McKenzie, screen actress. They met seven months ago, when both were in the cast of *Outcasts of Poker Flat*. Now Bride Ella is going to quit the screen. "I'm going to make Billy my career," she said. Besides Penner, Comickers Jack Oakie, Parkyakarkus, Charlie Chase and Victor Moore were ushers at the wedding—and not a gag was pulled.

No sir—Hollywood ain't what it used t' be!

• • •

BLESSED-EVENT of the Month:
BORN, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leif Erikson (Frances Farmer, y'know)—three babies! ! ! All males. Already named Groucho Erikson, Harpo Erikson and Chico Erikson.
The mother, if you *must* know, is

[*Continued on page* 90]



FROM THE PAGES OF *Faith Baldwin's* GREATEST STORY COMES THIS TENSE, MOVING DRAMA OF A WOMAN WHO FACED THE WORLD, ALONE, FOR *Love* . . . .

The picture with the perfect cast!

REPUBLIC PICTURES presents

FAITH BALDWIN'S

"PORTIA ON TRIAL"

with

WALTER ABEL
FRIEDA INESCORT

NEIL HAMILTON
HEATHER ANGEL
RUTH DONNELLY
BARBARA PEPPER



A *Republic* PICTURE

Directed by GEORGE NICHOLLS, JR.
Original story by Faith Baldwin
Associate producer ALBERT E. LEVOY

"I'm in love
WITH MY
LANE HOPE CHEST"
says Rochelle Hudson
20th Century-Fox Star



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WHEN you select this romantic gift in which your future home will start, be sure it is a genuine LANE—the glorified modern Hope Chest, with exclusive features that give absolute moth protection—backed by a free moth insurance policy. Your Lane dealer is now showing a glorious array of the latest Lane models at surprisingly modest prices. See these ideal gifts for sweetheart, daughter, sister, or mother before you make up your gift list. The LANE COMPANY, Inc., Dept. G, Altavista, Virginia. Canadian Distributor: Knechtel's, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.

LANE
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THE GIFT THAT STARTS A HOME

Prize Letters
HOW READERS RATE THEM!

MAGNIFICENT MUNI

$15 Prize Letter

TIME dims the vividness of most remembered things. Places and persons lose their significance, only impressions remain. Once in a great while a picture is produced which embodies the situations or personages that enable it to join the small group which continue to haunt the memory long after the picture has been reviewed. *The Life of Emile Zola* is such a picture. Paul Muni's magnificent characterization of the title role defies you to leave the theatre absolutely unmoved by his fine portrayal of *Mr. Zola*. The court room scene in which he pleads to defend his friend, *Captain Alfred Dreyfus*, in the trial that made history, will certainly go down in the history of the cinema. It was whole-hearted, remarkable in its reality, and left nothing to be desired. It will remain indelibly stamped in the memories of all. For his interpretation of this role, and I feel certain that many will share my belief, Paul Muni should receive, and in all probability will receive, this coming year's Academy Award. And so let us offer a salute to Mr. Paul Muni, the greatest of all character actors.—*Sarah Passafiume, 2114 Bathgate Ave., New York, N. Y.*



Paul Muni

FILMS MINUS FEMALES

$10 Prize Letter

WHY does there *always* have to be *Love Interest* in *every* picture? No matter how ridiculous and far-fetched her presence in the setting, a girl is invariably dragged in. Often, I admit, a touch of romance adds color to an otherwise lifeless drama. But sometimes it destroys the originality—occasionally even the point—of the story; particularly when the plot is changed so that the romance is made the main issue. Romance is fine where it is appropriate, but it is *not* requisite for box-office success. Look at *All Quiet, The Lost Patrol* and other of the few-and-far-between FILMS-MINUS-FEMALES. Men's pictures. Smash hits. And popular not despite, but (partially) because of the fact that the action did not center around some woman whose part in the book was of no consequence—if there at all.—*Ruxton Bright, 1719 No. Orange Grove Ave., Hollywood, Calif.*

PAGING M-G-M

$5 Prize Letter

I'D NEVER heard of her until I saw *Broadway Melody of 1938*, and neither had many others in the theatre, for when she appeared on the screen people all over whispered, "Who is she?" Without the benefit of elaborate ballyhoo build-up she scored an instant success. The audience to a man sat up and took notice, and with excellent reason, too, for exhilarating little Judy Garland hits a new high in Grade-A entertainment. This winsome miss has all the *zing* of Martha Raye and the provocativeness of Simone Simon, a rare combination and a lovable one. Not only does she possess beauty, super-charm, a vibrant personality, and a lovely voice, but she can act (and didn't you love that delicious little wrinkle of her nose?). Judy can handle stellar roles, and we are all anxious to see her again. M-G-M, you're being paged!—*Fredda Sawtelle, Route 1, Box 198, Anaheim, Calif.*



Judy Garland

GLORIA—WE'RE WAITING!

$1 Prize Letter

SUPERLATIVES can never express my gratitude to MOTION PICTURE for the feature story on Gloria Swanson, written by Virginia T. Lane. An orchid to you, Miss Lane, and that goes for the thousands of loyal Swanson fans. The story hit the spot. Mainly because I'm keenly interested in Gloria's return to Hollywood and pictures. Having kept up with Swanson through the years through the medium of motion pictures, naturally I would be interested. I want to see her on top again. And once she gets started in the right direction, she'll make the grade. To those who fail to remember, it was our own beloved Swanson who gave us *Sadie Thompson* and *The Trespasser*. The latter being her first talkie, but one we will long remember. The years have only added grace and beauty to Gloria. There's always that certain glamour about her that seems so hard to define. And now I'd like to say, thanks again MOTION PICTURE and Miss Lane—and Gloria, we're waiting!—*J. W. Colica, Route 9, Box 369 F, San Antonio, Texas.*



Gloria Swanson

PRIZES FOR LETTERS!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over *one hundred and fifty* words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!

RAINS REIGNS

$1 Prize Letter

AT THIS late date, may I put my oar in for one of the rarely mentioned, but truly great actors of the screen—Claude Rains? The first picture I ever saw him in, *Crime Without Passion*, made me sit up and take notice for his acting was superb and his personality strikingly different from those of the ordinary run of screen stars. Since then I have seen him in a variety of other roles, all of which he handled magnificently. After his portrayal of the wicked Earl in *The Prince and the Pauper*, I said to myself that should any picture ever be made of the life of Christ, Claude Rains would be the only completely satisfactory selection for the part of Judas Iscariot. With his compellingly beautiful, but insidious voice, his arresting appearance, and his grand acting, he would do wonders with that role.—*Donald W. Leathers, 43 Myrtle Ave., Fitchburg, Mass.*



Claude Rains

A GREAT FORCE

$1 Prize Letter

MANY people rave about the worthlessness of the movies without giving any consideration to good points. That is being narrow. How anyone can say those things after seeing such pictures as *The Tale of Two Cities* and *Romeo and Juliet* is beyond my comprehension. The screen helps in a big way to immortalize great works of literature. It is true the screen has its faults, but who or what hasn't? The movies are life itself—how can the screen be blamed for what life is? The producers can't change human nature. If the critics are so superior they better start working with their test tubes and revamp society. To my way of thinking the movies on the whole are educational, entertaining and informative. But most important they are instrumental in bringing the whole world closer together and a great force in promoting peace. That, to me, far outshadows any evil.—*A. Chester Kean, P. O. Box 477, Casselton, N. D.*

SYMPATHETIC FAN

$1 Prize Letter

I HEARTILY admire Robert Taylor and other stars for their good nature, yet I wonder if some day one of the more adored, yet hounded, celebrities won't crack under the strain and scream defiance at the hordes of women who make every public appearance a veritable marathon for the unfortunate idol. The sad part is that a star no doubt needs a trip occasionally, and after traveling miles, alights on foreign shores to find the milling fans voraciously waiting for autographs, bits of clothing, or anything they can carry home as reminiscent of the occasion. Yes, fame must have its disadvantages, and a star-struck woman must be the same universally.—*L. C. Rolapp, 4643 Los Feliz Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.*

Don't make up your Christmas list until you have seen the January issue of MOTION PICTURE. You will find many helpful suggestions for attractive and inexpensive gifts. Real finds. . . .

POPULAR MODEL GIVES TIP ON SAVING STOCKINGS!



Here's the girl you see in lots of fashion photographs — lovely Evelyn Kelly. "I furnish my own stockings," she says, "and Ivory Flakes save me money. Stockings washed with *pure suds* wear twice as long."



ACTION! DEMANDS PHOTOGRAPHER. Look at the strain on Evelyn's sheer stockings! They can take it, because they're kept fresh and strong by Ivory care!



ONE MINUTE PLEASE! Evelyn Kelly, popular photographers' model, takes one minute at bedtime to dash her stockings through Ivory Flakes suds. "Now they wear *twice as long.*"

Pure soap prevents weakening of silk stockings

"Protecting the freshness of silk is the whole secret of getting real wear from stockings," say fine stores. "That's why we advise the soap flakes made from the famous pure Ivory Soap—the soap that protects even a baby's young skin."

Don't pile up stockings you've worn—*don't* use any soap less pure than Ivory Flakes—*don't* let your stockings get *stale.* All these make silk grow weak and old.

Start tonight with Ivory Flakes. One minute of daily care can add weeks of wear—Ivory Flakes are pure economy!



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Be assured of happiness everafter by choosing an American Beauty *guaranteed perfect* diamond ring in the beginning — for beauty as well as perfection, and as a source of everlasting pride and satisfaction. In smart new 14k, 18k and platinum settings. Priced from $25 to $1000
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By HAL WHITEHEAD

BEING one of Hollywood's young actors who is more than a 4-to-1 bet to reach the top rung of movieland's ladder of fame isn't enough for Patric Knowles. . . . Pat and his wife also want to be American citizens . . . so the two young Britishers hied themselves to Mexico a few weeks ago and secured quota numbers as the first step toward taking out naturalization papers . . . that in itself isn't unusual . . . but the change in Pat's attitude is . . . a year ago when he was here playing in *The Charge of the Light Brigade,* Pat thought Hollywood was the worst place in which he ever had lived . . . his wife, the former Enid Percival of London stage fame, didn't share Pat's ideas completely . . . but she did think it would be very nice to return to British soil again . . . they had been back in London only a few weeks when both experienced a decided change of mind . . . during a rainy spell both went to bed with very bad colds which they were unable to shake . . . and it wasn't long before they were longing for some California sunshine . . . with the result that they came back to Hollywood a month before Pat was needed for his next picture, fully determined to make Hollywood their permanent home . . . primarily occupied with the business of making pictures. . . . He recently completed *It's Love I'm After* and *Expensive Husbands* and is now working in the big color special, *Robin Hood.* . . . Pat still finds time for his favorite hobby—flying. . . . Knowles is a licensed pilot with 85 solo hours to his credit . . . when he's not at the studio, you nearly always can find him either in the air or hanging around some airport. . . . From the time he was a small boy Pat wanted to be either an actor or a train driver . . . but up to the time he was 18 he had to be satisfied with being a typesetter in his father's print shop . . . he finally ran away to London where, after literally starving for three months, he got a job with a repertory company . . . once in a while he got a job of doing a walk-on-walk-off-the-stage part . . . but never attained much prominence until after starting his film career . . . that, in itself, was an accident, caused by a lack of stage jobs that made it necessary for Pat to either try the studios or start dieting . . . almost immediately he clicked in pictures and played leads in nine British films before coming to Hollywood. . . . A 26-year-old six-footer, he has made a tremendous hit with Hollywood girls to whom he pays practically no attention . . . he has time for only one girl, his wife . . . but the fact that other girls would like to attract his attention is a good indication of how feminine fans are going to feel about him.



GINGER ROGERS

With Ginger making her exit from *Stage Door* she gives you her gladdest smile because, *Having Wonderful Time* (her next), she wishes you could join her in a last dip of the year in her pool. "Wish you were here!" Oh, boy, you said it, Ginger







BRIAN AHERNE

As *David Garrick* in *The Great Garrick*, Brian Aherne plays the most famous actor in dramatic history. The film is the screen's first attempt at costume comedy and gives Aherne the acting opportunity of his career



ANNA NEAGLE

In royal ermine Anna Neagle is a queenly personage in *Victoria the Great*. It re-creates the life of England's famed Queen from the time she mounted the throne to the climax of her career—the Diamond Jubilee



Sigrid Gurie



Annabella



Della Lind



Judy Garland

This Year's Crop of Misses

Every year brings forth a crop of newcomers. The 1937 crop is the largest and lushest in a decade. Which among them are Tomorrow's Stars?

By JAMES REID

"SHE would be worth a million dollars to any studio, right now," says Cecil B. De Mille. He is talking about a girl who has been in Hollywood only eight months, and who didn't speak English when she arrived. No one has yet seen her. No one has heard her. No one knows anything about her. She has just started her first American picture.

Yet De Mille as much as says, "This girl can't fail." No other producer would dare to make such a prediction. It *might* come back to haunt him, six months hence, as a wrong guess.

This gives Cecil B. a monopoly on sensational prophecy. But it doesn't give him a monopoly on sensational discoveries.

Hollywood, at the moment, is full of them. The 1937 crop of new movie misses is the largest, and lushest, in years. Somewhere among them are several million-dollar finds. Stars-to-be. You have seen a few of the newcomers. You have heard of others. Some are not even names to you yet.

Which of them will find fame and fortune? Which of them, tomorrow, will be rivals for today's favorites—new reasons for going to the movies?

You can't pick the potential winners from photographs. They all appear promising. But look into backgrounds, and talents; find out what the girls have done, and what they are capable of doing. Inquire into what opportunities they are getting—for a girl may have everything that a movie star ought to have, but she needs the breaks to prove it. Find out all this, and you will have a preview of Next Year's Hits.

Franciska Gaal, for instance. You will soon get used to saying "Francease-kah Gahl." She isn't, De Mille will have you know, merely a million-dollar find. She is also "a combination of Helen Hayes, the early Mary Pickford, Elisabeth Bergner, and Clara Bow." Those are fighting words. Franciska must have *something*.

She has, for one thing, the leading feminine role in *The Buccaneer*. She plays a little Dutch girl, saved from the sea, who becomes the beloved of the pirate, Jean La Fitte, played



Jane Wyman



Lynne Carver



Franciska Gaal



Joan Davis



Deanna Durbin



Jane Bryan



Joan Fontaine



Sandra Storme

(Next Year's Crop of Hits?)

by Fredric March. She is Hungarian. Five feet three, trim-figured, with auburn hair (which Hollywood has changed to blonde), sparkling brown eyes, a fascinatingly mobile face, a low, vibrant voice. Before Hollywood, the boast of Budapest, expert in farce, tragedy, musical comedy, everything.

A promising sign: She is an actress first, not a glamour girl. She is making her American debut in wooden shoes and a peasant's frock. Paramount has already announced her for two big films-to-come. It looks as if De Mille will *not* have to eat his prediction.

Another new foreign find, of another order, is Isa Miranda. She is too newly arrived, and, as yet, too unfamiliar with English, to have embarked on her first American picture. But give her until January first. And, in the meantime, don't forget that eight Paramount executives—not the usual bored press-agent—met *this* newcomer's train.

She is the "breath-taking sophisticate" type, in case Marlene Dietrich is interested. And Marlene should be. Isa also is lissom to the point of providing new inspiration for Paramount's ace clothes-sculptor, Travis Banton. She is blonde, and Italian, and a graduate, *cum laude*, of Italian films. Mussolini, in person, hosted her farewell party there. Isa rates your attention.

So does brown-eyed, black-haired, five-feet-three Olympe Bradna. She was born seventeen summers ago, in Paris, the daughter of vaudevillians. She first appeared in the family skit when eighteen months old, and has been in show business ever since. At 8, she was a specialty dancer in Parisian musical comedy; at 14, a full-fledged star. All of her brief life, she has danced. Now, she is being groomed for dramatic stardom.

Her appeal is elusive, indefinable. A blend of joy and sorrow, wistfulness and courage, naivete and passion. Whatever it is, it has magnetized audiences in *The Last Train from Madrid* and *Souls at Sea*. She is still so young that she can grow indefinitely in dramatic stature. And she will.

BUT all of Paramount's finds-worth-watching are not foreign. Take blonde Stella Ardler—born Stella Adler. (Hollywood inserted the extra "r" for reasons known only to itself.) Her birthplace was New York City. And acting was her birthright. The Adlers have been at it for generations.

She was college-educated and repertory-trained before she ever stepped on a Broadway stage. An immediate star. A highly dramatic star.

She wouldn't accept any of the movie offers—until she could do "something different." Different, that is, for her. Paramount finally offered her *Love on Toast*. It's a farce-comedy.



Rose Stradner



Nan Grey



Gloria Dickson



Margaret Tallichet



Mary Maguire



Andrea Leeds



Marla Shelton



Rita Johnson

If movie audiences like Stella Ardler, the comedienne, as Broadway audiences liked Stella Adler, the emotional actress—well, you'll be seeing a lot of both of them.

Brunette Louise Campbell also is American, born in Chicago. Born Louise Weisbecker, which didn't stop her from dreaming of a stage career. And making the dream come true—teaching in a university, and working as a dental assistant, to pay for dramatic schooling.

She played her first theatrical bit three years ago. Paramount talent scouts caught up with her last Spring, on Broadway. The immediate answer to her test was the feminine lead in *Wild Money*. Now she is the dramatic ingenue in *The Buccaneer*. You'll be noticing her.

Few famous photographic models have ever become famous actresses. Norma Shearer, Barbara Stanwyck and Kay Francis are exceptions. That gives Sandra Storme and Orien Heyward a chance. Sandra is in possession of the title, "England's Most Beautiful Model," and Orien is the photographic toast of New York.

Then, there is Terry Ray, who, according to one critic, "Would have a figure even in a raccoon coat." If she learns how to keep the attention she instantly captures—look out for Terry. Not to mention Florence George, the prettiest find from radio since Dorothy Lamour. (And everybody knows how Dorothy is doing.) Also—Judy Canova, who proves that all movie finds don't have to be Venuses. Her strenuous comedy singing, imported from radio, may eventually be bad news to Martha Raye.

Meanwhile, don't overlook Evelyn Keyes, from down Georgia way. A blonde with a classically oval face and sloe eyes. Under personal contract to De Mille, she is now getting the dramatic training that she didn't get as a night-club singer. She has everything else—as, I venture to predict, De Mille will soon be tempted to testify.

AROUND the corner, at RKO-Radio, Joan Fontaine is rising rocket-like to stardom. Ten months ago, she faced her first camera. Today, four pictures later, she is playing opposite Fred Astaire in *A Damsel in Distress*.

Blonde, with cameo features, she is only nineteen—and an instinctive actress, rather than a trained one. She still has "much to learn." But, meanwhile, she is natural. That is in her favor. Few people now call her "Olivia de Havilland's sister." They call her Joan Fontaine.

Next most promising of RKO-Radio's young hopefuls is blonde, brisk Lucille Ball. Ex-showgirl, ex-mannequin and protege of Ginger Rogers' mother, Lela Rogers, she has a future as a flip comedienne. Notice Lucille in *Stage Door*.

And keep your eyes on a fascinating little minx named Dorothy Moore, Irish and eighteen. In her graduation play at dramatic school, she was "discovered" by three studios simultaneously. RKO-Radio won her, and—it isn't going to waste her. Ann Miller is one of the "New Faces of 1937." Her specialty is tap-dancing. Brunette, tall and slender, she is potential competition for Eleanor Powell. Just give Ann a while in the studio acting school. She's young.

Joan Woodbury is a brunette eyeful. Diana Gibson is a blonde ditto. So far their pictures have been inconspicuous. But don't forget—many a star has started the same way. Joan and/or Diana may have what it takes.

GO ON up Gower street to Columbia Studios and you will find excitement over a newcomer from Vienna. A slender, vivid brunette named Luli Deste. The daughter of a Baron, and the young widow of a Baron. In London, last year, she asked Director Marion Gering for a screen test. He scoffed at the thought of a Baroness trying to act. He lived to cheer, and—introduced her to Columbia. Now, in *I Married an Artist*, Columbia is introducing her to the world.

She has lived a dramatic life. She is dramatic. She *could* be exotic. But so many foreign finds try to be just that. Luli—she will be different. She will surprise. Her first picture is madcap comedy.

Surprised? You *may* be intrigued.

Another Continental newcomer is: Dolly Haas. Petite, curvacious, animated. A corntassel blonde, with big brown eyes. Europe, according to rumor, has been desolate since she left. Dolly, herself, was desolated by her first encounters with our language. But now she is smiling. She has won the battle. She is going to work—in the big musical, *Paris on Broadway*. At the top of the cast.



Lucille Ball

OVER at United Artists, Samuel Goldwyn has outdone even Samuel Goldwyn as a discoverer, this year of 1937. For example: Sigrid Gurie.

She was born in Oslo, Norway, twenty-three years ago, with hair of a silky blonde and eyes of a startling blue. As long ago as she can remember, she wanted to be an actress. [*Continued on page* 64]



MADGE EVANS

Youth . . . beauty . . . glamor and exotic appeal are caught dramatically by Madge in a study taken by her brother Tom. She's the college boys' dream

She Who Gets Slapped



Like the dolls at a carnival Katie gets slapped down, but always bobs up again. Here's a true case-history of Hepburn who was born to be hurt

YOU know those wooden dolls you slap down and then, after a barely appreciable moment they bob up again, even more gaily and spiritedly than before? And somehow valiant? They were made to be slapped down. Katharine Hepburn reminds me of them. Reminds me of a bright challenge to the world to slap her down so that she can demonstrate her ability to bob up again. For Katharine's life has been a series of slappings-down and gettings-up.

If you take the case history of Katharine, as I now propose to do, you will come to the conclusion that she was, indeed, born to be hurt. She is vulnerable. She is, also, invincible. She says of herself: "I possessed the ability to cry at will, even when I was a very small child." As though tears were on tap, provided by Nature, in readiness to pour their healing over her hurts.

One of six children (with two older brothers) she began life by being hurt because she was born a girl, not a boy. For her brothers, and the elder of the two in particular, were the idols of her childhood—and the envy. A boy, she could have kept stride with her brothers, matching strength for strength. It sort of slapped her down, that she was not a boy. And she has never forgotten the first (and last) time her brothers barred her, on the grounds of her sex, from one of their hell-raking games. That hurt. But Katie didn't stay down long. She took a fierce moment to think it over and then, without a word, went straight to the nearest barber, had her bright mahogany hair shingled to her head, put on one of her brother's suits and demanded the equal right to be scalped. The boys were playing "Indian."

From the first Katharine was an actress. And knew it. As soon as she could speak she began to write [*Continued on page* 83]

By GLADYS HALL

There's a side to Harold Lloyd you don't know. He is a scientist as well as a clown and can tell you all about the Black Widow's Love Life

By DAN CAMP

The Black Widow's Love Life (Not a Movie Star)-Discovered by HAROLD LLOYD

DEAR LARRY:

This Hollywood is the *darndest place!* You can find the oddest, weirdest things. And not aways *in*side the studios, either, by a long shot. Take a peep, for instance, into Harold Lloyd's cellar, down under that big hilltop house of his in Beverly, and what do you find? Why, Larry, you find jars and jars containing, of *all* things, *Black Widow spiders!!!* Those jolly little wenches, whose bite means excruciating torture — and then death. . . .

And they're alive, too, Larry. And what's more, they're Harold Lloyd's playmates. And when a comedian like Harold goes playing with sudden death in a shuddery form like that, it just goes to show that when in Hollywood. you'd better leave normalcy and sanity behind, eh?

Of course, Mildred Davis (she's Harold's wife, you know, Larry; and that's another record of some kind in this Hollywood, where people don't usually make a habit of staying married so long), but what I started to tell you is that Mildred isn't particularly keen on Harold messing with these Black Widows of his. Especially not since one of them got away—and hid and kept the whole household (Mildred and Harold and the kids and the servants and everybody) shivering in mortal terror lest she pop out, unexpectedly, and bite one of them. That would have meant death—and living with crawling death loose in the house is NO fun.



Not even in Hollywood! Believe me, Larry, Harold himself was plenty scared. Until he and his brother-in-law, Jack Davis, finally cornered the spider, and Harold grabbed her with a pair of tweezers and popped her safely back into her glass jar. Where she forthwith showed her rage by biting two other Black Widows to death inside ten minutes!

No, Larry, I'm *not* kidding you! All this is gospel. It's a side of Harold Lloyd that you and your readers probably didn't know about. That's why I think you'd be interested.

You see, Harold's interest in these spiders dates back to a trip he took to Germany, four or five years ago. He visited the Carl Zeiss plant there, where they make those marvelous lenses that are world-famous—cameras, and telescopes and binoculars, and microscopes. That's what got Harold, the microscopes. Harold remembered that Mildred's brother was up at the University of California studying medicine. So, for a gift, Harold bought him one of Mr. Zeiss's finest, highest-powered microscopes. And then, just like a kid with a new toy, Harold, himself, got to peering through the "mike," and before he knew it, he was a microscopist, or whatever you call 'em.

SO, WHEN he got back to Hollywood, his press agent—that's Joe Reddy, who keeps Harold living in a glass house—sent out the story about Harold's microscope, and the next thing you knew, people all over the world began sending Harold bugs and things to look at through his lenses. And just about then, the papers were full of the Black Widow scare, and, naturally, a lot of the bugs people sent in were Black Widows.

And because Harold, basically, is the sort of mugg who's always hunting around for nice things to do for people, he suddenly found himself devoting his time to the task of studying Black Widows, and their habits, and how to control 'em, so they wouldn't kill so many people. Sounds odd for a movie star to do, but it's all on the up-and-up, and anyway, Harold, between movies, finds lots of time on his hands to peep into the private lives of Black Widows. Mildred is eternally grateful, Larry, that Harold is NOT the sort of movie star who messes in the private lives of more orthodox widows . . . !

Anyway, with the enthusiastic help of Jack Davis, Harold fixed up a laboratory in the cellar of his house. And then he and Jack began [*Continued on page* 66]

What Every

How to Abstain from Fashion



Orry-Kelly, Warner designer, tells you what you should "no" in dress

THE Hollywood glamor maidens are afflicted with the same trouble that you and you are, which makes everything cosy in a wardrobe way. The top-notchers have unlimited sums to spend to snare the ineffable *chic* that lends them luster, but some of them have gravest doubts, frequently, about how to achieve it.

The graceful younger players trying to create an "appearance" on their slender stock company salaries, furrow their brows trying to think of how to get the most, in costume, out of the least expenditure. And you and I, housewife, secretary, telephone operator, clerk, home girl, wonder whether a sixteen-gored skirt will do for next season and whether we should buy a red fox fur. (Confidentially, it won't, and you shouldn't.)

Well, all that brow-wrinkling is



(1) The Egyptian influence marks Olivia de Havilland's evening gown. Note high waistline and application of chiffon for frontal curves. (2) Kay Francis' broad shoulders are emphasized in a brown velvet afternoon gown—untrimmed except for 'gator belt. (3) The full high waistlined frock of Napoleon's day is styled by Olivia de Havilland in her wine-toned crepe. (4) Kay Francis wears sable, but if you buy one fur piece be sure it's conservative. (5) Margaret Lindsay's cocktail dress is in iris blue crepe roma. (6) Kay Francis uses little decor for a gold metallic gown and (7) black for chic

Young Actress Should "NO"

Follies . . . Cautions that Apply to You, Too, from Hollywood Designer, Orry-Kelly

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

over. We present a fashion Moses (Australian by birth) to lead us out of the women's wear wilderness into an oasis of common sense. Orry-Kelly is the master's name. And he's chief designer at Warner Brothers-First National's huge Burbank film factory. It means that under his guidance Cinema Fashion Leader Kay Francis is gowned. Bette Davis, too, Olivia de Havilland, Anita Louise, Margaret Lindsay, Joan Blondell, Gloria Dickson, Lana Turner, plus many others. That is, if they are lucky enough to achieve Class-A films and the personal consideration of this big, square-shouldered Irishman with his unerring sense of what is right in line and beauty.

"The most important thing to caution a professional woman, or woman in private life is to ignore minor defects in her face or body," said Oracle Orry-Kelly. "If she can forget that her face is what she thinks 'too round' to wear a high collar, or "too pointed' to wear a low V-neckline, or that her shoulders are 'too broad' for the exaggerated modern sleeve, she has won the first round with herself for fashion assurance.

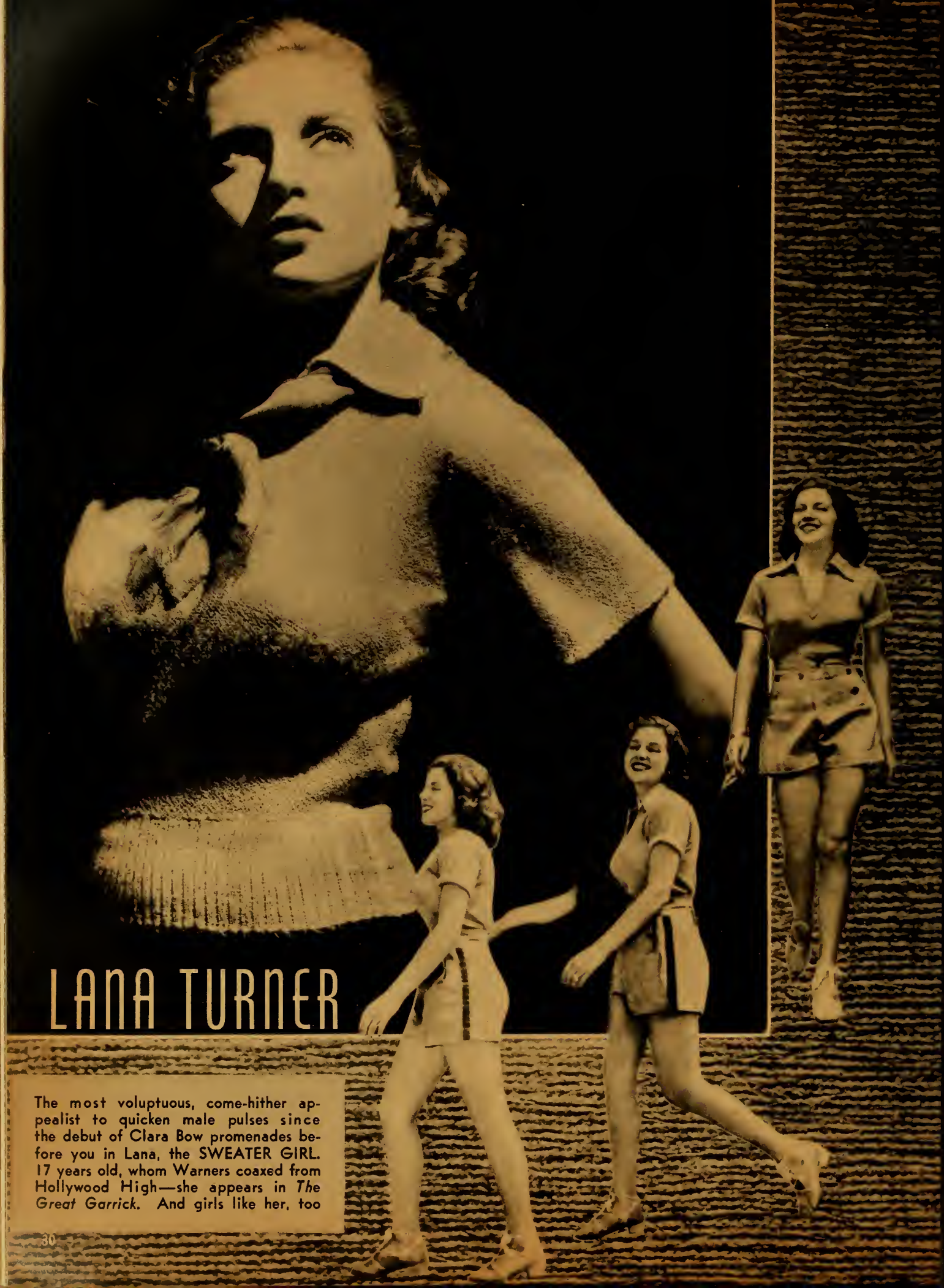


"The keynote of fashion competence is utter unself-consciousness. Forget yourself. Forget that your cheek bones are too high, you think, and that your hips are inclined to breadth. If exercise and vigorous massage can't do much about your hips, an anatomical fault like that can be overcome by avoidance of dress and suits that emphasize their size. Flat chests should not be undraped and if your back is a boneyard, avoid evening dresses that let the world know your secret.

"I will admit," continued the designer, "that certain basic bodily imperfections need thought in designing clothes and buying them, but my all-important 'no' to actress or non-professional, is to forget the minor imperfections. Almost the greatest annoyance that I have in my studio here is from younger players who come in, look at a sketch, try on a dress that we are doing for them, and then say 'But, Mr. Kelly, I *can't* wear *that*. Not with my face. I *never* wear high collars. And this line from the shoulder to the bust is something that I always avoid. Could you do something about the hemline, too? I can't possibly look well in that!'

"I NEVER hear comments like that from Kay Francis or Dolores Del Rio. I take a dozen or more sketches in to Miss Francis and she looks at them silently for a moment, then says 'Fine, Jack. Really fine.' Never tells me to change a line or re-do a bodice fold. They know that I know my business, which is to make them look superlatively well on the screen. They understand to the point where they know, too, that if they look badly on the screen, if their clothes fail to bring them distinction, that they are not as much at fault as I am. And that this failure is going to re-act more on me than on them in this one brief badly-gowned appearance. I endanger my reputation as a designer.

"Most women have clothes sense," continued Warner Brothers' costuming ace. "They don't always heed it, but they have it. Women who have more money to spend on clothes than they know what to do with [*Continued on page* 59]



LANA TURNER

The most voluptuous, come-hither appealist to quicken male pulses since the debut of Clara Bow promenades before you in Lana, the SWEATER GIRL. 17 years old, whom Warners coaxed from Hollywood High—she appears in *The Great Garrick*. And girls like her, too

FREDDIE Marches On

There's a star who goes merrily on in Hollywood, free and happy. His name is Fredric March. Here are all the answers

By CYRIL VANDOUR

TO MILLIONS of cinemaddicts from Kamchatka to Cape Horn the beatitudes of Hollywood surpass the delights of Mohammed's paradise. Here, on the warm and sensuous shores of the blue Pacific, the lads 'n' lassies who are the darlings of all nations lead seemingly enchanting lives. They live in lovely mansions scattered in the luxurious solitudes of stately palms, cruise our tropic bays in sleek, graceful yachts, and command every resource and device for making life a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

Yet how many of these favorites of the gods are really happy? Consider, for instance, the case of the orchidaceous Marlene Dietrich, the screen's foremost exponent of sex glamour. She gets $250,000 for every picture in which she displays her gowns and submits with moist lips to the passionate kisses of an impetuous hero. In private life, she steps out with more cavaliers than the gossip sleuths can keep track of. Yet she is one of the unhappiest and loneliest women I've ever met. I once asked her why she is so sad when she has everything women crave—beauty, wealth, fame, the adulation of thousands. She smiled sadly, nay, bitterly, and tossed off a *bon mot* in French to the effect that she enjoys her misery.

Or consider the case of Garbo, getting eight or nine thousand smackers every week. Anyone who really knows the Silent Swede—and you can count them on the fingers of one hand—will tell you, *sotto voce*, that her sadness in real life borders on the psychopathic. I

[*Continued on page* 78]







When Fred finishes *The Buccaneer* he'll go to New York and try the stage again

Fred portrays the swashbuckling pirate, Jean Lafitte in *The Buccaneer*, produced by C. B. DeMille. It's a very colorful role



—WILLINGER

Don't let anyone tell you that Luise wears the high hat and snobs around something awful. Let's scan the record

By FAITH SERVICE

RAINER is NOT high hat. And I think that I can prove it.

Hollywood has had little fits of petulance about Rainer these past few months—occasional little pouts and suspicions that she is wearing the tall silk hat at a very so-so angle. Radio commentators have suggested that she come "off it." We have been told that she closes her sets to visitors, up-stages writers and fellow players, refuses to be photographed, won't okay stills, doesn't "go with" Hollywood folk, offends hostesses by turning down all invitations, just snobs around something awful.

Now really this is nearly all nonsense. The only reason that it isn't one hundred percent nonsense is that it is nine-tenths fiction and one-tenth understandable misunderstanding. It is because of that one-tenth interpretation that the jibers and gossipers should be forgiven.

It is misunderstanding for two reasons—both of them good. One is that Rainer does not yet speak English perfectly. That is to say, she is not familiar with the shades and subtleties of the language. She says things she does not really mean to say, things that do not convey her exact meaning. And many have been the misunderstandings therefrom.

The first of these misunderstandings, the father and mother, probably, of all the others, occurred from an unintentional misuse of words. Not so much the misuse of words, perhaps, as from the fact that the man who overheard what she said did not understand all that had gone before. . . .

It happened one day just after Luise had seen her first test for *The Good Earth*. Now Luise, you may know, never wanted to make that picture. It was a case of Mr. Thalberg's perception and persistence against the Rainer protests and objections. She didn't "see" herself as *Olan*. She didn't feel that she was the type. She didn't believe that she knew the Chinese woman, her temperament, her problems. She felt, also, that she was too new in Hollywood, too inexperienced to attempt so ambitious a role. She said to me at the time: "I do not want to play what I cannot play *right*. I would rather be a servant in somebody's house than do my work false. . . ." But Mr. Thalberg knew differently. And Rainer made the test. And then she saw the test. And she came out of that projection room with her face flaming, tears running down her cheeks, exclaiming: "I am goot—but I am goot—I am *goot*!"

A passing reporter overheard her. So, she thought she was so "goot," did she? He stepped on the gas, parked in front of the first available typewriter and told the world that Rainer was egotistic, vain, bombastic, showoffish, another of these "foreign importations" who think they have it all over our homespun Lombards, Crawfords, Blondells. He didn't understand. He didn't understand that Luise, who had believed that she would be so very bad, had suffered so many qualms, so agonizing an inferiority complex about it, simply meant *that she wasn't so bad;* simply meant that she was better than she ever thought she would be. That was all. It was an understandable misunderstanding on the reporter's part, no doubt. There have been many such.

And it is remindful of a similar anecdote about Garbo. This happened when Garbo first came to Hollywood; when Garbo, too, was fumbling with the English language. She was having, one day, great difficulty with a scene. She couldn't understand what the director wanted of her. Both their tempers were taut. And suddenly, and much to the director's speechless fury he heard Garbo cry out: "I am important—but don't you know, I am *important*!" The director found his tongue and used it—as a lash. He yelled back "Important, are you? Important, huh? You are about as important around here as . . . why, you don't mean anything in Hollywood, nothing at all, etc., etc., ETC." It took Garbo the rest of the day to untangle herself from that, to make it plain to the director that she had meant: "I am *imported*"—which was her way of explaining why she did not understand what he was saying—why, a foreigner, she did not grasp Hollywood ways.

So, unconscious misuse of the [*Continued on page* 61]

RAINER Is Not High Hat

JAMES CAGNEY

Jimmy of Hollywood and Martha's Vineyard appears in his first song and dance role in *Something to Sing About.* And substitutes a top hat and bosom shirt for cap and sweater of some former films. Maybe this means his grapefruit-tossing days are over—(remember how he socked heroines?) Having sung and danced on Broadway, Jim knows what it's all about





DON AMECHE

They didn't wear top hats and tails *In Old Chicago* (Don's next) —not when Mrs. O'Leary's famous cow kicked over the lamp. But the Don did dress up thataway in *You Can't Have Everything.* It's his idea that if Charlie McCarthy can go to town in topper and tails that he can wear 'em, too, and not resemble a clothing store *dummy.* That's cracking back, isn't it Don?

They Also Serve— STAND-INS and



Joan Blondell's stand-in is Connie Ray, who gave up studying law to become an actress. Rehearses with Joan every day

A GANG of dare-devils are crawling around the catwalks high up among the rafters of a mammoth sound stage. "Number three, pull it down," the gaffer or head electrician says to his acrobatic "best boys," directing their activity. "Lower. Flood it out. Number four. Catch the end of that nigger and flood it out on the door. Bring a baby here. Spread it. Kill Number five."

A spotlight up on the catwalk is directed on the faces of a young man and a girl, sitting on a modernistic sofa, his lips against hers. Hard lights play around them, and shade lamps are adjusted to eliminate the shadows. Presently a battery of lamps pour a cataract of lights behind their backs. A new shadow bobs up from somewhere, as it always will. The gaffer detects its origin and kills it. A camera is trundled up and leveled at the lovers as they sit immobile, like two statues. Two cameramen run a measuring tape from the lens to the girl's cheek, then turn her around a little to get the right facial angle, and lay her limp hand where it should be. There are seven—or is it seventy?—different varieties of screen kisses, created by means of camera angles and a mathematically worked-out play of lights and shadows.



It takes more time to light a scene than to act it. When the lights and cameras have been adjusted to the proper focus, an operation that might take an hour or more, our young lovers, looking quite wilted, step out, and another young man and girl walk in, fresh and vital, to take their places on the sofa. The



Joan Bennett's stand-in, Isabelle Sheridan, is Mary Pickford's cousin and stood in for her and other stars. Doesn't care to stand-in all her life

This is NOT Loretta Young, but her double, Betty Bryson, who knew each other when children in Salt Lake City



Mal Merrihugh, former ball player for Kansas City, is Cary Grant's stand-in, double and business manager. Says Cary's a regular guy

All of the ranking stars have stand-ins and doubles—unseen and unsung. Most of them hope to become Big Names some day

DOUBLES

By LEON SURMELIAN

motor cable of the camera is plugged in, and the director says, "Roll 'em!" as the new lovers go into a clinch. A microphone, suspended from the end of a long steel extension arm or boom and manipulated by an indifferent man picks up the rapturous words of the hero, and the juicers stand or sit by their lamps, languid and aloof, watching this intimate love play. And thus another immortal and tender moment that will thrill millions from New York to Madras is filmed.

These two players are the stars, while the couple who preceded them were merely their stand-ins. The alter egos of the stars play at being prince charming and cinderella, hero and gilded lily, king and queen—but you never see them on the screen. They troupe behind the scenes, unknown and unsung.

But the world will soon become stand-in conscious, for out at the United Artists studios Walter Wanger has produced a picture to end all pictures about Hollywood. It is called *Stand-In*, starring Leslie Howard and Joan Blondell. You may like or dislike Hollywood according to your tastes, but the film capital has one supreme grace: it knows how to make fun of itself. And Gene Towne and Graham Baker, the authors, are supreme kidders here. Incidentally, the play, *Boy Meets Girl* was written around them. Tay Garnett, the director, aids in gagging it with [*Continued on page* 80]









At top the doubles with Fay Wray are Carole Dietrich (Marlene), Jean Seale (Jean Harlow), Sylvia Lamarr (Joan Crawford), Virginia Rendell (Mae West). In center are Grace Moore and late stand-in, Irene Crane, who was killed in an auto accident. Photo at left shows Leslie Howard and stand-in, Richard Foster, who wants to become a producer. Right, Sylvia Lamarr fools everyone as Crawford's double



MARY ASTOR

Mary's ingenue days are over and so are her wistful heroines. Now a fine emotional actress, she is certain to make *The Hurricane* stand out like *Zenda*

Why JACK is Oakie-Doke



Jack married Venita Varden and ceased being "Playboy No. 1." They expect the stork



By CAROL CRAIG

Jack Oakie is the youngest old timer of the movies. Boy and man he has been at the top for ten years. He is a bargain for any studio—no matter the price

ON THE set of Lily Pons' new picture, *Hitting a New High*, there is a rehearsal in progress. In front of the camera are Lily, Edward Everett Horton and—Jack Oakie.

The setting is a leafy glade in the African jungle, with a forest pool in the background. In the center of the glade stands Lily, wearing a costume no operatic star ever wore before; a brief brassiere of feathers, a brief skirt of feathers, and a large helping of tan make-up from her bare head to her bare toes. No other operatic star ever had a Pons figure.

But—where was I? Oh, yes. There is Lily, in the center of the jungle glade, when Jack and Eddie, dressed in the Boy Scout pants and pith helmets of big-game hunters, break through the brush and discover her.

Horton, entering the glade first, sees her first. He rushes forward. Twittering like a frightened bird, she retreats behind a tree. Horton, who doesn't speak the native lingo, begs Oakie to ask her who she is. Jack comes out with something that sounds the way jungle gibberish ought to sound. Ceasing her musical bird-like chittering for a moment, she answers in similar mumbo-jumbo.

Oakie translates for Horton: She is a bird-girl. She says she has lived with the birds so long that she can do anything that the birds can do. Horton, his mind momentarily blank in the well-known Horton manner, nods benignly. Then his face freezes. He realizes, with a start, the full import of Jack's words. He remembers that he is famous for discovering musical talent. Heavens! They must catch her! The chase begins. . . .

It is an amusing scene as the scenarist has written it. Lily and Eddie play it as written. But not Jack. He sees a couple of spots for extra laughs. Without warning, he adds to the script.

Onto the end of his first gibberish, he tacks a line of Yiddish—a line meaning "How are you feeling?" There is no mistaking the fact that it is Yiddish. That, and its unexpectedness in this particular spot, give listeners on the set a laugh.

Jack comes to the line where he translates for Eddie. After explaining that Lily says that she can do anything that the birds do—he adds, in an undertone, as a parenthetical thought, "I'll bet she can't take a bath in a saucer." Another laugh.

The extra laughs are not intrusive. They take nothing away from the plot. They add to it. You see, this discovery by Horton of a girl who can sing like the birds is a carefully planned ruse of the girl and Oakie. Jack's verbal by-play is for her amusement. But the director objects to Jack's extemporaneous additions. They aren't in the script, which, after all, the Front Office expects them to follow. The Front Office may not like the additions. He is all for leaving them out.

Unconsciously, Jack does a Horton. Thinking of something else, he nods absent-mindedly. Then, suddenly, the full import of the director's verdict hits him. His face, however, doesn't freeze. His mouth arcs upward in that blithe, bland, persuasive Oakie grin.

He chides the director for not listening to the laughs. He offers to bet that the Front Office won't touch the added gags before the preview. And he offers to bet on the audience reaction at the preview. Kiddingly, he coaxes the director into allowing the Yiddish business. But the director can't be coaxed into letting him add the line about the bath in a saucer.

[*Continued on page 72*]

Speaking of Glamor —Here's GLADYS!

Gladys George has more of that ummph than most of the numbers in Hollywood. She can out-glamor the most exciting Glamor Girls



By KAY PROCTOR

IT WAS one swell shot.

A black satin mule, which a moment before had been tucked over the pinkly bare toes of Gladys George, went sailing through space. It landed with deadly accuracy against an idly grinning buddha sitting majestically over the George hearth. It broke, naturally, in a dozen small pieces.

I was not particularly disturbed; it was her house and her buddha. The George dander, when it's up, has been known to overlook such minor details. Besides, I'd seen Gladys in many a pet before and knew from experience that these sudden storms blew down as quickly as they came up. My cue was to sit tight and I'd hear the whys and wherefores in due time.

Presently she threw down the blue-covered script she had been reading while I tended to my knit one, purl two, and rose defiantly. At least it was as nearly defiantly as hobbling on one foot to retrieve the mule would permit. When she was again seated, it started.

"What's it all about?" she asked me in that low, throaty voice that still fascinates me after listening to it for more than twelve years. "It's got *me* stumped. I don't mind telling you.

"First they pad me front and hindside until I look like the original specifications for Old Ironsides. That was good old Carrie, even if she was a valiant lady.

"Then they deck me out in those sweet little 1918 numbers, any one of which would defeat even a Miss America, and stick me in the front line trenches for Spence and Franchot to argue about. That was in *They Gave Him a Gun* and if audiences didn't wonder why any argument occurred in the first place, I miss my guess.

"And now! Now they're all set to load me down with wrinkles and a grown son! If I'm the type to play *Madame X* now, I ought to be ripe for *Elsie Dinsmore* about thirty years from now."

She strode angrily to a mirror, peered critically at the reflection, then faced me in plain bewilderment.

"You've known me long enough to be honest. You don't have to kid me. Tell me, what do you see?" she asked. "How would you cast me if you had the say-so?"

OUR long-standing friendship, begun years ago when Gladys was playing in stock in a small western city and I was an alleged dramatic critic, not yet dry behind the ears, always has privileged me to shoot straight from the shoulder with Gladys. She expects it, and I've done it lots of times and not always in exactly a complimentary way. She always was as willing, perhaps even more so, to listen to sincere criticism as praise.

What did I see? Looking at her with the unbiased eyes of a stranger, I saw a girl whose piquant beauty in its fullness never yet has been shown you on the screen. A girl no older than, say, Joan Crawford. As seductively slim as Myrna Loy. As tall as Claudette Colbert. A girl with more subtle allure, to my way of thinking, than Dietrich and more downright sex appeal than lovely Jean Harlow whom we lost so short a time ago.

Adding it all up, I said, I saw a darned good example of modern stream-lined glamor. Nor was it my judgment alone; I've seen too many men and women alike fall under its spell. Hard-headed business men and women who usually resented that attribute in another woman.

"No," she said bluntly. "I'd be a hypocrite if I tried to pretend that I don't know I have passable beauty of features. That's nothing to get set-up about; so have thousands of other women. More beauty than I. I don't, however, claim to be glamorous, as we know and use the word today, at least in Hollywood. I do know, though, that with the help of the camera I can create the illusion of beauty and that with proper grooming and coiffing, I can create the illusion of glamor. It's one of the tricks of my trade."

I let that pass, even if I knew better. Any woman knows that glamor is like Barrie's definition of charm—you have it or you haven't. It's an [*Continued on page 71*]

TABLE RESERVED FOR TWO

He may not like to wear a white tie and top hat but he likes you to dress in evening clothes. Florence Rice, appearing in M-G-M's *Double Wedding*, agrees and does



If you are partial to white (and he is) and you're tired of the old ermines why not wear a long white fox cape? Florence Rice wears one over her purple taffeta



When he suggests dinner and dancing, wear a gown like Florence Rice's (left) with the new long waistline. The full skirt, shorter in front, is of old rose taffeta. The moulded bodice of black velvet elastic

Make him feel you are his queen by wearing a long silver fox wrap over a purple crepe dinner gown. Miss Rice wears them, right, and she says the color scheme is very regal



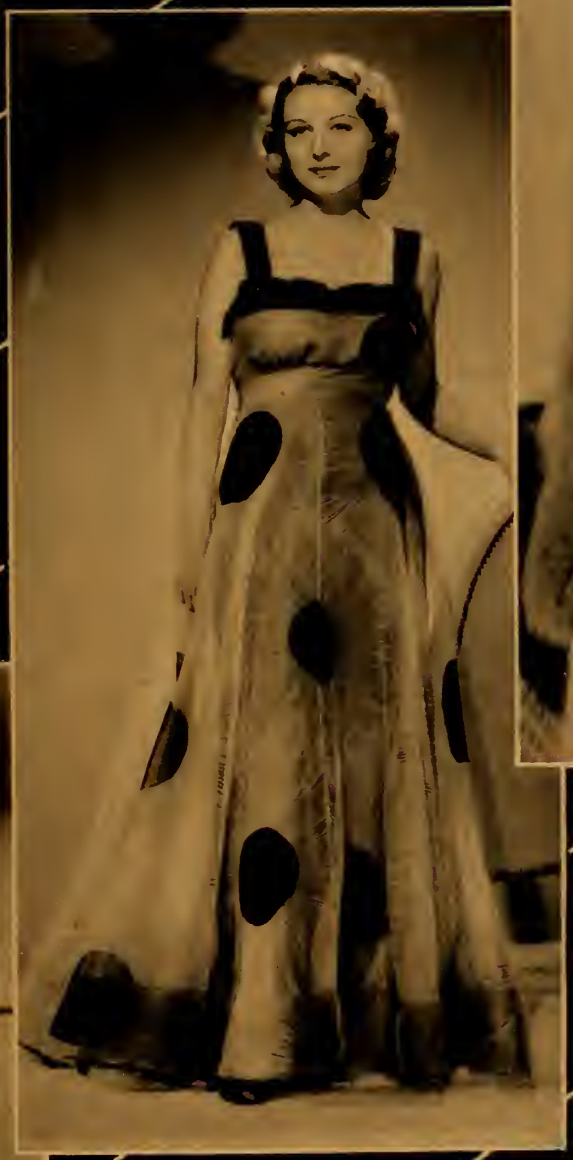




He will also think you're a royal girl if you wear mink over purple. Florence Rice, above, wears a mink box coat featuring the new short length sleeves over her purple crepe gown which is very low-cut in back. Left, another royal ensemble selected by Miss Rice is a black velvet dinner gown with a three-quarter length ermine coat. The dress is trimmed with white venetian lace at the waist, sleeves and down the front

If your eyes are green or you want to make the other girls green-eyed with envy depart from silver fox and wear a luxurious red fox cape like Florence Rice, right. Underneath, Miss Rice wears a black taffeta gown







The above gown will add a touch of gayety to the party. Made of mouseline de soie in black and white, the full skirt has a wide band of horsehair around the bottom, underneath the hem, to make it stand out. If he dates you for Hallowe'en or Thanksgiving the dress at the left is particularly suitable, the colors being black and orange. Miss Rice's is of black taffeta with an orange ruffle. The waist is tight



OLYMPE BRADNA

If you have seen *Souls at Sea* you will agree with us that Olympe Bradna, formerly of the French Casino, is the most promising young actress in Hollywood. Olympe has it in her blood. Her uncle is the ringmaster of Ringling's Circus

MARY CARLISL

Mary Carlisle must be terribly in love for they say a woman is at her loveliest then and we have never seen Mary looking so gorgeous. With her new make-up and sleek figure, Mary is going to stir Bing's pulse in coming films

HOPE for the Best

Hope Hampton comes back to the screen to give voice to the best musicals, past and present

By SHAUN DENNIS

MAYBE it's the Irish in Hope Hampton that makes her love a fight. Especially a fight against great odds. A fight that enables her to encompass the impossible. As, for instance, abandoning a full-blown screen career to battle for eminence in grand opera, and with this triumph won, being lured back to new stardom in the talkies.

Yes, maybe it's the Irish in her. For Hope is Irish, despite her Texas nativity and her adoption of New York. There's Killarney blue in her eyes, the golden tints of a Kerry sunrise in her hair, and her skin is smooth and rich as the cream which was spilled by Kitty, of Colerain, and has been sung of ever since.

"It's the adventure and the struggle of life that makes it interesting," Hope explains in those low vibrant tones which distinguish her speaking voice, "when existence becomes static it's time to get into action. Funny folk, actors. I'm sure I don't know what's to be done about us!"

From the beginning, the Hampton horoscope must have been marked by the laws of change. Hope could never stay put. Imbued with the ambition that has ever lashed her onward toward real accomplishment, she invaded the deep canyoned city of Gotham. She tackled the calloused giant alone, armed only with courage and wit. Beauty, too, she had. But that by itself is a sterile asset. And her talent was an unknown quantity. Even to herself.

One characteristic that distinguished the Titian-tressed girl then as it does now, was her firm belief in the necessity for thorough preparation for the future. There's no hit-or-miss element in the Hampton success. Her castle stands on solid rock. Others have dared the shifting sands and found disaster. But not Hope Hampton. Her first move in the direction of a seemingly distant objective was entrance into Sargent's Dramatic School, from whence many a school-girl had found a path to stardom. So it was with Hope Hampton.

When the school gave its play in the Empire Theatre, she was among those who trod the historic boards. That she faced these first footlights in telling fashion is indicated by the event that followed. In the audience were producers and directors from both stage and screen. Before Hope left her dressing-room after the final curtain, she had her choice of theatre or studio. She chose motion pictures.

EVEN as now the screen and its people moved in an atmosphere of greater glamour. Its stars were fabulous persons that filled the dreams of the multitude with romantic shadows. There was the incrutable Garbo, [*Continued on page 74*]



Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings on in that dear old Hollywood



With a spot of tea, Wally Beery hopes his troubles are over. He accidentally shot himself, acting a two-gun role, and daughter, Carol, was threatened by kidnapers



Don't let Jackie Cooper kid you that he's having a romance, even if he has grown older. The girl with him is Maureen O'Connor, 13 year old radio singer, who appears opposite him in his new film, ***Boy of the Streets***

The TALK of

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S just shaken his now-all-white thatch (it's black only when he dyes it that way for a picture) from side-to-side in his perennial denial. It's the same old denial: He is NOT—

(a) —going to talk in his next picture, or,

(b) —going to abandon his famous big shoes, be-derbied, rattan-caned tramp character.

Charlie's denial followed Talk-of-Hollywood that he will play a "straight" sophisticated role opposite Paulette Goddard in the picture he's writing for her, and which is to go before the cameras come New Year's or so.

As a matter of fact, it may be years before you see Charlie on the screen again —because he says he'll produce two Paulette pix before making another himself.

And take it from your faithful old Hollywood keyhole-peeper, it's a pretty good bet that Charlie himself will *never* make another film . . . ! Put *that* in your clarinet and toot it.

Pillow Stuffed?

WOE-OF-THE-MONTH is Bing Crosby's equator. He can't keep it under control. He diets; oh, how he diets. But the girth-rate goes up. Paramount wonders how many more belt-notches before romance weakens . . .?

Collecting Lip Prints Now

NEWEST fad in Hollywood is collecting lipstick-wipers-offers, or waddever you call those little crepe-paper squares the gals use to remove excess lip rouge.

Discovering that Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers, Myrna Loy use a lip-adjustment technique that gives a quite-perfect cupid's-bow effect on the discarded paper, autograph fans have now added the collection of these trophies to their routine.

Joan—Broadway Bound

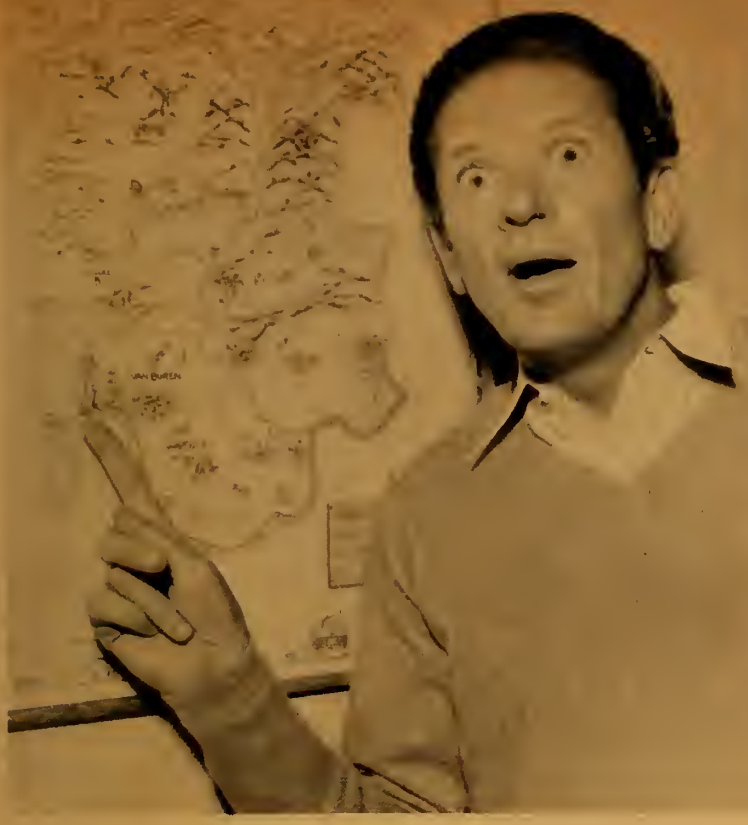
TALKING of Joan, here's a straight tip: La Crawford is but-definitely planning to quit the screen in 1938. She's going to take a whirl at the Broadway stage. The inside is that she even has her play all picked out. How long she'll stay off the screen depends on how good she makes on the stage.

Clara "It" Is Back

BACK to Hollywood in a burst of red-headed vitality comes the Ittest gal the screen ever produced—Clara Bow herself. With hubby Rex Bell and her



Sylvia Sidney has retired from Hollywood and movies for a time. She stars in the Broadway play, ***To Quito and Back***



"Well, I'll show you where I come from," says Bob Burns. "It's down there where my finger is pointin' in Van Buren, Arkansas. An' that's me and my bazooka." The map decorates a wall of Bob's new home. He's in *Wells Fargo*



Dorothy Lamour has become so associated with South Sea films that she uses South Sea atmosphere for her play-room

HOLLYWOOD

three-year-old kiddie. Clara skyrocketed back from the gargantuan cattle ranch that sprawls over the California-Nevada state line, and on which Hubby Rex raises steers. Tired of ranch life, Clara has bought out one of Hollywood's niteries—the once-named "Cinnabar" in the Plaza Hotel She's renamed it "The



Frank Shields, who gave his all in a long kiss screen test, appears in *Food for Scandal*



Ida Lupino and John Boles are brought together as a new team in *Fight for Your Lady*



Chorines from *This Way Please* greet Rigaud, Argentine star, as he arrives in Hollywood for Paramount



Joy Hodges' beauty and figure appeared in *Merry-Go-Round of 1938*. She's in the Broadway musical, *I'd Rather Be Right*



If and when Betty Grable gets married (and it may be any day now) to Jackie Coogan she plans to retire from films

IT Cafe" and Clara, herself, hair as fiery as ever, and with pounds off her once-too-curvacious hips, even carves a slice of roast beef for her best-friend patrons, while Rex dishes out oysters.

Not only that, but Clara right now is dickering with Grand National films to make a screen comeback. She's had tests and they turned out just as hot as ever. Only hurdle is that Clara wants more money than G-N wants to pay.

Ay Tank Ay Lose Toothbrush

TALKING about stars' ex-homes —when Neil Hamilton moved back into the house he'd leased to Greta Garbo while he was in Europe, he discovered that the Garbo had left a toothbrush behind . . .! Neil doesn't know whether to return it to her, hang it over his own mantelpiece, or send it to the Smithsonian Institution.

In The Harlow Home

UNSUPERSTITIOUS are the William Gargans. They have bought the house where Jean Harlow was living when she died. Real estate men feared the house would be an unsaleable jinx.

Judy's Lucky Number

SUPERSTITIOUS? Is 13 your UN-lucky number? Then envy Judy Garland—it's her GOOD-luck number—She signed her first M-G-M contract on the 13th of the month. She was 13 years old. She got a gift bracelet from Clark Gable with 13 charms on it; and Mary Garden gave her a 13-diamond-studded jade ornament. And to top it, they previewed her newest hit, *Broadway Melody of 1938*, on the 13th—and a Friday-the-13th, at that!

Life In Ha-Ha-Ha-Hollywood

WHEN one of the stenogs on the Warner lot first saw Errol Flynn wearing his *Robin Hood* goatee, she burst into tears, she was that heartbroken . . . or maybe she's just ticklish . . . Basil Rathbone collects "significant" shoes . . . he has a boot once worn by Charles I, an ancient Irish brogue (that's a boot, not a dialect), a pair of Egyptian sandals, and things like that . . . how handy for weddings! . . . Doug McPhail collects miniature anchors, but he's afraid to have it publicized lest some gagster send him a full-sized Normandie anchor, express collect . . . Bob Montgomery just can't eat lunch or dinner without having two full-sized stalks of celery with it! . . . they've been next-door neighbors for two whole years, but Fred Astaire and Charlie Chaplin have never spoken to each other . . . when she's scared, Carole Lombard's ankles knock together! . . . taking a census from her fan-mail, Claudette Colbert learns that there are at least 56 children named after her—latest is Claudette Colbert Lapidus of New York; oddest is Claudette Wun Sing of China . . . Stu Erwin lives in a closely-built part of

Beverly Hills, yet he has 18 dogs at his home . . . Mary Maguire has just sent to Australia, where she hails from, for her pet kangaroo . . . she says she's going to walk it right down Hollywood Boulevard . . . when Lynne Overman tried to outwit autograph hunters by wearing his right arm in a sling while entering and leaving the studio gate, he failed to reckon on the fans' keenness . . . they all knew he was left-handed, so he had to sign anyway! . . . Garbo just hates electric lights, so her new home is candlelit from dining-room to bedroom . . . Bridey-

[*Continued on page* 89]



They had to stop work on the picture that Robert Donat is making with Merle Oberon because of his asthma attack



The Gary Coopers are now the proud parents of a 7 lb. daughter. All three doing well



All togged out like Mrs. Astor's horse is your old pal, Dick Powell, now making *Hollywood Hotel*



Jean Rogers wears a play-suit instead of a riding habit when she mounts a buckless "bronc" in a gym

Song Hits Come from the Movies Now

The song hits come from the movies now. So bring on your tunes, boys, radio and dance bands will give them to the world

By AL KNIGHT

WHEN Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart returned to Hollywood a few months ago they effected a revolution of musical films. They call themselves "musical dramatists," a title which the studios recognized as significant.

The new vogue in film musicals is an old purpose to Rodgers and Hart, one they tried to put across on the west coast five years ago, but it took dozens of the wrong kind of tune pictures and at least one excessively costly lesson to bring the movie moguls around to the R and H idea.

At least three times since the advent of the talkies, musical pictures have been "through" in Hollywood. And yet, as long as there's a screen and a film theatre there will be orchestras and singers in the California studios. The trouble, as Dick Rodgers and Larry Hart tried to point out to the producers as far back as 1932, has been not with music in the movies, but the wrong kind of musical productions. Only it has taken four years for those who ought to know to "find that out."

Four years these two composers whose hits have been sung in every tongue all over the world have protested against the inopportune injection of songs into a picture just because the hero or the heroine could sing. When the poor composer viewed his brain child on the screen it was crowded into a minute of an impossible situation with the hero crooning it under a weeping willow tree to the accompaniment of a thirty-two piece orchestra although, to be consistent with the plot and locale, the nearest piano would have had to be ten miles away.

Knowing what ought to go into a musical film and getting the producer to see it their way were two entirely different things—until this year. And now Hollywood has come around to the Rodgers and Hart theories, or so Dick and Larry hope.

It was in 1930 that theye were first called West, the salary inducement being a little better than alluring. They had been engaged to write



Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart are the Gilbert & Sullivan of the western world. As musical dramatists they collaborated on *The King and the Chorus Girl*



Irving Berlin is recognized as the greatest song writer of them all. He wrote the music for *Top Hat, On the Avenue*



the score for *Hot Heiress* which turned out a cold proposition for just as they were hitting their stride an edict went forth: "No more musical films!"

So Rodgers and Hart went back to New York and gave the stage what the movies wouldn't have—*A Connecticut Yankee*—with songs that swept the country and are still being heard with relish. Eventually time softened their resentment for Hollywood. Also the second offer was for more money than the first and there was the chance that things might have changed musically in Hollywood. Their hopes were justified. They were assigned to do *Love Me Tonight* with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. Not once during their sojourn did any supervisor query why they hadn't in any single lyric rhymed "moon" with "tune," which made them feel that maybe there was something to these Hollywood contracts after all.

The Phantom President with George M. Cohan followed, then *Mississippi* with Bing Crosby, *Manhattan Melodrama,* some new numbers for *The Merry Widow* and *Dancing Pirates* came in due course. Meanwhile the stock of the composing duo was rising higher because of notable contributions to each theatrical season.

Since Hollywood had gone so far as to put musical films into [*Continued on page* 87]





Oscar Straus of Vienna is now in Hollywood. He composed *The Chocolate Soldier* and *Last Waltz*, two operettas



A composer of timely topical song hits is Cole Porter. His *Night and Day* was the song hit of *The Gay Divorcee*



Jerome Kern has written catchy music for years. He scored *Show Boat* and *High, Wide and Handsome*

Nacio Herb Brown (left) and Arthur Freed have written music for all of the *Broadway Melodies*

Believe you us, Ray Milland of London, was down to his last dime. Then came Movie Luck and the GIRL

By IDA ZEITLIN



For Orange Juice, Clean Shirts... and a GIRL

IT IS probably news to most of you, as it was to me, that Ray Milland—that young Britisher who combines the best features of Lord Chesterfield and Old Nick—fathered a stillborn movie career before launching the current effort which threatens to send him breezing along to stardom.

"I came back," he'll tell you, "because I missed the California orange juice. And because I couldn't get the damn laundries in England to do up my collars properly." Then he'll turn plaintive. "You know the London soot? You put on a shirt in the morning, and by midday—" He jerks out a cuff, and his grimace tells you the rest.

What actually brought him back was that he couldn't endure separation from his wife.

On the screen his hair stays decorously where it belongs. I saw him on the red-letter day, when he and his wife had broken ground for the house they've dreamed of. One dark lock kept falling over his forehead. His hazel eyes glittered. Sitting and talking quietly enough, there was yet an indefinable bounce about him that communicated his own exhilaration to you.

He's naturally buoyant and devil-may-care. Something—happily, not too much—of the latter quality was washed out of him when he fell in love. He learned that life is occasionally real and earnest. He learned that money can sometimes be put to sturdier uses than reckless spending.

At sixteen he decided that his free spirit had submitted long enough to the trammels of home and school, so he ran off to sea. Six months on a potato boat taught him that the sea carries its own restrictions. But since school was more than ever out of the question for a boy who had seen the world, he went to work on his uncle's stock ranch. There he learned to do everything that can be done with a horse, which

[*Continued on page 77*]



When Ray set eyes upon Muriel (non-profesh) it was love at first sight. Now Mr. and Mrs.

Now this New Cream with "Skin-Vitamin"

Helps Women's Skin More Directly

"It keeps skin faults away more surely"
—ELEANOR K. ROOSEVELT

A NEW KIND OF CREAM is bringing more direct help to women's skin!

It is bringing to their aid the vitamin which especially helps to build new skin tissue, the vitamin which helps to keep skin healthy—the "skin-vitamin."

When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer—become undernourished, rough and subject to infections.

For over three years Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams. In animal tests, skin became rough and dry when the diet lacked "skin-vitamin." Treatment with Pond's new "skin-vitamin" cream made it smooth and healthy again—in only 3 weeks!



Eleanor K. Roosevelt on the steps of Roosevelt Hall, her ancestral home, at Skaneateles, N. Y.

(*Right*) Sailing with a friend on the lake beyond the sloping lawns of the estate.



Eleanor K. Roosevelt

daughter of Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt of Washington, D. C., photographed in the great hall at Roosevelt Hall. She says: "Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream keeps my skin so much smoother."

When women used the creams, three out of every four of them came back asking for more. In four weeks they reported pores looking finer, skin smoother, richer looking!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now everyone can enjoy these benefits. The new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream is in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it your usual way for daytime and nightly cleansing, for freshening-ups before powder.

Every jar of Pond's Cold Cream now contains this precious "skin-vitamin." Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the vitamin which especially helps to rebuild skin tissue. Whenever you have a chance, leave a little of the cream on. In a few weeks, see how much better your skin is.

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!

TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

Pond's, Dept. 6-CM, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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PICTURE



STAGE DOOR —AAAA—

An excellent stage play makes even a better picture—with Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers sharing stellar honors. Telling a very human story which sparkles with fine dialogue, it carries on in a very natural manner life as it's lived in a theatrical boarding-house. It is pointed with first rate situations and characterizations as it revolves around its theme of two girls trying to make good in the theatre. They face the future seriously —one because she has to make good—the other because she is determined to. The incidents developing from the theme provide vivid glimpses into the lives of girls who suffer for their art. It is embroidered with plenty of humor. The scenarists have done a good job in the adaptation, peopling the story with picturesque characters, and knitting the action so that it constantly rivets your attention. Both stars give outstanding performances, and they are assisted by a perfectly rounded cast, consisting of Adolphe Menjou, Gail Patrick, Constance Collier, Franklin Pangborn and Andrea Leeds.—*RKO-Radio.*



DOUBLE WEDDING —AAA½—

Double Wedding will do more to further the fad of light comical entertaining pictures than any other production to date. The cast, headed by that gay team, Myrna Loy and William Powell, turns in a performance second to none. The preview crowd rolled in the aisles at the antics of Jessie Ralph, John Beal and Sydney Toler. The plot, what there was of it, had to do with the romance of a rather callow youth (John Beal) and the gal in question (Florence Rice) and the older sister's (Myrna Loy) domineering attitude toward any and everything the young couple attempted. Myrna portrayed the more than typical business girl (more than typical because such people exist in movies only) who has never had a romance and cares or knows anything other than work, work, work. Of course, when Powell appears on the scene as a happy-go-lucky half-baked portrait painter, the whole thing takes on a different color . . . but the climax is just where it ought to be . . . the last few minutes of the picture. For romance, gaiety, laughter and the stuff of which life is made, go see *Double Wedding*, it's one of the best!—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*



MADAME X —AAA—

Some eight or nine years ago the producers made a silent version of this picture—with Ruth Chatterton as the star. Now it comes forth again as a tear-jerker with sound—and Gladys George as the stellar light. The lugubrious story has done yeoman service and never fails to establish its protagonist as an emotional actress of the first order. Miss George gives a moving performance. She should keep a femme patron's handkerchief constantly at the eyes. The plot is rather out-moded now, and remains practically unchanged. We still respond to the erring woman, who, cast off by her puritanical husband, sinks to the depths of degradation. And on to the famous courtroom scene wherein the woman's son, now grown up after a long time lapse, defends his mother on a murder charge though ignorant of his relationship. His dramatic plea for her life is the high spot of the picture—and John Beal deserves much praise for the feeling he puts into the character. The supporting cast is adequate. It's a tear-jerker which has its moments.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

PARADE



FIRST LADY

—AAA—

A first-rate dish of nonsense along whimsical comedy lines is furnished in this take-off on Washington (the city, not the father of our country). It punctures the stuffed shirts of the Washington bigwigs—as well as some of the lesser luminaries hanging on the fringe. Kay Francis, playing the grand-daughter of a president, is the wife of a state secretary for whom she fosters presidential ambitions. And before she calls it a day—and by the time the story reaches a climax, Kay is in for all kinds of social intrigue. The picture is shot through with humor—and most of it generates plenty of laughs. For such a story it needed clever characterizations. It has received such from Verree Teasdale, Walter Connolly, Gregory Gaye, Preston Foster, Victor Jory, Anita Louise, Grant Mitchell and several others—all of whom give finely tempered performances. The picture will appeal to smart, intelligent audiences. It's one comedy that's different.—*Warner Bros.*



THE FIREFLY

—AAA—

A colorful costume musical takes shape here—which is entitled to much praise despite the interminable length of the story. On its melodic frame rests the interest—and why not with Rudolf Friml's score being so lilting and catchy as sung by Jeanette MacDonald and Allan Jones? The picture is beautifully mounted, and while you follow its romantic development you are apt to become a bit bored because of the plot ramifications. Jeanette MacDonald was never in better voice. She gives the fullest expression to the Friml melodies. And Allan Jones also rises to the vocal heights in his rendition of several songs. The action takes place in Madrid and across the French border and projects a deal of intrigue before the lovers are reunited at the end. One thing about the story is its plausibility. This means that the plot has a meaning and is not used merely to introduce a musical dressing. The picture has background and surely is one of the better achievements. If it moved a bit faster and told less plot it would have no faults.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*



ANGEL

—AA½—

Angel is a triangle which has its points, for Paramount has taken an age-old plot and given it a new angle. And there is La Dietrich, who is the wife of an important English official. He is constantly away from home on government affairs. So she rebels to the extent of taking a short trip to Paris, where she accidentally meets Melvyn Douglas who falls violently in love with her. Since she insists on remaining incognito, he gives her the name of "Angel." Later, Melvyn Douglas and Dietrich's husband, Herbert Marshall, meet in England. In reminiscing over their mutual war experiences, they become close friends. The subsequent series of events, and extreme tension before the final discovery of the Paris interlude between Dietrich and Douglas, holds the rapt attention of the audience. Comedy sequences involving the back-scene activities of a staid English household are cleverly handled by Edward Everett Horton, Ernest Cossart, Laura Hope Crews and Herbert Mundin.—*Paramount.*

Lamb shanks with prunes and apricots, right, may be served at company dinner

An excellent choice for the small family is shoulder of veal with raisin stuffing





The festive spirit will be caught if it's a ham baked with pineapple



If You Won't Talk Turkey

Substitute these delicious, delectable dishes

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

IF YOU don't want turkey, around what other meat shall you plan your holiday dinner?

You may not like turkey, delicious and traditional as it is; or your small family may not be equal to turkey-the-third-day, with visions of its later transfiguration into hash and soup; or you may be such a popular individual that you will be invited out constantly over the holidays, and know that you will be served turkey everywhere else; or you may have to face that dreadful person, A. BUDGET, and thus exert your wiles to thwart or mollify him. Well, for whatever the reason, if you don't want turkey, here are many suggestions for feasting at home on other fare.

Take the Crown Roast of Pork. Yes, take it from your butcher, after he has neatly and dexterously tied together an entire pork loin and so shaved the rib bones that they stand up like points of a crown, ready to be decorated with food jewels such as cranberries, tiny beets or carrots. The spacious hollow center of the crown roast of course is just waiting to be stuffed to bursting with a grand and glorious holiday dressing of raisins or of rich oysters and Shredded Wheat Biscuit. Roast carefully and baste often, and you can't fail to be proud of your very, very regal meat.

SHREDDED WHEAT DRESSING

½ cup butter
¼ cup onion, minced
½ cup celery, diced
1 cup cooked rice
6 Shredded Wheat Biscuits, crumbled fine
1 cup oysters, coarsely chopped
1 tablespoon poultry seasoning
2 tablespoons parsley, minced
½ cup giblet stock or hot water
Salt, pepper

Melt butter in skillet, add onions and celery, and saute until golden brown. Add cooked rice and Shredded Wheat crumbs together with oysters. Combine poultry seasoning and parsley in hot stock, together with salt and pepper, and mix well. Add to first mixture, and mix together thoroughly. Use as stuffing for fowl or roast pork or veal. (Sliced mushrooms may be substituted for oysters. Add more liquid if more moist dressing is desired.)

CHICKEN or fowl, while common enough for every Sunday, may be *companified* with an unusual dressing. For after all, just as it is with frocks, it's the accessories that count. Take even the plainest dress, but wear it with a charming fresh collar, novel handbag and matching shoes and gloves, and the accessories "make" the dress. So we may, in speaking of foods, say that the stuffing, the garnish and the relishes served with meats really "make" the meal. (And it is with this thought in mind that I prepared the special holiday leaflet on novel stuffings and a marvelous relish, which I hope you'll let me send you free of charge.)

Use chicken then, or capon, and stuff it with a delicious new dressing. Serve it with some [*Continued on page* 62]



By JOHN SCHWARZKOPF

RESUMING a career that was interrupted four years ago when she fell in love, blonde Barbara Roberts today is on her way to celluloid fame. And this time she is determined to let nothing stop her. . . . Once before she was just getting a good start up the film ladder. . . . Having appeared in Earl Carroll's *Vanities* in New York, she was signed for the feminine lead opposite George Walsh in an independent western . . . that led to a contract and a trip to Hollywood. . . . Soon afterwards the company went out of business . . . and Barbara found herself wondering what to do next. . . . Two days later she became one of the Goldwyn Girls in Eddie Cantor's *Strike Me Pink* . . . that was when Cupid stepped in to alter her life. . . . The company was working on Thanksgiving Day . . . but Barbara decided she was going to have her Thanksgiving dinner just the same . . . so, early in the afternoon she walked off the set . . . hurried through the casting office . . . stepped into her car and started to drive off. . . . Casting Director Bobby Webb saw her and asked her where she was going. . . . "Home to my Thanksgiving dinner," she replied. . . . Bobby told her she couldn't. . . . She insisted she was going to anyway. . . . A terrific argument ensued. . . . Early the next week Webb called her and invited her to dinner . . . three dinners later they were engaged . . . and on September 16, 1933, they were married in Beverly Hills. . . . Bobby wanted his wife to give up her career . . . he figured that one member of the family in the movie racket was enough . . . so Barbara gave it up. . . . But the desire to make a name for herself finally got the upper hand . . . and bit by bit she coaxed friend hubby into letting her go back to work. . . . First it was just doing plays in Ben Bard's Little Theatre. . . . Then she was back before the cameras again, first playing a bit in Walter Wanger's *Vogues of 1938* . . . and then a more important role in Wanger's *Stand-In*. . . . With that as a start she already is on her way up and you'll be seeing her name in electric lights before many months have passed. . . . She has what it takes to get there—determination, personality, a photographic face, good figure and acting ability. . . . Besides that she's very romantic and has a terrific temper . . . both excellent assets for exhibiting emotion on the screen—when properly controlled. . . . Born and raised in Philadelphia, where she attended public schools, Barbara, now 23, was offered her first stage job at the age of 15 . . . that was a chorus job in the Ziegfeld *Follies*. . . . But her mother wouldn't listen to her leaving school at that time . . . so she tackled her text books and forgot about acting or dancing until after graduation.



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James Cagney and Evelyn Daw give you *Something to Sing About*, their new film

TIP-OFFS on the TALKIES

brief Review of the Recent Releases

AAAA—EXCELLENT; AAA—GOOD
AA—FAIR; A—MEDIOCRE

Victoria the Great—AAA½—A striking, impressive drama depicting the reign of England's most beloved queen. Done with much feeling and sincerity and given a lavish production this appeals to the emotions in a manner in which most historical films fail. It winds up with a beautiful Technicolor sequence. Anna Neagle is most effective in the title role and Anton Walbrook as Albert, her consort, matches her splendid performance.—*Wilcax-RKO.*

Something to Sing About—AAA—Victor Schertzinger's lilting tunes, James Cagney's versatility and an interesting story about Hollywood itself gives Grand National something to sing about. The yarn reveals the Hollywood process of building a star. The victim one *Thadeus McGillicudy* (James Cagney) a song and dance man. Which, incidentally, offers Cagney the opportunity to display his *astaire* talents. Evelyn Daw, a newcomer, is the lady in his life.—*Grand National.*

Wife, Doctor and Nurse—AAA—Loretta Young, Warner Baxter and Virginia Bruce in a smart triangle opus. The plot is laid against a hospital background with Miss Bruce in the role of the doctor's able assistant and Miss Young as his socialite wife. A clever comedy with brilliant dialogue and a very surprising climax. The principals are excellent in their parts.—*20th Century-Fax.*

Music for Madame—AAA—A light, pleasing romance with a touch of melodrama and an abundance of delightful music. Nino Martini's charming personality plus his magnificent voice is reason enough to include this on your "must see" list, but even if you are not a Martini addict you will find this highly entertaining. Besides, there's Joan Fontaine who surprises with her vocal accompaniment in duets. Rudolf Friml and Gus Khan are credited with the music and lyrics.—*RKO-Radia.*

Big City—AA½—The highlight of this film, as it is in any picture in which he appears, is Spencer Tracy's grand performance. The uninspired story is an original by Norman Krasna with a racketeering angle, using a taxicab war for emotional effect. It is loaded with action, particularly at the finale showing a wild race in a taxi and a free-for-all fight. Luise Rainer plays the part of Tracy's wife but her performance is not comparable with Tracy's brilliant dramatics. — *Metro-Galdwyn-Mayer.*

This Way, Please—AA½—Boy-meets-girl yarn staged as a musical comedy serves for Mary Livingston's screen debut. Miss Livingston entertains in her radio style and Betty Grable and Buddy Rogers carry the romance. The personalities click and the director earns applause for some very clever showmanship.—*Paramount.*

Life Begins with Love—AA½—A potent injection of comedy lifts this from mediocrity. It relates the familiar story of the playboy escaping from a difficult situation and his reformation when he meets her—a poor but pure girl. Douglass Montgomery and Jean Parker do their best while little Edith Fellows takes the best of it.—*Columbia.*

Fit for a King—AA½—Plenty of action, bright dialogue, impressive sets and Joe E. Brown's inimitable humor add up into a sparkling comedy. And this being a newspaper story year in filmland, Joe E. Brown is cast in the role of a reporter assigned to cover an archduke who is being trailed by would-be assassins. Paul Kelly, a rival reporter, gives Brown a run for his story and his heart—Helen Mack, a queen-elect. It's fun.—*RKO-Radia.*

Dangerously Yours—AA½—You will be taken across the Atlantic on the world's greatest steamship with the world's greatest diamond guarded by the world's best detectives and the world's greatest jewel thieves when seeing *Dangerously Yours.* Cesar Romero, Phyllis Brooks, Jane Darwell and Alan Dinehart are interesting, the direction is able, but, unfortunately, the story is trite.—*20th Century-Fax.*

Bulldog Drummond Comes Back—AA½—While this won't set your pulse racing it will retain your interest right to the very end. Drummond's plight in this is the abduction of his sweetheart. It's a well-knit mystery story with plenty of suspense, and the cast consisting of John Barrymore, John Howard, Louise Campbell, Reginald Denny and E. E. Clive is effective.—*Paramount.*

Public Wedding—AA½—The press agent is taken for a ride in this comedy with a carnival background. The title is derived from the publicity gag used by a gang to put the show over, the idea being to stage a wedding in the mouth of a stuffed whale. There are many laughs and it rolls along at a good pace. Jane Wyman in the leading role scores a hit. Others in the cast are William Hopper, Dick Purcell and Berton Churchill.—*Warner Bras.*

Squeaker—AA½—England contributes this entertaining, exciting melodrama of the underworld and their Scotland Yard. It divulges the activities of one *Squeaker,* master crook, who is even feared by his confederates because of his give-aways to the police. Edmund Lowe is excellent in a *Sherlock Holmes* role and Sebastian Shaw scores as the menace. The feminine touch is added by Ann Todd and Tamara Desni.—*Alexander Karda-United Artists.*

TOVARICH

The play everyone's heard about, will soon appear as a movie—starring glamorous Claudette Colbert and handsome Charles Boyer. The story version of the film, in all its sparkling charm, is one of the many big fiction features in MOVIE STORY Magazine for December. You won't want to miss it.

Other topnotch Hollywood productions presented in story form include *Hurricane,* Samuel Goldwyn's dramatic new million-dollar spectacle; *Live, Love and Learn,* starring Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell; *A Girl With Ideas,* with Wendy Barrie and Walter Pidgeon, and *Bad Man of Brimstone,* starring Wallace Beery and Virginia Bruce.

Better get your copy of MOVIE STORY Magazine *now*—10c at all newsstands.



Wife, Doctor and Nurse stars Loretta Young and Warner Baxter

Sophie Lang Goes West—AA½—Sophie Lang, the jewel thief makes her third appearance in this series and again in the person of Gertrude Michael. This latest one is placed against a Hollywood background and centers around a very precious gem which a foreign potentate wants stolen so that he can collect the heavy insurance. Miss Michael gives an able performance and she is assisted by Lee Bowman, Sandra Storme and Larry Crabbe among others.—*Paramount.*

Women Men Marry—AA½—This newspaper story is distinguished by a bold love triangle between an editor and the wife of his ace reporter. And to pep things up there is an intriguing religious racketeer brought in. Careful direction sustains the interest. The capable cast includes George Murphy, Josephine Hutchinson, Sidney Blackmer and Claire Dodd. — *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Saturday's Heroes—AA½—Here is RKO's contribution to this season's football stories. It is a good original yarn playing down the love interest and building up the commercialism attendant upon these football games, carrying a plea to colleges. The playing scenes are exciting, particularly the climax game. In the cast are Van Heflin, Marian Marsh, Richard Lane, John Arledge, *et al.*—*RKO Radio.*

Atlantic Flight—AA—Dick Merrill and John Lambie, heroes of the air, make their cinema debut, proving they are much better pilots than actors. The air scenes are thrilling and so are some parachute jumps. Weldon Heyburn and Paula Stone are attractive in the romantic interludes and Ivan Lebedeff is effective as the villain.—*Monogram.*

Over the Goal—AA—The seasonal deluge of football pictures has arrived and here is one with William Hopper, June Travis, Johnny Davis, William Harrigan and Herbert Rawlinson. The theme is the same old pigskin yarn with only a few minor alterations. The football scenes are handled well, but are infrequent.—*Warner Bros.*

DON'T MISS

any of the following important pictures, previously reviewed in this magazine, if you can help it: *Lost Horizon*—James Hilton's beautiful story immortalized on the screen. An elegant production with Ronald Colman, H. B. Warner and Sam Jaffre earning encomiums for their excellent portrayals. An artistic masterpiece! . . . *The Good Earth*—The picturization of Pearl Buck's famous novel makes one of the greatest films ever brought to the screen. With both 1936 Academy Award Winners, Paul Muni and Luise Rainer . . . *The Life of Emile Zola*—Another screen masterpiece is born with Paul Muni's characterization and Warner Brothers' lavish production of the life of *Zola*, France's great dramatist . . . *The Prisoner of Zenda*—Climbs the heights of romantic expression. A lavish production which becomes one of a brilliant movie season's outstanding releases. The excellent cast is headed by Ronald Colman . . . *Dead End*—A great stage play translated into celluloid with such fidelity, feeling and sympathy that it grips you with realism. A truly eloquent film . . . *Souls at Sea*—A highly interesting narrative of the sea, partly founded on fact. With Gary Cooper, George Raft and Frances Dee. The photography is magnificent.

Envy the savage? Yes!

This ancient savage had to work hard to get a fire — and his cookery wasn't expert. But his rough, primitive fare exercised his teeth — kept them strong and healthy. We moderns eat soft, civilized foods — our teeth get too little healthful exercise.



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(*Authority: "Nuggets of Knowledge" —Geo. W. Stimpson, Pub., Blue Ribbon Books.)

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MEN behind the STARS



WILLIAM DIETERLE

Director of *The Life of Emile Zola*

THIS is an EXPOSE! When three pictures are listed in the select circle of the ten best box-office pictures of last year—and these are directed by ONE man, it is an achievement seldom, if ever, recorded in motion picture history. And, if the pessimistic predictions of studio wiseacres that these pictures would flop because they were too scientific or too "arty" the director's achievement is nothing short of a miracle.

These pictures were *The Story Of Louis Pasteur, The White Angel* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

In this year of 1937, the director has made his greatest picture, *The Life of Emile Zola,* again starring the brilliant actor, Paul Muni. The director is William Dieterle.

Due to his extraordinary ability to *stay behind the spotlight,* this man is less known to picture fans than any of our leading directors. In this vignette, we plan to paint a word-picture of a man, who is now one of the leaders among the creative thinkers and doers in motion pictures.

William Dieterle is the "noblest Roman of them all." Six-feet-four-inches tall, of athletic physique, his appearance makes him a singularly dominating figure of a man. He is a personality of strange contrasts. To explain the "noblest Roman," William Dieterle was born in Germany, yet he is literally of Roman origin. Mark you, we said "Roman," not "Italian." He has raven-black hair, an olive complexion and the finely-chiseled features of a Latin. Born in the Palatine, along the river Rhine (the most romantic region in Germany), Dieterle comes of his Roman ancestry honestly because it was in the Palatine that Caesar's legions conquered the Teutonic tribes and settled down to live.



Dieterle's *Life of Emile Zola* will probably win the Academy Award as the best picture of 1937. His courtroom scene of *Zola* on trial is magnificent drama

Visitors on his sets at the Warner studio have mistaken him for an actor because of his striking appearance. This is not at all odd when one considers that five years ago the Warners brought Dieterle, then a noted screen and stage actor-director in Germany, to Hollywood as a potential American picture star.

Yet he was never to ACT in a single Hollywood production! Instead he directed and acted in three German versions of successful American pictures. These were so good that he was entrusted with the direction of Richard Barthelmess, who, at that time, was one of our most popular stars, in *The Last Flight.*

Dieterle, the man who played *Danton* and *Brutus* on the stage; *Ludwig,* the *Mad King of Bavaria,* and other great screen roles in Germany—the actor who might have meant as much to the screen as Charles Boyer or Charles Laughton because of his romantic appearance and talent—was destined to achieve fame as a director.

We know that Dieterle has no regrets because he is essentially a creator, rather than a mime. Yet fame doesn't mean nearly as much to him as the pride of artistic achievement.

He might be called a practical idealist. He is usually willing to direct two so-called "B" pictures for the producers in exchange for the opportunity to make a *Louis Pasteur* or an *Emile Zola. The Life of Beethoven* will probably be his next important production.

In the privacy of his secluded life, we reveal Dieterle as a study in contrasts. Like most dreamers, he is an inveterate bookworm. He not only owns one of the finest libraries of classical and contemporary literature, chiefly American, German, French, English and Chinese, and is an authority—yet he finds time also to exercise daily like a college athlete. He swims each day, summer and winter; hikes over the trails of the Hollywood foothills—and plays a blistering game of badminton.

Gigantic in size, yet he consumes less food than the average person. A glass of fruit juice for breakfast; a romaine salad, bran muffin and water for luncheon; and, vegetables for dinner. Meat seldom, almost never.

He is usually clad in an old sweater or jacket, a pair of plain trousers, and a shirt. He dislikes fancy clothes intensely. He hates monogrammed lounging robes, handkerchiefs, underwear and shirts. Likewise, gadgets which are designed to hold this or that in the precise position decreed by fashion.

What Every Young Actress Should "No"

[*Continued from page 29*]

wisely run the greatest risk of being badly dressed. They see a gown and immediately decide they must have it. In buying it, hurriedly, they do not always stop to consider if it is their type, if they have the proper accessories. They have it sent home and then look around to see if their Dubonnet accessories will go with the mulled wine shade of the new purchase. Usually they do not, but the women wear them anyway, because they have them, and the impression that is created is one of disturbing lack of color harmony.

"The dress does not please them, they don't know what is wrong, and they wear it only once or twice and give it away. No, the way to buy a dress or an accessory is to give thought to it. My assistant, Miss Leah Rhodes, who is herself a designer, is an example. She has not a great deal to spend for clothes, but she always says 'no' to cheap, flashy gadgets. Her handbags, for instance, she buys to last several years. She buys good leathers and takes a tan in preference because she can carry it with navy blue or brown or black. California's mild all-year climate makes light colors good, and her other accessories are bought with the same thought in mind: Use with several costumes to give variety to a small wardrobe.

"So many women go fur mad, no matter how much they have to spend. It's all right to indulge your whim, if your husband is a banker," said Mr. Orry-Kelly who linked his Christian and surname with a hyphen at the request of studio officials who wanted someone with a French handle to head their designing department. "Buy yourself sables and an ermine evening jacket and a red fox cape if you respond to such things, but if you are only going to buy one fur, to wear with suits and untrimmed coats, there is nothing any better than a few martens made into a scarf. They may be arranged in various ways and always give smartness to a costume.

"If you bought a red fox cape, for instance, as your only fur piece, you would hear whispers behind your back in no time. 'She's wearing that red fox again,' your friends would say. A fur that is so far from being conservative, and so bright in color, is bound to be remembered by people, whereas a marten is always in good taste, and not so noticeable. I just sent my mother a marten scarf," added Orry-Kelly, so it may be said that this ex-Rugby and cricket player, who has been portrait painter, muralist, stage set designer (one of the George White's *Scandals,*) gown creator for many Ethel Barrymore successes, practices what he preaches.

WHEN it comes to color, this man from "down under" definitely favors the neutral shades, "vague tones," he calls them. Nothing sharp and vibrant for the main body of a garment, although bright colors may be introduced in the trimming. Dusty pinks, he likes, and grays—he dotes on gamut grays—beige, tans, soft blues. Prime favorite is black, for Orry-Kelly. Black is dramatic if you want to be dramatic; sleek, suave and subtle (all over-worked words in the fashion world) if you want to be that. But what about women who can't wear the stygian tint?

"Any woman can wear black," says Orry-

[*Continued on page 86*]

Romance never came her way



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YOUR WITNESS on the STAND



with Winifred Aydelotte

who gives the answers to who's who and what's what in Hollywood

Q. How much does it cost a studio to send a company out on location?

A. Well, take *The Adventures of Marco Polo,* for example. The actual location cost of that picture was $20,000 a day, and that figure does *not* include salaries of principals, set costs or costs of lighting, film and transportation.

Q. How long has Lionel Barrymore been acting?

A. For fifty-nine years. His mother, Georgia Drew, started him on the stage when he was an infant in arms.

Q. How much are Hollywood stunt men paid?

A. It depends on the stunt. The more dangerous or difficult a stunt is the more the man gets, but the smallest check a stunt man can receive is $35.

Q. How old is C. Aubrey Smith?

A. He is seventy-four. He was born in London on July 21, 1863.

Q. In the old silent days, I once visited a film studio and was amazed at the faked and flimsy sets. Are they built stronger now?

A. Oh my, yes. Notice the six-terrace night club set in *The Awful Truth.* Each terrace was strong enough to support a two-ton camera crane, a ton of sound equipment and the weight of dozens of actors, technicians and lights—AND all without squeaking. Today, the construction of even the most modest cinema cottage equals that in a $100,000 home. The reasons are desire for realism and safety, and the appalling ease with which a microphone picks up even the smallest squeak.

Q. Are there any silent pictures made now in Hollywood?

A. Yes, but they aren't silent when they reach your theatre. M-G-M alone makes thirty-six silent pictures a year. These include the Pete Smith specialties and the Robert Benchley shorts. The dialogue and sound effects are added after a simple, microphone-less camera catches the action.



The extras vote Bill Powell tops in good temper, consideration and sympathy. He is now in Europe

Q. What stars are the nicest and easiest to work with?

A. According to the extras—who ought to know—the tops in good temper, consideration and generosity are William Powell, Gary Cooper, Paul Muni, Tyrone Power, Warner Baxter, Clark Gable, Eddie Cantor and James Cagney for the men. For the women, Marion Davies, Myrna Loy, May Robson, Kay Francis, Rosalind Russell and Jean Parker.

Q. Who designed the costumes for *Stella Dallas* and how many were there?

A. Omar Kiam designed one-hundred-and-twenty-two gowns: thirty-three for Barbara Stanwyck, twenty-seven for Anne Shirley and twenty-two for Barbara O'Neil. He designed forty additional gowns for supporting players.

Q. Was the resort-hotel set seen in *Topper* as big and elaborate as it seemed to be on the screen?

A. That particular set took up all the space of Hal Roach's new sound stage . . . 180 feet by 120 feet. The ceilings were forty feet high, and it required ten *miles* of satin to drape them. There were more than 200 feet of ornamental railings made of glass.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!

Rainer Is Not High Hat

[*Continued from page 32*]

language is one reason, and a sufficient explanation of many misconceptions about the little Rainer.

The other reason is that she is honest. I mean, literally honest. The dictionary definition of the word. Which includes, among other meanings, "free from fraud." This may seem an academic explanation. But it isn't. There are so very few people who are *genuinely* honest. And honest people invite disaster. They say what they mean—and what they mean is not always, nor often, what you want them to mean. And then there is trouble.

AN HONEST person doesn't reason as other people do. Luise, for instance, has the idea that when people tell her unflattering things they do so because they care for her or they wouldn't take the trouble to be honest with her. And so, when she tells people unflattering things she does so for the same reason—she cares for them and so would not give them anything less than the intrinsic truth.

It may be a little mad to be this honest. It may even be a little dumb. I don't know. That phase of it I won't attempt to explain. All I know is that Rainer is honest, like that and either doesn't know how to be any other way or just couldn't be any other way.

Just recently I was in Luise's dressing-room on the *Big City* set and a friend of hers came in, wearing a new outfit. She said: "How do you like my suit, dear?" Luise gave it a careful survey, then said: "I think it is terrible. I do not like you in that color. It makes you look so—so muddy." The girl was peevish. Luise was surprised. She said: "But you ask for what I think and I tell you. I think you want me to tell you. I did not think you want to go around looking all the time muddy."

There *are* these "Children of Nature," you know, these "enfants terrible" who tell the truth and shame the Devil. We've all heard of them. There is one to about every five million. Luise is one of them.

WITHIN the past year the studio bought a story for Luise, a story she especially wanted to do. Politics, the ambitions and demands of another star took the story away from Luise. The day the picture went into production the "winning" star sent Luise a basket of flowers and a note saying she was sorry things had worked out as they had, she hoped Luise would understand. . . . Luise told everyone how sweet Miss ———— was to send her flowers. She did not perceive that right there might have been a tiny thorn of malicious triumph concealed among the roses. She said: "But there are other good parts . . . she did not need to feel concern . . . what is one story?"

Subtle in her emotions as an actress, because she loses herself completely and enters into the body, the heart, the temperament of the character she is playing, Luise, in real life, is as natural as a child. She is as direct as sun or rain; following, without equivocation, its predestined pattern.

She has, also like a child, very, very definite likes and dislikes. When she dislikes a person she seems to have no means of concealing that dislike. She will stick out her tongue, run out of the room, refuse to talk, avoid those she dislikes. When, on

[*Continued on page 70*]

For that fine watch of yours

GEMEX

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Helen Taylor, stylist for Walter Wanger Productions, selects Gemex for *Miss Joan Bennett* starring in "I Met My Love Again"

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All styles are available with black, grey or golden brown cords and natural yellow or white gold metal parts.

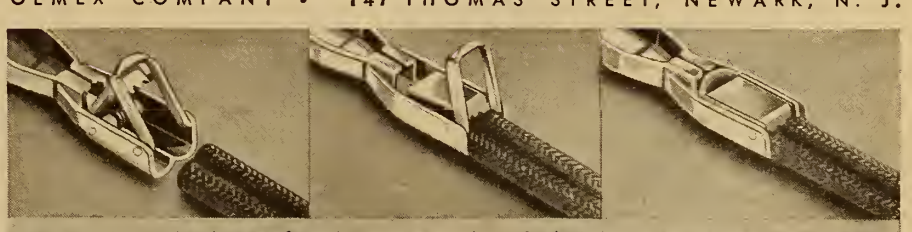
14 kt. solid gold	(Safety Catch)	11.75
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1/10-14 kt. gold filled	(Ratchet Buckle)	4.25
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Since cords must be changed from time to time, it is a decided advantage to own a GEMEX attachment. These enlarged illustrations show how simple it is to replace the cords without farcing or fumbling. The little tooth-edged lever is pressed down to keep the cords securely in place.





If You Won't Talk Turkey

[*Continued from page* 54]

delightfully contrasting relish as given below, and your simple dinner becomes a holiday menu:

SPICED CRANBERRIES

2 cups sugar
2 cups water
4 cups (1 pound) cranberries
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon cloves
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon grated orange peel

Boil sugar and water together 5 minutes. Add cranberries, and boil without stirring another 5-8 minutes, until the skins pop. Add spices, juice and rind. Remove from fire when popping stops. Allow sauce to remain undisturbed until cool. Serve very chill with hot or cold meats.

BEFORE leaving the holiday possibilities of chicken, I must give you a choicely treasured recipe of Jeanette MacDonald. It is one of those too, too heavenly dishes which you will want to serve often:

JEANETTE MACDONALD'S BONED SQUAB CHICKEN

3 small chickens (1½ pounds each)
3 sweet potatoes, cooked
6 marshmallows, quartered
⅛ teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon salt
grains white pepper
grains paprika
½ cup melted butter
¼ cup cream
¼ cup orange juice

Carefully remove all breast meat from chicken, giving 6 portions. Mix sweet potatoes and marshmallows, and blend well, mashing with cinnamon, pepper and paprika. Arrange this stuffing on each chicken breast, and sew or skewer meat together. Mix ¼ cup butter with cream, and baste stuffed meat. Place pieces in baking pan, and bake about 30 minutes, moderate oven (375°F) until tender and browned. Baste frequently with remaining butter blended with orange juice. Serve with orange sherbet. (Utilize remaining chicken in stew or soup.)

RABBIT is another suggestion for holiday meat, and when well prepared, a baked or braised rabbit (cooked like a pot roast under moist heat) is a dish for an epicure, particularly if it is served with wine sauce, or cranberry or apple sauce to cut the high flavor of the meat and lessen the fat. One of the newer electric casseroles is just the thing in which to roast or braise rabbit. The delicious high game flavor and the inexpensive price of rabbit meat make it a desirable food to be served frequently during the winter season.

Shoulder of veal is familiar to many, and treated with an interesting stuffing and sauce, it is rich, luscious and economical. So treat your family to this raisin stuffing, guaranteed to make a feast from left-overs, if need be!

RAISIN STUFFING

1 cup ripe olives, sliced
⅔ cup seedless raisins
3 cups celery, chopped
3 cups cooked white or brown rice
1½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon sage
pepper

Combine all ingredients, mix thoroughly, and stuff into meat "pocket." Serve with ham, pork or other meats.

AND by the way, before I forget it, don't fail to serve either a refreshing cranberry cocktail or a fruit cup before your heavy roast meats. These cool acid drinks or appetizers prepare the digestion to handle more easily the heavier dinners of the holiday season. And how easy it is to prepare a fruit cocktail like this one:

CRANBERRY JUICE COCKTAIL

4 cups cranberries
4 cups water
⅔ cup granulated sugar

Cook berries and water about 5 minutes or until skins pop open. Strain through fine sieve. Return juice to saucepan and bring to scald. Add sugar, and boil 2 minutes longer. Chill. Serve "straight," or combine with ginger-ale, sparkling water etc. Or, use as base for holiday punch bowls.

Or a fruit cup like this one:

CRANBERRY COCKTAIL GRAPEFRUIT CUP

3 grapefruit
2 cups Cranberry Juice Cocktail

Remove grapefruit segments, remove pulp, and place in small glasses. Fill with Cranberry Cocktail. Serve very chill. (Canned grapefruit sections may be substituted for fresh.)

Another grand contrast to baked meats is sherbet. For this purpose, make your sherbet of cranberries, cider, lime or grapefruit juice, and just see how refreshing this tastes alongside your holiday meat course.

HAM done in the grand manner is another festive meat, especially when baked whole, garnished with sugar and spice, and flanked by choice sections of pineapple. The whole ham bakes slowly, and gives generously for its cost, as it can be utilized to the last slice and crumb. For the small family or two-some, it is well to buy a canned small ham, and then just heat it in the oven, sprinkling with the traditional sugar and spice. But when serving a lot of people, don't forget a whole *fresh* ham, which doesn't break the bank either! Choose a 12-pound fresh ham butt, and roast very slowly. Let it cool in its own juices before slicing. Serve with fruit relishes, baked stuffed apples, or orange-cranberry relish (recipe given in special leaflet).

And now for duck, squab or guinea-hen! The duck dinner is another perfect choice for the smaller holiday dinner. Roast or braise ducks after filling them with peanut or wild rice or celery-almond stuffing. Serve with an orange or currant jelly sauce, and wait for your guests to rave.

CELERY-ALMOND STUFFING

4	cups toasted bread crumbs
1½	cups celery, diced
¼	cup celery leaves, shredded
¾	cup whole blanched almonds
3	tablespoons melted butter
1	teaspoon salt
¼	teaspoon pepper
½	teaspoon poultry seasoning
2	eggs, slightly beaten
½-¾	cup milk

Combine all ingredients and mix thoroughly. (Makes 6-7 cups stuffing, sufficient for 2 ducks).

And here is that famous orange sauce for duck, the favorite, by the way, of Robert Taylor, whose mother makes it often when he visits her:

ROBERT TAYLOR'S ORANGE SAUCE (for Duck)

½ cup rich brown duck gravy
1 cup rich brown stock
salt, pepper
1 teaspoon onion, minced
juice 1 orange
small glass Claret or Port
½ orange rind, shredded fine

To make brown stock, previously boil poultry bones, herb bouquet, etc. Combine strained gravy from roasting pan with stock, add salt, pepper and onion, and bring to scald. Skim if necessary. Add orange juice, wine and shaved rind, and heat, but do not cook. Serve immediately.



Toby Wing greets Eleanor Fisher, winner of *True Confessions* Magazine contest to find a "Miss Typical America." Both are in Carole Lombard's *True Confession*

NOW all ye holiday cooks and merry makers, here are some jottings from the kitchen note book of a seasoned housewife:

Approximately 1 cup of stuffing to 1 pound of poultry is a good proportion.

To give poultry a fine even brown, first brush it generously with unsalted fat.

For chicken, allow 30 minutes per pound; for turkey weighing 7 pounds (and stuffing) allow 3 hours; for turkey weighing 18 pounds when stuffed, allow 5 hours.

For all poultry and roast meats: Bake in very hot oven (500°F) for first 15 minutes; then reduce heat to moderate (350°F), and continue cooking.

"To stuff," states Mr. Noah Webster, in his famous dictionary, "is to fill the skin by crowding something into it; to press or pack the skin with seasoning." Also, he continues, "to stuff is to eat gluttonously." But whether you are stuffing your holiday meats, or whether this in turn will stuff your guests, be generous with seasonings in all your holiday dishes. The cold weather, the hustle and bustle of Christmas shopping and all holiday activities will enable the eaters to "take it." Sugar and spice, rich relishes and piquant sauces must be called forth from their hiding. If you must stuff, why do it in the high, fine and handsome manner of the Victorians? And if you don't want turkey, be content that a dozen other royal meats are worthy substitutes.

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This Year's Crop of Misses

[*Continued from page 24*]

Her family discouraged her. She had to take up art, instead. Two years ago, in London, where she was studying art, Goldwyn first saw her—and heard her enchanting voice. She had to deny all interest in an acting career. He said, "If you ever come to Hollywood, look me up." A year later, with some friends, she came to America on a holiday. They took in Hollywood. As a lark, she looked up Goldwyn. As a duty to the world, he signed her to a contract.

She makes her debut in *The Adventures of Marco Polo*, in the role of Gary Cooper's beloved—the beautiful, black-haired, slant-eyed Chinese *Princess Kukachin*. She is so natural that now Goldwyn will reveal her in all her own blonde glory in Technicolor, in *You Can Be Beautiful*, with Merle Oberon and Vera Zorina.

Zorina? Who is she? Merely the star, in *her* Hollywood debut, of the most ambitious picture Goldwyn has ever attempted—the $2,000,000 Technicolor musical, *The Goldwyn Follies*.

She is also Norwegian. Blonde, blue-eyed, tall. Dramatically beautiful, with a figure to awe even connoisseurs. There is a reason for that. When Goldwyn discovered her, she was the premier ballerina—at 19—of the world-famed Ballet Russe. She is now 20. And—decidedly something new in stars-to-be.

Another new movie thrill, also blonde, awaits you in *The Goldwyn Follies*: Helen Jepson. You have heard the name before, in opera and on the radio. But here is the good news: It is as easy to look at her, as to listen to her. Grace, Lily and Gladys will have to move over, and make room for Helen, on the High C's of Hollywood.

Then, also in *The Goldwyn Follies*, there is Andrea Leeds. This wistful, infinitely appealing girl, two years out of college (U. C. L. A.), gives promise of becoming one of the few really great actresses of filmdom. In her second picture, *Stage Door*, as the tragic *Kay Hamilton*, that fact became sensationally apparent.

In *Mutiny on the Bounty*, you first saw a young girl named Movita. She has great "primitive" appeal. Now, Goldwyn has rediscovered her. You will see her in *The Hurricane*. And—now—you may demand to keep on seeing her.

Also at United Artists, in the Walter Wanger fold, are two new finds definitely destined for long screen careers. One is tiny, pert Ella Logan, Scotch by birth, and a clever comedienne by instinct. The other is part-Indian, all-American Marla Shelton—seductive, "dangerous": a natural for Other Woman roles. But many a star has started thusly. Myrna Loy, for one.

When another United Artists producer, David O. Selznick, starts casting *Gone With the Wind*, you will hear of many a new find. Meanwhile, he has Margaret Tallichet. A possibility for the role of *Scarlett*. She was working as a Paramount stenographer when Carole Lombard discovered her. Paramount wasn't interested. Selznick was. He sent her East, to Little Theatres, to develop as an actress—and, on the side, to learn about poise (from dancing and fencing), clothes (from smart shops), and glamor (from famous coiffeurs). A new Hollywood star is being born—in New York. She will soon be back. Be prepared to be impressed.

M-G-M is crowded with new finds. First, and foremost, at the moment, is Rose Stradner—once a rival of Luise Rainer in Vienna, and now likely to be a Rainer rival in Culver City. Yet entirely different—blonde and tall. She no sooner arrived than she was rushed into *The Last Gangster*, opposite Edward G. Robinson—a role once mentioned for Luise. It is an unusual role for a potential glamor girl. A young-mother role. She has courage to play it. And—the dramatic talent.

Also from Vienna, but from Viennese opera, comes blonde Ilona Massey. You will see her, for the first time, in the arms of Nelson Eddy in *Rosalie*. Lucky Ilona? Lucky Nelson! She is his principal reason for singing (in the picture)—and he is hers. That *may* make her a star overnight.

Still another Viennese find (the theatres of Vienna must be dark these nights!) is Della Lind, vivacious, brown-eyed, blonde. Her voice was insured for $100,000 the other day, just before a tonsillectomy. When she recovers, she will be Hollywood's newest operetta heroine. And—as such—Jeanette MacDonald's Rival No. 1.

Also from the Continent comes Ariane Borg, small, sparkling, blue-eyed blonde. She is French. M-G-M is sending her to Vassar College for six months, for courses in English. No studio has ever done such a thing before. Better keep your eye on Ariane. That also goes for another Continental newcomer—Hungarian Miliza Korjus, whose last name could as well begin with a G. While she is polishing her English, M-G-M is polishing up a nice big script for her.

But Metro, in case you're worried, is also glorifying the American girl. Blonde Rita Johnson, for example—from Worcester, Mass., Little Theatres and radio. Slender, auburn-haired Lynne Carver—from Lexington, Kentucky, working her way up from the ingenue ranks. As is blonde Jean Chatburn, a local girl who got her first movie break as a stand-in. Believe it or not. She's *that* beautiful.

Blonde Virginia Grey, daughter of Director Ray Grey, was screen-conscious very early. She's only 19 now—and promising. So is brunette Priscilla Lawson, who has a million-dollar figure and a New York background. Ditto Ruth March, New England brunette—scheduled for a build-up in Loy-like roles. Brownette June Clayworth, who was in Hollywood once before, and is a 1937 re-discovery. Rosina Lawrence—the pretty girl in the Hal Roach comedies.

And don't overlook the three singing sub-deb finds. Judy Garland, already a hit, in *Broadway Melody of 1938*. Betty Jaynes—who sang with the Chicago Civic Opera last year, at 14. Suzanne Larson—Minneapolis' musical prodigy.

AT 20TH CENTURY-FOX, Sonja Henie started 1937 as "a screen possibility." Now, with her second picture, the little Viking Venus is a dazzling star. The first girl athlete ever to reach the Hollywood heights. Already, she is worth not one million, but several, to 20th Century-Fox.

And before the end of 1937, the same studio will have another new star on its payroll. Her name is Annabella. Annabella—that's all. If you saw the British-made Technicolor film, *Wings of the Morning*, you will remember her. You can't forget her—this French girl with the great talent and the face to inspire dreams. The 1937-model Bernhardt.

Next most promising of the new arrivals

at Darryl Zanuck's show shop is Louise Hovick, once better-known as Gypsy Rose Lee, star of the strip-tease. On the screen, she is putting on glamorous clothes, not removing them. The effect is less sensational, but intriguing. Louise definitely has—er—personality. The siren kind. It may take her far.

Then there is Joan Davis, on her way to becoming the most eccentric comedienne in the business. That's an accomplishment, these days. In four pictures, she has risen from eighth billing to second. Next she may be tops.

And the studio is extra-well stocked with promising ingenues. Virginia Field, beautiful Briton—the saucy barmaid of *Lloyds of London*. Leah Ray—who may get there with a song on her lips. Pauline Moore—ex-artist's model. Mary Rogers—pretty daughter of Will. Marjorie Weaver—movie-magazine beauty contest winner. June Storey. Jayne Regan. And, particularly, Arleen Whelan—whom you haven't seen yet. She's being "groomed." But her movie test was the million-dollar kind. It's whispered: She's a younger Janet Gaynor.

AT UNIVERSAL, as at Fox Hills, there is a 1937 movie beginner who is already a star—and has the beauty, the personality *and* the voice to remain a star. Her second picture, *One Hundred Men and a Girl*, leaves no doubt of that. Deanna Durbin is here to stay.

Like Deanna, Barbara Read was born in Canada. Like Deanna, she made her movie debut in *Three Smart Girls*. She also will last. But in a different way. A dramatic way. If it hadn't been for Deanna's singing, Barbara would have stolen their first picture. She did steal *The Road Back*. At 20, she is a dynamic actress. She won't be an ingenue forever.

Nan Grey, the third of the *Three Smart Girls*, is 17. A natural blonde, born in Texas. She had no acting ambitions when a talent scout first saw her. Now she is making up for lost time. And Universal is convinced that it has a package of blonde dynamite in Dorothea Kent—free, blonde and 21. Started her career at seven, as a dancer. That partly explains her figure; Providence explains the rest. She is a born scene-stealer. And scene-stealers are the people who become stars.

WARNERS are sowing a big crop of new talent in their new pictures, and reaping richly. Consider Jane Bryan. In three films—*Kid Galahad, Marked Woman* and *Confession*—she has become a Personality, not just another Ingenue. And only nineteen.

Gloria Dickson, from Idaho and the Federal Theatre Project, who took top acting honors in her first picture, *They Won't Forget*. Warners won't forget Gloria. Nor Lana Turner, the "sweater girl" of the same picture—only 17 but already under long-term contract. She's from San Francisco.

Gloria Blondell—brown-eyed, brown-haired sister of Joan, and unafraid of sister-comparisons. She's starting in a leading role. A typical Blondell role. Marie Wilson—smart enough to play dumb blondes. A Californian who may be around as long as another Californian, ZaSu Pitts, Ann Sheridan—a romantic lead from Dallas (Texas) Little Theatres.

Mary Maguire—pert, dark-eyed, 17-year-old Australian, known in Melbourne and other spots "down under" as "The Mary Pickford of Australia." Rosemary Lane (she sings) and Priscilla Lane (she dances)—sisters of Lola Lane, and both distinct hits in their first movie, *Varsity Show*.

AND last, but not least, there is Grand National's Evelyn Daw. The first girl in Hollywood history to live the old *Cinderella* fiction story—the story of the untrained unknown, finding fame overnight.

She was born in a South Dakota hamlet, where she sang in the church choir. Neighbor folk thought she had a good voice. Evelyn longed to go somewhere to study singing. A friend of the family was driving to Los Angeles. Evelyn came with her.

To pay for lessons, and food, she had to wash dishes, wait on table, care for children. She never thought of trying the movies. Didn't think she was pretty enough. But a friend of hers knew Victor Schertzinger, and talked the disinterested director into giving her an audition.

He was about to start James Cagney's new picture, *Something to Sing About*. The cast was already set. Then appendicitis put Frances Langford in a hospital. There was a frantic search for a "name" singer to replace her. None could be had on such short notice. Schertzinger, in desperation, finally mentioned his untried find. She got the role. And—P. S.—the other day the Metropolitan Opera Company invited her to have an audition.

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New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE

The Black Widow's Love Life

[*Continued from page 27*]

hunting Black Widows. Believe it or not, they actually picked some off the very hedges around the Lloyd estate. But their best hunting ground was the Mojave desert. Looking for all the world like a desert rat, in his sloppy clothes, Harold went with Jack, week-end after week-end, into the desert. Armed with tweezers and jars, they turned over stone after stone, popped spider after spider into captivity, returned to Beverly in high jubilation.

NOW it's necessary, scientifically, to dissect one's specimens, to study them. But at that, Harold balked. You know, Larry, Harold is utterly nuts about this kindness-to-animals thing. He won't hurt an animal, if he can help it. He has never hunted a creature, with gun, in his life. Believe it or not, Larry—and while this sounds like the purest (or is it impurest?) press-agent hooey, Harold Lloyd won't even swat flies! So when it came to dissecting the Black Widows, Harold backed out of the picture. That left it to Jack to do, and Harold insisted on knowing nothing about it. (However, he did consent to look through the mike at the taken-apart spiders, after it was all done!)

But just peering at them through the lens was only the beginning—and least interesting part—of Harold's game with the little ladies. He began studying their habits. And he unearthed the queerest facts. For instance, he watched her most extraordinary love-life, from its inception to its quaintly morbid ending. He did it by putting a Black Widow into a jar, with a male spider of the species. The male, incidentally, is a tiny, spindly thing compared with mamma—much smaller, and, according to research, much less deadly. But to get back to their love-life—

Harold watched the courtship begin. The male approached the female gingerly, reaching out a few of his long legs, touching the female's legs. When she didn't seem to care particularly, he came closer. Harold hitched up his chair. Finally, the female showing complete acquiescence, they set up housekeeping. But then, the Black Widow played a dirty, mean trick on her husband . . . she turned around *and ate him!!*—calmly bit him, watched him die, and then devoured the tiny corpse.

Wouldn't it be funny if Hollywood ladies did that to their boy friends? It'd sure make for an awful scarcity of leading men, Larry . . .!

But anyway, the next step in Ma Nature's processes intrigued Harold, too. He watched Madam Black Widow—now a widow in actuality, through her own appetite (and that's how she got her name, Lloyd tells me)—go about rearing her family. Day after day, Harold watched the process—saw her deposit her eggs in a huge, cocoon-like sac. Watched the sac grow. Finally saw the eggs hatch out, and swarms of tiny Black Widows emerge, until the glass jar, once empty save for Mom and the remains of Pop, literally swarmed with tiny spiders.

And then again the cannibalistic tendencies of the beasties asserted themselves. "They began eating each other up," says Harold, "until finally, there were only two left out of about 1200 spiders!" In other words, left alone, they ate each other up until instead of having 1200 little Black Widows, Harold had only one male and one female to play with . . .!

NOW, all this may sound like idle pastime. But the next step led to a discovery for which Lloyd is actually recognized in entomological circles—he was one of the researchers who found that a certain hornet, or wasp, that comes from Texas, is death to Black Widows. And as a result, entomologists are beginning to develop a curb on the Black Widow plague. Harold found it out by locking an adult Black Widow and one of the Texas wasps, sent him by a fan from the Lone Star State, into one of the glass jars together.

The first time he tried it, the Black Widow snared the wasp with a deftly-flung strand of web, bit it, killed it. But Lloyd's second wasp was a regular Joe Louis. Before Madam Black Widow could lasso him, he'd moved in, stung her with that lethal rear-end of his—and before you could say Gustav von Seyffertitz, the Madam was deader than her husband on the morning after!

Lloyd has been in communication with recognized scientists, reporting his and Jack Davis' findings during their Black Widow research. He has received warmly commendatory letters for things he has discovered.

"But I'll be darned," says Harold, "if I'll go as far with my research as did Prof. Baerg, of the University of Arkansas. Baerg deliberately let a Black Widow bite him—and then took no treatment, so he could scientifically record the results!"

So did Dr. Alan Blair at the University of Alabama, Lloyd tells me. Both Blair and Baerg, of course, resorted to medical treatment when the effects of the spider-bite had reached the dangerous stage. Both recovered, but not until after days of the most excruciating torture.

With true humility, Lloyd pays a handsome tribute, Larry, to these scientists. "Isn't it a funny commentary on life," he asks, "that I, who do nothing but clown before cameras to make people laugh for an hour or so, live to see my name a household word and from it get the material return I have, while these men, who risk their lives and their health and their sanity actually to save people's lives, get only passing mention in an obscure medical journal here and there—and little else?"

He may be a movie comedian, Larry, but there's enough of the scientist in Harold Lloyd to make his words pack an awful punch when he talks of the bravery of these unsung heroes.

That Black Widow laboratory of his, down there in his cellar, is as carefully guarded as Uncle Sam's gold hoard, in that specially-built fort in Kentucky. Harold knows the deadliness of his long-legged charges only too well. So the only persons allowed in his cellar are himself and Jack Davis. And, now and then, Mildred—but not unless either Jack or Harold, and preferably both, are there to protect her.

MILDRED, as I told you, isn't particularly keen about the spiders. But she's a smart enough wife to be interested in her husband's hobbies. A lot of wives could learn from her, eh, Larry? And so, now and then, she goes down-cellar with Harold, and peers into the microscope, shudders as she looks at the spiders in the glass jars, and asks funny questions. Jack Davis, like a brother, guffaws at her. Harold, like a lover, answers her patiently, delights in her

interest in the things he's interested in.

As for the Lloyd children—well, Larry, they're not allowed any closer to that cellar than your neighbor's kids are to the bedroom closet, the week before Christmas. And neither are the Lloyd servants—but for that matter, Harold tells me that his servants would as soon walk up thirteen steps to the gallows as down the Lloyd cellar stairs . . . !

You see, Larry, Black Widows aren't the only weird things Harold and Jack keep in that den of theirs. They've got scorpions, too. And frogs. And disease germs. Sounds like one of *Dr. Fu Manchu's* evil workshops, doesn't it? Well, it's all part of this microscope game that Harold and Jack play at. Disease germs come mounted on glass slides, to be peered at and studied, so the ones Harold owns aren't really dangerous, because they're dead and pickled in more alcohol than Will Hays can frown on in a year of censoring. As for the scorpions, they're just a by-product of Harold's quest for something that will kill Black Widows. Only when he put the scorpion and the Black Widow together, Ma Widow kicked blazes out of the scorpion, and ate him! Just a killer and an eating fool—that Widow!

ANOTHER mania of Harold's, that he plays at down in that subterranean "lab" of his, is hunting some way of eliminating the most dread scourge of dog-lovers, distemper. Lloyd is a dog-lover, if ever there was one. He owns kennels of Great Danes. Only recently, he had to move his kennels away from his Beverly Hills house, because his neighbors complained at their baying.

Not long ago, distemper ran epidemic in the Lloyd kennels, and Harold suffered the agony of watching several of his best-beloved Danes die in torture. From that day on, he has devoted time, effort and much money in trying to find an antidote, a serum, anything to conquer distemper. He sent his ailing dogs to six different veterinarians—one to each. The veterinarians who pulled the dogs through were commissioned and subsidized in cash by Lloyd to continue their work and research. And down in his laboratory, Lloyd himself studies the germs, the virus, that causes distemper, tries out, in scientific manner too technical to explain quickly here, various compounds and cultures which he hopes will combat the distemper-causing organisms. When he goes after the dog-bugs, his Black Widows have to sit in the background.

TO BE SURE, Larry, all I've been doing so far in this memo is rave about Lloyd's activities. Maybe you, and your readers, would be a bit interested in learning, from Harold, enough about these Black Widow gal-friends of his to help you avoid them—or even to treat yourselves, if and when you're ever bitten. Well, here's some facts Harold told me—

"You can tell the real Black Widow," he says, "by a reddish mark on the bigger part of her body. It's shaped like an hour-glass, this mark, and definitely identifies *Lactrodectus Mactans*, which is the Black Widow's scientific name. Aside from that, her body is glossy, her legs are long"—(like Marlene Dietrich's, Larry)—"and she's about an inch long, from leg-tip to leg-tip.

"She isn't really dangerous, because she's sluggish. The only time she bites, usually, is when disturbed. You could sit and look at her for hours, and she'd sneak modestly away under your scrutiny, before she'd bite. But poke her. irritate her, frighten her—and wham, you're bitten. Then the trouble begins.

"The only thing to do is call a doctor, quick—or hurry to the emergency hospital nearest you. In Russia, where the Black Widow is a scourge, the peasants in the overridden districts carry pieces of raw onion. If they're bitten, they rub the onion hard on the bite. And strange as it seems, this superstition is not all wrong—because the onion juice is slightly helpful in counteracting the bite's effects. But the best treatment is a tourniquet, tight around your arm or leg between the bite and your body. This'll keep the poison from spreading too quickly. Grit your teeth, and open the flesh around the bite with a sharp, clean knife. Suck out the poison—and wash your mouth out after you've done it, too. At 15-minute intervals, release the tourniquet slightly to allow *gradual* absorption of the remaining poison into the bloodstream. This treatment, while it'll make you terribly sick and sore, may save your life. But above all, get competent surgical and medical aid as quickly as possible. These little Black Widow gals can take you over quicker than a gold-digger. And they're a darned sight more dangerous."

So there you are, Larry. The next time you see Harold Lloyd clowning on the screen, don't forget that underneath all that damfoolishness, there's an awful lot of sense—and an oddly interesting fellow.

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NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE

The Feminine Touch

[*Continued from page 6*]

But it's even more annoying to see hands that are frankly in need of washing or nails that scream for a manicure!

"I wash my hands twelve or fifteen times a day, and don't think that's too often to keep the skin looking white and clear. Of course, I always use a mild toilet soap at home, but when I'm forced to use the not-so-mild solutions in wash-rooms, I see to it that their harshness is counteracted by an extra dose of emollient cream and cuticle oil."



Three famous creams now contain skin vitamin to add to their effectiveness

Gloria's fussiness about manicuring methods is probably responsible for the excellent condition of her nails and cuticle. She never allows manicurists to probe at the base of her nails with metal instruments, never permits them to cut the cuticle or file the nails down too sharply at the corners. Her nails are filed with a flexible steel file, shaped with the smoother side of an emery board.

You'll never catch Gloria with chipped nail polish because she never gives it an opportunity to wear off. Changes the shade every day and sometimes oftener, to harmonize or contrast with the particular frock she's wearing. Almost invariably she matches her nail polish to her lipstick, in general tone at least, and she usually applies the polish far out on the ends, leaving only a hairline of white. Like most of us, Gloria has discovered that this trick makes the nails and the fingers look longer and more tapering.

MANY of Gloria's rules for using the hands gracefully, she learned at dramatic school, where students are taught hand gestures with as much firmness as they are taught vocal inflections . . .

"First of all," Gloria explained, "you must learn to keep your hands still unless you are sure that a gesture is in order and that you have mastered its technique. A good place for your hands is in your lap, one hand held lightly in the other, with the fingers relaxed and held upward.

"As a matter of fact, it's always a good idea to remember to hold your hands upward whenever possible. This position is most flattering, showing the fingers in their most appealing light. And it prevents the ugly, distended veins that show when the hands are held down and the blood is allowed to collect in the veins. In our grandmothers' day they knew this. Just before going to a ball, they stood with their arms stretched overhead for a few minutes, so their bare arms would be smoother and whiter for the grand entrance into the ballroom!

"Keep your wrists relaxed, always, if you want your hands to seem graceful," Gloria continued. "Remember this especially when you are smoking. By holding the cigarette this way, you prevent unsightly nicotine stains on your fingers, besides looking more natural, graceful and at ease. Economy of motion is necessary when smoking, too, to present an attractive picture. If you go through a lot of unneeded gestures, wave your cigarette about or fumble pointlessly, you madden anyone watching you! And please don't crook your little finger—it's awkward looking as well as very displeasing to Emily Post!"

Speaking of nail polishes, as we were a few paragraphs back, there is a grand set of two fine polishes and a bottle of polish remover newly presented in a very gift-y way. The three bottles are tucked into what looks like a doll's hatbox—one of the transparent kind made of plasticele. A perky blue ribbon, to match the blue plastic base and the labels on the bottles, tops this little jigger set, giving it a Christmas-y air, but not so pointedly that it won't be a perfectly timely dressing-table accent come Easter or Fourth of July.



Conveniences for the crowded bathroom —a shelf containing three bath luxuries

The two newest shades in which these super-polishes come are "Suez," a dusky brownish red with a suggestion of mauve, and "Sierra," a medium rose, softened with brown and mauve. The oily polish remover is superior, too, acting quickly, evaporating slowly, and leaving the cuticle soft and smooth, without any trace of white deposit.



Who wouldn't be pleased at getting this set of nail polishes and oily remover?

You can buy this set for $1.75 at all of the better department stores. Incidentally, this same firm puts out a most helpful free chart, telling you which of their twenty-one shades of polish you should wear with different colored frocks. You might ask for it at your department store, if colors confuse you.

ANOTHER novel presentation that lends itself to Christmas giving is the "bath shelf," a small, portable box of bath luxuries complete with a sturdy silk cord by which you can attach it to the bathroom wall. Simplifies no end, the problem of the shelfless bathroom. There are three preparations in the shelf—a rose geranium scented bath salts in a hand molded bottle, rose geranium dusting powder and a refreshing toilet water. The shelf itself is covered with a glossy white paper in a smart tile pattern. Retails for $3.

A BARGAIN in beauty is the Christmas gift box, priced at $2, which contains a box of face powder, rouge and lipstick. The deep blue containers, relieved by touches of white, creates a nice impression and the cosmetics themselves make a lasting impression, equally as favorable. The powder is fine-textured and available in a wide variety of shades, and the rouge and lipstick perform smoothly even in the hands of an amateur. The same company puts out its largest bottle of creamy hand lotion in a special Christmas package (at $1) that makes an ideal gift to an intimate friend or member of the family. If you, like Gloria, believe in washing your hands fifteen times a day and using hand lotion after each washing, then you'll appreciate a Christmas gift of this "jumbo" bottle of lotion, with which you can be as lavish as lavish . . .

I don't believe I've told you about the three popular-priced creams that now contain the active "skin vitamin" . . . What with all the punishment your skin has to take around the holidays (witness: rich foods, late hours, cold weather), it would be a good idea for you to lay in a supply of these, marking them "to be used three times a day without fail" . . . There's a cold cream for cleansing and softening that will keep your skin clear and soft in texture in spite of cold winds; a vanishing cream that smooths away surface roughness and provides an excellent powder base, and a liquefying cream for quick, emergency cleansings. The introduction of the skin vitamin in these creams, which was made only after extensive laboratory experiments, has not increased their price. The familiar white jars with blue-green caps still come in several inexpensive sizes. Want the trade name?



Mae Clarke bids films and America goodbye. Having married Capt. Steven Bancroft of Brazil she will live there

How Constipation Causes Gas, Nerve Pressure

Many Doctors Now Say It's Nerves, Not Poisons That So Often Cause Headaches, Dizzy Spells, Coated Tongue



When you are constipated two things happen. FIRST: Wastes swell up the bowels and press on nerves in the digestive tract. This nerve pressure causes headaches, a dull, lazy feeling, bilious spells, loss of appetite and dizziness. SECOND: Partly digested food starts to decay forming GAS, bringing on sour stomach (acid indigestion), and heartburn, bloating you up until you sometimes gasp for breath.

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Rainer Is Not High Hat

[*Continued from page* 61]

the other hand, she likes anyone she is warm, humble, eager, demonstrative, affectionate. She just doesn't *know* how to be dishonest, how to dissemble, how to be suave and silken.

It is, I think, the things which people do, not the things they say, by which they should be judged.

I REMEMBER one scorching day in Chatsworth where the *Good Earth* company were on location, I came across Luise, plunked down in the middle of a wheatfield, crooning over a very fat, very cross Chinese baby. I said: "Are you having fun?" Luise shooshed me and whispered: "It is not for fun. But the poor mother feel so seeck and she worry about the baby in this hot day and I take care of it so she do not worry. I like to do it." . . . Luise, very sweaty in her peasant rags, was not the popular conception of a glamorous star. Nor was she my conception of a "foreign importation gone high hat."

I saw Luise in the set of *Big City* a few weeks ago. Spencer Tracy, with whom I was lunching in his dressing-room, called to Luise and asked her to join us. Luise yelled back: "Thank you, Spen-cer, but I have made a date." Later, we saw her sitting on a camera case lunching with her hair-dresser, two of the wardrobe girls and an assistant cameraman. They were having, for dessert, some German cakes Luise had baked herself.

Luise, Spencer told me that day, has one trait which always marks the truly humble of heart, the genuinely modest person: *She asks the opinion of everybody.* Spencer said: "She asks her hairdresser what she thought of her work in *Emperor's Candlesticks;* she asks one of the grips what he thought of the scene she did in the morning, did he like it, if so, why; if not, why not. She asks waitresses, chauffeurs, cameramen, anyone she happens to be talking with what they think of her make-up, her clothes, her hair, her manner of speaking. And she listens humbly to what they say. And she takes the advice they give her, thoughtfully."

She said to me one day: "I may have fight with the big executives. They can take care of themselves. I do not have the fight with people who cannot fight me back." That, too, is Rainer.

SHE doesn't like to talk about herself for publication because she feels, and honestly, I am convinced, that people cannot, certainly should not be interested in what she does, thinks, is, once she stops being the actress. She gives, she has told me, everything she has to her work on the screen and believes that when she leaves the studio she should be "a private person."

She dislikes being photographed, especially at home. But when she agrees to the ordeal she goes through with it, one hundred percent. Not long ago the studio requested her to make a home sitting. She agreed. She came home late, after a difficult day on the set of *Big City* and found the "boys" waiting for her. She said: "Ah, you have wait so long . . . that is too bad . . . we begin right now . . ." and so they photographed her as she ran upstairs. She stumbled, not gracefully, and let them photograph that stumble, too. She told them to come into her room with her and she slapped cold cream on her face, rubbed it off, slapped more on and then, liberally smeared, she turned to them and said, laughing: "See! See The Most Beautiful Eyes in Europe—according to the Publicity Department!"

THE marriage of Luise to Clifford Odets was about the least "high hat," the least "Hollywood" ever entered on the marriage registers of the movie Mecca. No "flying to Yuma" for Luise. Nor was the marriage, as was generally believed, "sudden." Luise went through weeks, months, of uncertainties, of temperamental "shall I" and "shall I nots"; of "is this to be" or "not to be"? She suffered fears and fevers before she finally decided "yes, it is *right.*"

The wedding took place at Luise's home in Brentwood. There were two guests, Lewis Milestone and his wife, friends of Mr. Odets'. There was no music. There was no trousseau. There were no caterers. There were no photographers, reporters. There were no flowers. At the very last minute Luise decided that there should be flowers. She could have phoned the nearest florist. She didn't. She rushed into the patio and *brought in the potted plants,* the home-grown geraniums. She tore upstairs to the linen closet, got a sheet, pinned geranium petals onto the sheet, forming the initials R and O. "Now," she said, "it looks nice, very nice and pretty." And so they were married. And after the ceremony someone mentioned champagne. And Luise unearthed two bottles of very warm champagne, put ice in the glasses and served the marriage toast!

SHE tells tales on herself. When she is working, she says, she always goes to bed early. Mr. Odets sometimes goes to the studio to work. Because, explained Luise, "I can't say 'I mus' stay home so you can't go away'." At such times, Luise sleeps in an adjoining room with bath between their two rooms. One such morning she awakened very early. She knew that her husband had been working until dawn. She wanted to be so very quiet. She stole into the bathroom, on tip-toe. She opened the cabinet for the toothpaste or something, caught her sleeve on the hinge of the glass door and it came crashing down into the basin, ten thousand splinters and crashes of nerve-wracking noise. There was a muffled explosion from Mr. Odets' room. He rushed into the bathroom, into the bedroom connecting and there was Luise, huddled under the covers, hiding . . . !

She has few friends among the picture people. Most of her friends are musicians, writers, "people," she says, "with sort of curly hair"; most of them are Mr. Odets' friends because Luise believes that a wife follows her husband's lead and tastes, socially.

She has her name in the phone book. It wouldn't occur to her not to have it there. "People might want to ring me up," she says, "that is what a telephone is for, not?"

She is an honest person who doesn't speak the English language too perfectly. She is an honest person who is capable of transformations . . . into the parts she plays. She is an actress. She is, Spencer Tracy says "one of the really *great* actresses . . ."

The little Rainer is not high hat. I have tried to prove it. Whether I have succeeded or not depends entirely on whether you take my word for it, believe what I have told you.

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!

Speaking of Glamor—Here's Gladys!

[*Continued from page* 38]

indefinable something that you cannot, alas, put on like a hat, more's the pity for most of us.

"Then why do they make me keep on playing old women, frumpy women on the screen?" she demanded. "Even if they are great characters," she amended.

A lot of George fans are wondering about that. Maybe it is because she is such a whopping fine actress in a town where real actresses are worth their weight in gold—115 pounds in Gladys' instance—that Hollywood has lost sight of the other gifts she can bring to the screen. Gifts of beauty, youth, personality as well as fine talent.

"Now you're being over-generous," she protested. "But I do know this, as surely as we are sitting here. If it keeps on, this playing this kind of role, I'll be pegged in the fans' minds as a middle-aged character actress, and it will be too late to do anything about it. Middle-aged at 32! That doesn't make sense, even in Hollywood where Shirley Temple is an oldtimer!"

SHE'S right, you know. But even leaving Gladys' personal feelings out of it, the fans themselves are being cheated as things now stand. The world is glamor hungry and given even one chance, she could out-glamor the most exciting of the Hollywood Glamor Girls. The world is hungry for the enchantment of youth and gaiety, and Gladys has so much of both, shared now with only those who can come in personal contact with her.

And is it such a crime, what she is asking? To be allowed to look beautiful and alluring?

"Every woman wants that, doesn't she?" Gladys asked. "It is inherent in her. I'd be psychologically off-balance if I didn't want it too."

But, I reminded her, it wasn't as if she'd never been allowed to look young and beautiful and alluring. There was her role of the movie star in the sensational stage success, *Personal Appearance,* in which she was starred for 85 smashing weeks just prior to making *Valiant is the Word for Carrie.* Certainly that proved what she could do along those lines.

"Ah, yes," she conceded. "But as you just said, that was on the *stage.* And for every person who saw me on the stage in that part, how many are there who have never seen me as anything but a harassed *Carrie* or the colorless, ineffectual nurse in *They Gave Him a Gun.* The same percentage, exactly, as will see me next in *Madame X*—if they care enough by now to want to see me again.

"*Personal Appearance* is over and done with. I'm working in pictures now and for picture audiences. It is them I must win, to whom I must prove myself. They can only take me at face value, not on past reputation. And that's as it should be. That's only fair."

She picked up the script, sighed, and went back to studying. The foot with the offending mule was tucked under her as if to say "there'll be no more of that kind of nonsense today." The clock ticked on. Suddenly the silence was broken.

"You know," she said, "I wonder if the way I live my private life could have anything to do with it?"

I knew then that she had not been seeing the lines on the pages she automatically turned, that all the time the puzzle had been

[*Continued on page* 76]



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Why Jack is Oakie-Doke

[*Continued from page 37*]

Jack takes his half-victory, half-defeat with a shoulder-shrug and a chipper grin. "One gravy lick is better than none," he opines.

IN CASE your Hollywood education has been tragically neglected, a "gravy lick" is a chance for an actor to add something of his own to a scene. It's the stuff that picture-stealing is made of.

But far be it from Jack to show any chagrin. Or, as Hollywood calls it, temperament. Far be it from him to sour on his associates, or on the life of an actor.

He keeps right on being himself: Mrs. Offield's robust lad, who can't help having his little joke, wherever he may be. Between scenes, behind the camera, he spends his time bantering with anyone handy. Co-star or prop man, it makes no difference to him. The verbal by-play is the thing.

He doesn't hoard his comedy for a microphone. In person, as in pictures, he is a constant kidder, a quick quipper, a droll ad libber. He practises on everybody he knows—and he knows everybody.

The director gets so used to this Oakie behind the camera that, before he knows it, he's getting used to the same Oakie *before* the camera. By the time the picture is finished, it will be studded with Oakie gravy-licks. And it also will be studded with laughs that didn't exist in the original script.

When a studio gets Oakie for a picture, it gets a bargain—no matter what his price may be. (*You* guess what his price is.) The studio gets not only an actor who will give a warm, human, believable, amusing performance, but also a quick-witted, audience-wise script doctor. He never fails to add to a picture. And his additions never fail to click.

He is the gravy-lick champion of Hollywood. That particular fact hasn't been mentioned before. It should have been. It's the tip-off to a Hollywood success-story that's different. A story of a success that has endured and will endure.

In his early thirties, Jack Oakie is the youngest old veteran of the movies. Boy and man, he has been at the top for ten years.

Ten years! That's a long time in Hollywood. Long enough for moviegoers' tastes in stars to change completely. Long enough for them to forget who were the Great Lovers and the Great Sirens of 1927. Long enough for all the players, except one, who were on the same contract list with Jack when he started, to lose their grip on fame. Long enough for Jack to become an old-timer in his early thirties.

THINK that one over, and you wonder: Why has Jack lasted, when so many others haven't? What's the explanation? What's his background? Where did he come from, anyway? What did he do to get where he is?

He appeared on the scene so long ago, (according to Hollywood reckoning) that even Hollywood has a hard time recalling the details of his arrival. Those outside Hollywood who remember the details are few. Most of today's moviegoers have never heard them.

He was born far from the footlights—in Sedalia, Missouri, to be exact. He was born into a family that had never had an acting urge. No one—least of all, his parents—ever expected *him* to step upon a stage. Their lack of forewarning led them to christen him Lewis Delaney Offield.

Yet they were the ones most responsible for what he eventually became. In the first place, they gave him, as a birthright, a liking for talking. Some might call it a gift of gab. In the second place, his father was locally famous as a "josher," and his mother had a grand sense of humor. She still has it. ("I tell her she takes it from me," Jack quips.) And, in the third place, they brought him up in small towns. First, Sedalia. Then, after a few years, Muskogee, Oklahoma.

He could have been born with a sense of humor, and a fondness for opening his mouth, and still not have become a comedian—if it hadn't been for that small-town upbringing.

"In a big town," he says, serious for a moment, "you're born suspicious. You don't trust nobody, nohow. You don't warm up to people, or vice-versa. You don't kid them, and they don't kid you. You're strangers. But country boys—they're different. They're wide open for two-way kidding. They get a big boot out of it. I had to be a kidder to be in the social swim. After a while, it was a habit.

"Look at Will Rogers. How did he get his start as a humorist? Grew up in a small town. He had a chance to perfect his ribbing. Until, finally, he could pick on Presidents and such, and make 'em love it. They couldn't accuse him of being vicious. He was just giving them a good, whole, old-fashioned country roasting. There's nothing like it my boy, for improving the sense of humor."

THERE came a time, however, when he forgot how to laugh. The world turned upside down and went black. His father died. Jack was still in grammar school. He couldn't keep his mind on his lessons; he couldn't think of anything but that his Dad was dead. Everywhere he turned in the small town, he was haunted by memories of his father—his laughter-loving, life-loving father. Life there was empty without him—not only for Jack, but for his mother and his sister Alice. Until, finally, they could stand the loneliness no longer. They fled Muskogee. They went to live in a big, rushing town.

Jack finished grammar school in Kansas City. Then his mother had a chance to teach in New York. There, Jack and Alice went to De La Salle High School.

Jack wasn't a brilliant student. He wasn't a dull one. Just a bored one. Time was a-wasting. Men were doing great things in the world—and here he was, still going to school. He didn't know, exactly, what great things he might be qualified for, himself. A friend of the family, with connections in Wall Street, finally decided for him. He became a broker's clerk.

As such, he found himself in a teeming madhouse called the Stock Exchange, part of an army of brokers' clerks, all of whom were quick thinkers. And they didn't confine their quick-thinking to high finance. They were, Jack discovered (and he still holds to his opinion), the world's fastest wisecrackers. He couldn't keep up with the stock market. He didn't try very hard. But he tried to keep up with the clerks who were also clowns. He developed a reputation. It reached the ears of his boss. His boss happened to be Paul Adler, of the

Jewish "Four Hundred." He asked Jack, an out-and-out Gentile, to appear in the Four Hundred's annual benefit show.

Jack saw this as a chance to get into society—once. He accepted. He didn't foresee what else it might get him into. May Leslie, who put on these society shows, was an ex-Follies girl. She knew show business. And she kept buzzing in the ear of the brash, free-and-easy brokers' clerk, "The stage is for you." He didn't listen—until he heard the applause of the Jewish audience for the Gentile boy. There and then, he decided to stop addling his brains in the Stock Exchange. He'd go crazy in the theatre, instead.

He went to see Julian Mitchell, who had staged the dances in the show. (Jack, among other things, had done a dance with Gloria Gould.) Mitchell got him a stage job. A job, believe it or not, as a dancing comedian. About the same time, someone—perhaps it was Mitchell—said, "An Offield under any other name would smell sweeter at the box-office."

HE RECHRISTENED himself Jack Oakie. He doesn't know, now, where he got the Jack. "Mom says it was somethink I was hoping to earn." But the Oakie is easily explained. When he landed in New York, no one could miss his Oklahoma twang.

He was handed the nickname of "Oklahoma." Which, in time, was shortened to "Oaklie" and, finally, "Oakie." He was used to answering to it now.

For nine years, from 1919 onward, he was on and off Broadway. But the only times he was off were the times when he was touring vaudeville with Lulu McConnell, the only woman who, it is alleged, could talk the ears off a cornstalk. They carried their partnership into several Broadway musical comedies. In one of them, *Innocent Eyes* (1924), there was a chorus girl he was to remember. Her name was Joan Crawford.

For nine years, he hoofed and sang and clowned in front of the footlights. Less hoofing, and more clowning, as time went on. He wanted to have a profession if (and after) his arches broke down. He experimented with gags, both vocal and physical.

He found out what will, and what won't make an audience laugh. He learned the only way that a comedian *can* learn—from audiences, themselves. For nine years.

He acquired the rest of his theatrical education from Variety, the Bible of show business. He couldn't help noticing that Variety was carrying more and more Hollywood news. Came 1927, and a shortage of Broadway shows. Came 1927, and increasing mention in the Hollywood news of a newcomer named Joan Crawford. Jack, who hadn't seen her on the screen, and remembered only the girl in the chorus line, waggled his head, and said, "If she can get in, I can."

Hollywood hadn't been to see him. So he went to see Hollywood. He had a little money saved, and time on his hands; he could afford the trip. He was in Hollywood two weeks when, at a party, he met Wesley Ruggles, the director. Ruggles was telling about the new picture he was going to make with Laura La Plante. Oakie thought he heard opportunity a-knocking. Brash and free-and-easy, he asked Ruggles, "What are you going to do for a comedian?" Ruggles looked him over, as much as to say, "Who *is* this guy?" and went on talking. But that didn't keep Jack from managing to bump into Ruggles a few days later—accidentally, you understand. He talked himself into a role. That's what comes of being blessed with a gift of gab.

That he was also blessed with a sense of humor also became apparent when the picture *Finders Keepers* was previewed. Jack had stolen the picture.

"It wasn't my fault," Jack says today. "Ruggles taught me a lot of things. And don't think I didn't have a lot of things to learn. You may be an actor, but—until you've had movie experience, you aren't qualified to call yourself a *movie* actor."

HE QUALIFIED early. In one year, he made fourteen pictures. Since September, 1927, he has made sixty-five, all conspicuous. He has played at every major studio. He has worked with more people than any other actor in the business.

"And," he says, "I've learned this: There's always a guy smarter than you are, who can put you in your place—if he doesn't like you. You never know when you're going to bump into him. Me—I'm friends with everybody."

You'll never find Oakie wearing a high-hat. You'll never find him wearing make-up, either.

"Maybe I could look as handsome as John Boles, if some make-up genius really tried. But Boles could never look as ugly as me. That's my distinction. The first time I ever worked in front of a camera, the cameraman told me, 'Don't let 'em pretty you up. Stay as you are. You'll be different.' He was one of those guys who was smarter than I was. I took him serious-like."

Oakie got used to Hollywood long before Hollywood got used to Oakie. The town had never seen anyone who couldn't stop kidding when it was time to start work. He got a local reputation as a perpetual playboy. Today, he says of that:

"Life's too short not to have fun living it. What's a job worth, if you can't have fun at it? But if that's your way of working, first thing you know, people will be calling you 'irresponsible.' A supervisor called me that once, and wanted to throw me off the lot. An actor-friend stopped him. He said, 'You expect Oakie to be sane—like you. But all you have to think about, all day long, is a budget. He has to be thinking up new ways to be silly. That's an all-day job, too.' Funny thing. I always had a soft spot for that fellow . . ."

Hollywood had him definitely catalogued as "Playboy No. 1"—until he married Venita Vardon. Now, belatedly, Hollywood is getting a new perspective on Jack Oakie.

He first met Venita in 1931 in New York, where she was glorifying the *Follies*. Their conversation consisted of two "Hellos." He next met her in August, 1935, at a party at the Trocadero in Hollywood, whither she had come on a movie contract. They were married the following March, in Yuma, Arizona, aboard a train making a fifteen-minute stopover there. Only five thousand people attended the wedding.

Soon after his first anniversary, a columnist came up to Jack, and said, "Well, Jack, I never thought you'd make it. A year already. How did you do it?"

Jack relishes the memory of that moment. "I said, 'I'll have you know I married a swell girl.' He didn't have any more to say."

He carries his bills fastened with a heart-shaped silver clip—a gift from Venita, sometimes called "Vimie," sometimes called "Mrs. O." On its inner side is engraved this sentiment:

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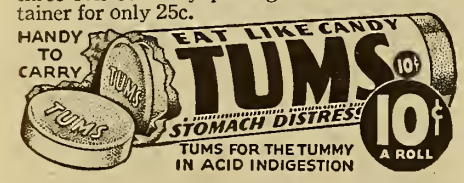
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Hope for the Best

[*Continued from page* 43]

the lissome Lombard, the alluring Shearer, Crawford, Swanson and the rest. Hope Hampton stepped among them, first as a Metro star, then as a leading glamor girl for Warners, Fox and Paramount.

It was a new, exciting, different life for the runaway ingenue from Houston, for the graduate of the dramatic school. Hope thrilled to it. Even when the thrills were fraught with fright, as they were in one of many movie tales which fill the Hampton reminiscences.

There was a circus scene, it seems, in one of her pictures. Hope, the heroine, was prominent in the front row. Hidden from the camera's eye was a runway, down which a troupe of lions were to file into the arena. Really the kings and queens of beasts were slated for merely minor parts in the production. They were to serve as circus background, atmosphere, against which Hope and her hero were to carry on the drama of the piece.

Before the cameras cranked the director cautioned: "Now, folks, these lions are not used to picture work. There won't be any trouble, but just in case anything should go wrong, don't precipitate a panic. Just sit motionless. Okay!!! Everyone—places! Ready! Action! Camera!"

The players went through the motions of their roles. A muffled roar proved that the lions were headed toward the arena. Then, without warning, a great tawny beast cleared the barrier in a bound, lifted his maned head and tossed terror into the hearts of all the make-believers with a snarling roar that bared long, evil fangs!

He stood a moment, silent. And in that time the guards regained their surprised wits, and leveled rifles on the giant cat. But before a saving shot could be fired, the beast walked slowly toward Hope and laid one huge steel-clawed paw in her lap. His fetid breath was hot upon her. Death stood, quite literally, at her side. The crack-shot riflemen gazed upon the scene powerless to act, for even though bullets missed the star and hit the lion, he, in his wounded agony, would be certain to sink those cruel fangs in her throat, or claw her to ribbons. Says Hope:

"I want to tell you that it wasn't necessary for that director to tell me not to move. I couldn't have stirred an inch. I understood then what it meant to be petrified with fright. What happened? Well, to make it exciting, the story should end a little differently. Although, believe me, it was exciting enough. His leonine majesty hesitated for one of those moments that seem like hours, then jumped back over the barrier, and went on into the arena without so much as a roar. But that was the end of some shooting for that day!"

This might be a cue to ring in that quotation about music having its charms to soothe the savage breast. Only at that time, Hope didn't sing a note, except, of course, in the shower like all the rest of us. That came later.

THERE'S at least one experience, fully authenticated, which Hope relates to intimates with the ever-present preface, "of course you won't believe this one, but it's gospel truth nevertheless." And here it is, just as it happened when Hope was on location for a film in far-off Cairo:

"There was a little perfume shop situated up one of those tortuous little alleys in the native quarter where the bazaars are located. I used to go there in the afternoon with my friend, Diana. We drank coffee with amber in it. I suppose we must have felt like twin Cleopatras dissolving pearls in wine. Certainly the mixture itself wasn't so divine. Anyway, one day we loitered there over our amber-coffee and little cakes looking at some ancient scarabs and jewels which the proprietor sold as a side-line, looted, he swore by Allah, from some forgotten Pharoah's tomb.

"It was almost twilight when the personage arrived. Anyone would know he was a personage in a single glance. Obviously he was from the desert. Obviously he was a man of importance among his people. As a matter of fact he was a real, genuine, honest-to-goodness sheik. He was clad in burnouse and turban. And he was escorted by four forbidding-looking fellows, whom any casting director would have selected as menaces in the movies. They looked precisely like what they were—desert gunmen.

"Well, his sheik-ship sat at a nearby table and immediately got all the attention that could be accorded a distinguished guest. His eyes wandered about the place, and more and more strayed toward us. 'Diana,' I said, 'you've made a conquest! How do you like your boy-friend?' We laughed about it. But not much later, friend sheik engaged the man who ran the place in one of those voluble Arabic conversations. And I'll tell you they can talk more excitedly than two Parisian taxi-drivers in an argument!

"There was a great deal of commotion, and it was apparent that the visitor was commanding his host to perform an errand to which the poor man objected. The sheik must have put on the pressure, for presently the proprietor came to us for information as to whom I belonged. Briefly the idea was that he wanted to buy me from my owner, and wished to learn his identity so that negotiations could be opened up! I doubt if any girls ever moved so swiftly away from anywhere. But when we reached the hotel, right behind us were two of the four brigands who attended him! After that they were in evidence everytime I stepped out of the hotel. They put an end to my explorations with Diana, and I never dared venture on any but the most traveled thoroughfares."

Hope breathed freer when they went away from there. Desert sheiks, she says, aren't all they're painted by writers of romantic fiction. But adventures such as these added tang to the life of the movie star.

THEN, as now, it was the practice of stars to make personal appearances. Many of the cinema celebs were ill at ease when it came to facing a flesh-and-blood audience over the footlights. La Hampton determined she'd have none of this. And that's how it fell out that she transferred her singing from the showers to the stage.

When she was introduced by some M. C. the red-headed film favorite would vary the monotony of the personal appearance stars, by asking the "Professor" of the orchestra to sound his A, and singing a little song.

To her surprise, the reception given her by audiences was far more enthusiastic than expected. And when her personal appearance tour was completed, she determined to give some attention to the cultivation of her voice. Under proper tutelage it developed with astounding rapidity, and songs by Hope became a feature of the star's appearances. At one of these, a talent scout for the late

Charles B. Dillingham, heard her and reported back to his boss that here was a real "discoverey," a girl with youth, beauty, personality, histrionic talent, and—a voice.

That was enough for the Broadway producer. He offered Hope an audition, and she, thrilled at the prospect, responded eagerly. The outcome was that she was signed at once for the starring role in the Leo Fall operetta, *Madame Pompadour*. The morning after its premiere, she awoke to find herself fully launched upon a new career.

Following the run of *Pompadour*, she was starred in the Sigmund Romberg operetta, *My Princess*. That night she sat up awaiting the morning papers with their reviews by the hard-boiled critics of the metropolitan dailies. In the dawning of what proved truly a new day, she read:

"She vocalized artfully and scored a personal triumph" . . .Walter Winchell.

"She drew immediate enthusiasm." . . . John Anderson.

"She has a sweet, true voice." . . . Alexander Woollcott.

"She was cheered—frantically cheered." . . . Robert Coleman.

These were the voices of the mighty. The opinion of men who make stars—and break them. Of them all, none sounded a discordant note. All was eulogy. Perhaps that warm dawn was one of Hope's happiest. But what most attracted her attention was a line in the notice written by Leonard Liebling, one of the most expert and discerning of music critics. In the New York *American* critic Liebling set down in black and white that:

"*My Princess* sets forth the talents of Hope Hampton, who holds embryonic promise of a future *Mimi, Manon or Marguerite* . . . the dramatic third act is close to grand opera."

ALL Hope could see was "close to grand opera." All Hope could dream about was "close to grand opera." All Hope could think about was "close to grand opera." Here was a new and greater thrill. Just "how close to grand opera" she wondered? And she set out to find out. As usual, there was nothing abortive in the Hampton scheme. She started on the long, hard road of preparation for the rarest of all success. Now her goal *was* grand opera.

She was in the atelier of one of her teachers when impresario Hammer, of the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company, paid a call. He saw. He heard. Hope conquered. Contracts were signed and sealed and delivered. And Hope Hampton made her debut with the Philadelphia Opera in the title role of Massenet's opera, *Manon*. Later she sang *Mimi* in Puccini's *La Boheme*. And *Marguerite* in *Faust*. Thus came true the Liebling prophecy, in all its three-fold prognostication.

It was hard to believe, the critics said, that this flashing, young soprano, accurate, assured, was the "timid little girl who warbled *At Dawning* at a 'personal appearance' five years ago." But the headlines proclaimed her "Most Glorious *Manon* Ever is Hope Hampton." She shared honors with the great Gigli in *Manon*. She shattered all the tradition saying that opera singers must be rather old-looking folk, given to chestiness and embonpoint, folk, in short, that should be heard—but not seen. Hope not only sang her roles. Not only acted her parts. But she looked them, too!

Well, for Hope Hampton, it had been a pretty big order . . . for a Texas girl to "muscle-in" on a territory bristling with Italian and German names—and traditions. But more difficult still would be an invasion of Europe by an American opera star! Well, why not?

SO THE only star to step from cinema to opera crossed the Atlantic in much the same manner as Ceasar crossed the Rubicon. She staked all those years of study in one daring fling. She made her bow to the critical audience of the Opera Comique in Paris. The role she sang was that of Massenet's *Manon*. Before the opera had ended she knew that her self-confidence was justified. The enthusiasm was delirious. And the critics shared it, repeating their "encores" in the print of Paris' famous newspapers.

L'Intransigeant, the name of which is familiar to every American who has ever sipped an apertif on the sidewalks before the *Cafe de la Pair*, raved over her voice and beauty. So did *L'Echo de Paris*. So, indeed, did all the rest. As one reporter wrote, "Hope Hampton triumphed, perhaps, beyond even her own expectations."

Naturally, offers came from all over the Continent. Hope sang in Liege, Brussels, Aix-les-Bains, Cannes, Vichy and a dozen other European centers. And with her reputation further enhanced by each succeeding appearance, she finally returned home to star with the San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago and Montreal Opera Companies. She sang with Jagel, Enzio Pinza, Gigli, John Charles Thomas and other great names opposite her. The cup of her success was overflowing. And then what happened to the unpredictable Hampton?

WELL, Hope went to Hollywood. Just on a visit. For the movie friends of her former film days had continued in their starring orbits. Now, naturally, the gracious girl while not exactly "singing for her supper," was happy to oblige with a song at the Coast soirees which she attended. And at one supper party it so happened that Charles R. Rogers, of Universal Pictures, was another of the guests. Rogers, ever alert for new picture talent, insisted that the stunning-looking actress-songstar make a movie test for Universal.

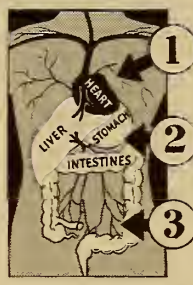
Who could say "no" to such flattery? The test was made. One of the most complete and exhaustive in the history of Hollywood. Besides the visual tests, Hope sang three grand opera arias and as many popular songs. She proved perfect songstar material in every way. For the Technicolored screen, Hope upset all form charts by abandoning her glorious Titian-tinted hair, a natural beauty which has always been the admiration and envy of others, to a golden glint. The superb coloring that has always been hers, shows to even greater advantage in the natural color pictures. The entire test is one of the most impressive the Coast has seen. It establishes a new criterion by which all others must be judged in future.

The mysterious "little birds" that whisper so many Hollywood secrets, quickly spread the news of Rogers' "Discovery." Suddenly others found that they had roles for which none but Hope would do, and that she would be ideal for starring roles in the Victor Herbert operettas. A studio, always obsessed with the idea of putting real opera on the screen, saw an opportunity to offer the picture-going public Massenet's "bad girl," *Manon*, with the only *Manon* on the operatic roster in the title role. But Hope remained constant to Rogers, the first to "find" her. She signed a long-term Universal contract.

Thus far two vehicles are under consideration for her screen return. One of these is *Riviera*, with a Jerome Kern score and a Buddy DeSylva production. The second is an original tentatively titled *She Shall Have Music*, which may have the masterly music of Rudolf Friml for Hope to sing.

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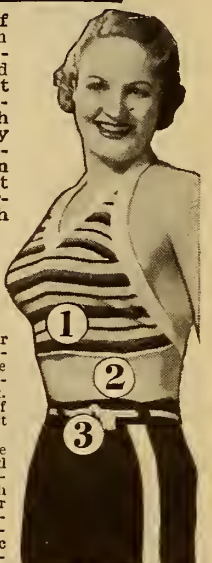
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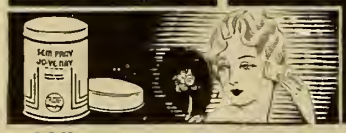
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Speaking of Glamor—Here's Gladys!

[*Continued from page* 71]

buzzing around behind her gray blue eyes and under her curly golden hair.

"How so?" I asked.

"Well, take this house, for instance. We love it, but it's not in an exclusive district. It isn't new or grand. We haven't got a swimming pool, tennis court or even much of a garden. There isn't even anything 'distinctively quaint' about it. I'll bet even our next-door neighbors don't know a 'movie star' lives in it."

I'll bet they don't. And that's just the way Gladys and her handsome young husband, Leonard Penn, who, himself, is making great strides under contract to the same studio as his star wife, want things. Heaven knows they can afford a lavish show-place along with the best of them; they prefer to live quietly in the rambling, shingle house that bespeaks a certain age and dignity.

NO, GLADYS, off the screen, isn't the typical Glamor Girl. She gives no elaborate parties; she'd much rather have you and your husband in for a corned beef and cabbage dinner. She rarely goes to swank night spots or even to premieres and previews where photographers are armed with flash bulbs, the celebrities try to look unconcerned, and crowds press against ropes to make a Roman holiday; she and Leonard find it infinitely more fun to wait until the picture comes to the neighborhood theatre and then slip in to hold hands under the friendly cover of dimmed lights. She wears no fabulous furs or costly gems and her clothes never are daring or even arresting in design. She doesn't like to be the cynosure of eyes and avoids it whenever possible; it makes her acutely uncomfortable.

"Mind you," she was quick to say, "I'm not condemning those things, that kind of a life. Maybe I'm wrong and the others are right. Maybe I should dress up my private life with a little more of what is known as 'Hollywood front.' It's an idea. . . ."

But she never will, come what may. She's too inately genuine a person, her sense of values is too finely adjusted for pretense of any kind, even if labeled, "For Business Purposes Only."

I'll grant you she dons a personality other than her own now and then, much as you and I put on our clothes or make-up. That personality might strike the stranger as flip and pert. Just a bit on the indifferent side. The personality of a girl nothing ever bothers. Know why she does it? So people won't discover she's a softie at heart! Softies, she has learned through bitter experience, are hurt deeply and often, sometimes intentionally, sometimes not. When she's hurt, her guard is down. She can't fight. She has no weapons.

"To me, that pretense, that wall I build around myself is not a 'front'," she explained. "It's simply my way of protecting myself in the clinches.

"But just because I choose to live my private life as the kind of person I am *inside* is no reason why, as an actress, I cannot portray any role that is demanded of me. The two, really, have nothing in common. It is true that when I'm playing a part, I feel that part, I am that person. But only so long as I am in front of a camera. When I leave the stage or the studio, it is as Gladys George.

"After all, I play broken-down hussies on the screen, but I don't go trooping down the street dressed and acting as one!"

A logical point.

WELL, that was that. It was, as I said, just before Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer started shooting *Madame X*, one of the greatest sob stories of mother love and sacrifice of all time, with Warren William and John Beal in the supporting roles of husband and son. Gladys was anything but a happy girl.

Imagine my amazement, then, to find her radiant and one hundred per cent sold on playing *Madame X* just two or three weeks later when I again dropped in for a bit of gab. Part of it I could understand, when I stopped to consider. She was working, and working hard, after months of idleness which darned near drove her crazy. Gladys has to work to be happy, strange as that may seem to some people. I've actually seen her chase the servants out of the house when she was not on call at the studio and pitch into scrubbing and cleaning. Anything to use up some of that driving energy which besets her night and day and must find an outlet.

But the enthusiasm for *Madame X*. That one stopped me. How come, I asked, she had changed her tune?

"Because the picture is going to be tremendous!" she exulted. "I feel it in my bones, just as I know I am doing some of the greatest work of my career. I'm going to be as grateful for this as I was for *Carrie*. And believe me, it's no lead pipe cinch! It's taking everything I've got. I don't dare fail."

So, then, it was Glamor Go Hang, the play's the thing?

"No. More than ever, no!" she answered. "I'm going to need that role you insist on calling 'glamorous' but which I call young and gay more vitally than before. They've made me almost too convincing as the old *Madame*!"

(Note how she said "they" not "I" in giving credit? That's Gladys for you!)

"I gave in this time, and I'm honestly glad I did. I might have missed a magnificent opportunity. But—"

GLADYS didn't finish the sentence. I'd like to by making a prediction here and now. But—if she doesn't get that role *she* wants next time, preferably a light and rollicking comedy which she does so well, my hunch is that Hollywood is going to see something the like of which it never has seen before. It's going to see George in action, raising merry old—well (naughty word). It's going to see some temperament as is temperament, and a dose of plain old-fashioned temper along with it. In words of one syllable, it's going to have the sweetest fight of all time on its hands with a girl who knows all the plain and fancy rules and has a few original ideas on the subject in reserve. There'll be fireworks enough for New Year's celebration throughout all China.

It's an old trick, but doggone if it doesn't work! You can be a good little "bad" girl just so long. Then it pays to be a bad little "good" girl.

If she does get that one chance she is asking to play the kind of a role she wants, mark these words: There will be a new way of spelling glamor on the screen. G-E-O-R-G-E.

Do you want to know the inside answers to Hollywood's romances, weddings, divorces and blessed events? Read the Talkie Town Tattler, MOTION PICTURE'S monthly gossip page.

For Orange Juice, Clean Shirts . . . and a Girl

[*Continued from page* 50]

led by easy stages to a place in the British Household Cavalry—the King's personal bodyguard.

When an aunt left him seventeen thousand shining dollars, he saluted the army in respectful adieu and hied him to the continent, where he enjoyed one golden year as a gentleman and spendthrift, returning to London with fifty of the seventeen thousand left in his pocket. This he blew in on a dinner at Ciro's with Estelle Brody, English picture actress, who acknowledged the courtesy by inviting him to the studio next day. There a casting director surveyed his lean six feet of debonair impudence, and offered him a job.

Thus he broke into the world whose denizens had always seemed to him like the curious fauna of some other planet. "How do they feel to the touch?" he'd once asked a friend who knew an actor. "You don't mean to say they can actually talk off the stage! Just like you and me? Don't tell me!"

It didn't take long for an American film scout to spot him, sign him and ship him to Hollywood.

IN HOLLYWOOD lived a girl named Muriel Webber—Mal to her friends. She was tall and slender, blue-eyed and beautiful, and as the daughter of a flourishing agent her life had been fun. Into her father's office one day, when she happened to be there, fate sent Mr. Milland. Two gay, good-looking young people, they fell headlong in love and married—only to discover that gayety and good looks weren't enough.

The young husband's career failed to prosper. "I was raw out of London night life," as he explains it, "and died on the vine. Mal and I separated. The reasons are my own."

The reasons, however, aren't far to seek. Mal had been trained to the niceties of life. Ray couldn't provide them. She didn't care. She was willing to take the lean with the fat. He wasn't willing to watch her take it. Misery developed in him black moods and tempers, which made her miserable, too, and so the vicious circle closed round them. He broke it by going back to England.

His one object was to gather enough money together so that he and Mal could make a fresh start. He heard that Gaumont-British was looking for an American who could talk with a fake British accent. He wasn't an American, and his British accent was genuine. But why be dished out of a job by a trifle like that? They probably wouldn't be fussy. They weren't.

The director pointed to the name *Ermentrude* in the script. "Say it."

"Oy-mentrude," said Milland. That made an American of him, and the job was his.

He'd fixed on the sum of fifteen hundred dollars as a respectable one to take back to Mal. So when he'd saved that much, he took ship for America without the formality of notifying his agent. At the back of his mind, in the foreground and through the center ran the refrain of Mal. "I'm going to see Mal—I'll get her to come back to me." On the third day out, a steward came up with a cable from his London agent: "You male offspring of a female hound, I've signed you with British Lion, and where are you?"

"On the high seas and I can't swim," he cabled back contentedly.

Came another cable, still more frenzied: "Signed you at twenty-five pounds a day. Come back or I'm in a hole."

Twenty-five pounds a day. That would make another nice little wad to add to his stake. "I'll come if they pay my passage back," he replied and, when they agreed, could only find strength to mutter: "Why didn't I ask for the fare both ways?"

He had an hour in New York to transfer from the *Europa* to the *Berengaria*. Back he went, made his picture, took ship again and, believe it or not, on the third day out, a steward appeared with a cable from his London agent. History repeated itself precisely, except that this time he had five hours between ships in New York.

ON HIS third trip westward, he carried his original fifteen hundred and no more. Somehow the extra money had slipped through his fingers—a little habit his fingers and money had formed. Never mind. Fifteen hundred was enough. He'd worked hard, he was a better actor, he'd find a job in Hollywood.

But as he neared New York, confidence began to ebb. How did he know Mal wanted him back? Coming right down to cases, why should she? By the time the skyscrapers towered, he was in a panic. Four days, and he'd know the worst. He had an impulse to turn tail and flee. It was then he was seized by a really brilliant idea. He'd engage passage to California through the Canal. That would take two weeks, which he could spend in girding up his courage. It took, besides two weeks, a goodly slice of his painfully saved money. He arrived in Hollywood with four hundred dollars.

The first thing he did was to take a room at the Plaza. The second was to call Mal.

Her voice, asking impersonally who it was, all but floored him. He managed to tell her. Impersonality is bad enough, but a glacial chill is worse.

"Oh," said the glacier. "You're back."

"Yes."

"Well, that's fine. I'll see you some time." Click!

It took him two months to wear her down. There was no job in sight. He'd left the hotel for a cheap room. He was eating at a drug store in an effort to conserve his rapidly sinking funds. One day Mal met him there. He treated her to a sandwich.

"This where you always eat?" she inquired carelessly.

"Oh, it's all right. The sandwiches aren't bad," he assured her, a note of uncomplaining martyrdom in his voice, in his eye the glint of triumph. "Be still, my beating heart," he was telling that organ. "She feels sorry for you. It's the thin end of the wedge."

And so it proved. They had sandwiches together more and more frequently.

For two weeks a filling station had been holding out hope that they might be able to use him to man a pump. One morning he dug out of his pocket the nickel and dime left of his fifteen hundred, phoned the station and was told to appear that afternoon.

On the bus he met Joe Egli, one of the representatives at Paramount studios. "Like you to see Wesley Ruggles," said Egli. "He's casting *Bolero* with Raft and Lombard. Might be a part for you. Why don't you get off with me now?"

Milland tried to look as if a bombshell hadn't been tossed into his lap. His head started whirling. There was the matter of clothes, for instance. He owned just one suit. There was the more immediate matter

[*Continued on page* 88]

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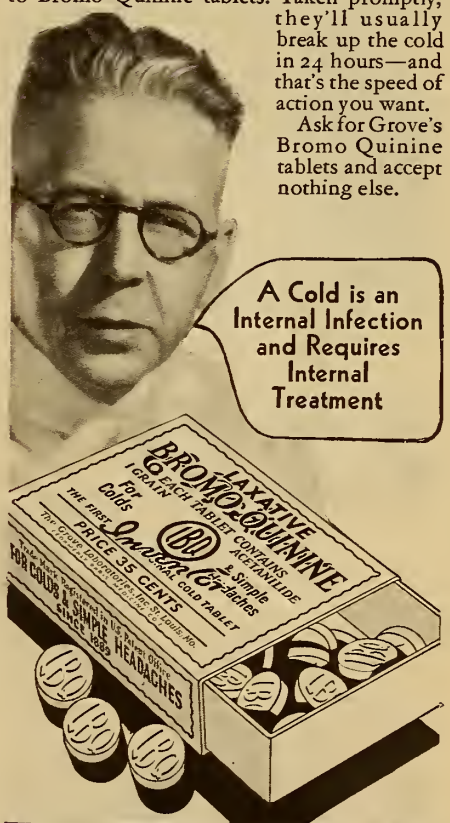
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Freddie Marches On

[*Continued from page* 31]

am sure thousands of shop girls earning $16 a week are happier than Garbo and get much more fun out of life.

When I first met Bob Taylor he had *Society Doctor* to his credit and was regarded as a promising young actor. He put his feet on the desk and we talked for hours. A year later, very much to his own bewilderment, he had become the romantic rage of five continents, God's gift to women in all climes. As we lunched together again, I noticed the anxious, strained expression on his face, which was changed. True, he still flashed his copyrighted smile when posing for photographs, but in reality he was grimly miserable. And he told me with disarming modesty: "The faster you rise in this movie business, the harder you fall."

I SOMETIMES wonder, who can be free and happy in Hollywood? Well, I know Brian Aherne can, I know Fredric March can. Both are freelancers in a position to negotiate their own terms, and are not tied down by any studio contract. Both have stage reputations and can get along without Hollywood, if need be. For both, every day is an exciting adventure every minute of which must be lived to the full. They lead the kind of life that befits men of intellectual maturity, know what is important, and what isn't. As I have told you of Mr. A. in another article, I'll confine this to Mr. M.

I found him on the set of *The Buccaneer,* high-booted, red-sashed, crossing swords with Ian Keith in a prison yard. He was the swashbuckling *Jean Lafitte,* out to kill a villainous senator who was in league with the British forces around New Orleans in the war of 1812. His men, mob of ragged freebooters locked up behind the bars of a dismal prison, cheered as the hefty Keith crashed to the floor. The cocky *Lafitte* wiped the blood off his triumphant sword, and turning to his men, thundered with a French accent:

"You want to get out of here?" They roared yes. "All right, all right," he growled. "Who will fight for America?" The shouting died down at the prison bars. Tense silence. "If you won't fight for America they will hang you," he warned them. "But if you'll fight for America, Jackson offers you freedom!"

"I'll fight for America," shouted Akim Tamiroff, a leader of the buccaneers, holding a horse-pistol.

"Viva los Americanos!" yelled another pirate. A hundred lusty voices roared their approval. "Cut!" Cecil B. De Mille ordered, beaming with satisfaction. His yes-men relaxed. When De Mille shoots a picture, it's the best show in town.

FREDDIE lighted a cigarette and strolled over to the corner where I stood. "As soon as I finish this picture I'll go to New York with my wife to do a play on Broadway," he said, panting hard. "Acting on the stage again has been a fond dream for both of us during the past few years. I've definitely made up my mind to make only one, or at most two pictures a year and devote the rest of my time to the theatre. My wife, Florence Eldridge, is a very good actress and was a star on Broadway, but I feel I've never really made good in the theatre. I'm anxious to prove to myself that I can. At any rate, I have the fever of the footlights and I can't be happy if I remain entirely out of the theatre. We haven't chosen a play yet; but we are considering several scripts."

I asked him how he developed his French accent. "I studied two weeks with a French teacher," he said. "I had some French in school. My wife speaks beautiful French. I'm practically living over my childhood days in this picture. When I was a young whipper-snapper in Racine, Wisconsin, I used to steal timber and build rafts, on which I imagined myself ruling as a pirate chief. We raided fields and orchards, and cooked our provisions on camp fires. I remember, when I was ten years old, I led a raiding party into a cantaloupe patch, and was captured by the irate owner. I escaped a fine when my father promised the judge to give me a licking, which I got."

Papa Bickel is now enjoying a vacation in the Beverly Hills home of his famous son. In spite of that early licking, the relations between the two have been very close and intimate. Indeed, the whole Bickel clan is an "old-timey" family the members of which are greatly attached to one another. And Papa Bickel is happy, because all his three sons have made good.

"For a while I thought I was through with costume pictures," Mr. M. continued, "but this was too good to pass up. *A Star Is Born* was my first modern picture in almost three years." I told him he gave a memorable performance as *Norman Maine.* "Thank you," he said. "That picture doubled my fan mail. *Norman Maine,* or *Mr. Vicki Lester,* was a tragic figure, wasn't he? It was a composite of several actors I've known —men who committed suicide to end the tortures of lost popularity.

"VERY few motion picture actors will admit they are through," Mr. M. explained, a somber look in his eyes. "It seems impossible to them that a public which idolized them can become also cruelly indifferent, and even malicious. You can't take your success in this business too seriously, think it will last forever. But falling stars have the optimism of consumptives in the last stages of the disease. They always believe they will get well, and to their dying day think they are improving. The fall of *Norman Maine* was inevitable for a variety of reasons. The career of a motion picture star is limited at best to a few years, for in this business personality is more important than acting. And the public soon gets tired of personalities. Then *Norman Maine* lost the public's favor by the scraps he got into, by his heavy drinking, dissipation, etc."

Mr. M. believes an actor should live like an athlete, and always be in the pink of condition. Before starting a new picture, he goes into training like a boxer.

"I want to be an actor—a good actor, and not necessarily a highly paid actor—when I'm 60. When I quit banking, I wanted to make acting my life work. It isn't a temporary thing with me. On the stage you can last as long as you can act. And that's one reason why I'm returning to the stage. Another is that I want to get more experience. You can never have too much experience in the acting profession. I started out with a number of handicaps. There has never been anybody in my family who has been an actor. I am the son of a business man in a small midwestern town. There is nothing glamorous about my background. I feel that whatever success I have attained on

the stage or screen has been through hard work."

"What kind of parts do you like to play?" I asked him.

"I prefer comedy and clowning to serious dramatics. I've always considered myself a character actor, and straight romantic roles have never appealed to me. I just told you that I started out with a number of handicaps. I forgot to mention that I realized from the very beginning that I wasn't a romantic personality, and had to depend primarily on my acting to get along."

Mr. M. had to do plenty of clowning in *Nothing Sacred,* a wild technicolor farce with Carole Lombard, which should be released by the time you read this. It was filmed at Selznick, the studio that produced *A Star Is Born.*

"I enjoyed my part as a newspaper reporter in *Nothing Sacred,*" he asserted. "It's about the roughest picture I've ever played in, and is a crazy thing on the order of *My Man Godfrey.* Ben Hecht did the screen play, and it is full of violent comedy situations. Yes, I enjoyed that picture very much."

MR. M. has been likened to a business man, say, a young banker, looked up to in a Rotary club. The color writers of Hollywood have deplored the fact that he looks so utterly a commonplace American and says nothing exciting, has done nothing exciting. He has no eccentrities, has always led an exemplary life ever since he has been in the public limelight, and his name has never been featured in front page smears. Well, in my opinion it is precisely this solid and utterly sane quality of his that is at the foundation of his success.

It was not by an accident, or just for the Bohemian glory of it, that Mr. M. became an actor. "I've always wanted to be an actor," he says. He still remembers the poem he recited at parties when he was eleven years old:

In a dark and dismal attic,
Where the sunshine never came,
Dwelt a little lad named Tommy,
Who was sickly, blind and lame."

Tears and tragic gestures accompanied his recitation. At 12, he staged a series of melodramas in the family barn, in which he played both the hero and the villain. Admission was a penny, but in certain cases an agate marble was accepted. Although his father was a man of moderate means he sold newspapers and magazines, ran errands, mowed the neighbors' lawns—boyhood activities that make America the great democratic country it is. At 16, he felt he was a man of the world when he became a junior clerk in the local bank. He dressed well, and had a way with the gals, numbers of whom he favored by taking them to dances and shows. He made frequent trips to Chicago over the week-ends to see a play. As he recalled these bygone days, he sighed, "Those were the happiest days of my life." He felt important, not only because of his job in the bank, but also because he was the president of his class when he graduated from high school. Not a bad record for a cantaloupe thief.

HE WENT to the University of Wisconsin, joined a fraternity, made sundry other campus societies, and in his senior year, attained the distinction of being the president of his class. He underwent a period of training in an army camp as an artillery officer when the United States entered the World War, but Armistice was signed before he was ready to go overseas. He still has the bearing of an officer and a gentleman. After the war, he returned to his banking activities, this time in New York. But he spent all of his spare money, and more, buying tickets for Broadway plays.

An emergency operation for an infected appendix was the excuse he needed for not returning to the bank and pledging himself to the noble pursuit of the dramatic muse. He began his dramatic career as a movie extra in *Paying the Piper.* Lean days followed, he posed for commercial artists, displayed suspenders and other accoutrements of the male attire. Then he talked himself into a very small part in the play called *Deburau,* at Belasco's, when he was down to his last dime.

He mapped out a course of action, and played stock for six months in Dayton, Ohio, gaining invaluable experience. More stock experience followed in Denver, Colo., where he met his present wife, who was the star of the company. He is very much in love with his wife, and has proved that it is easy to stay married in Hollywood.

His impersonation of John Barrymore in the coast production of the famed *Royal Family* landed him in the movies, in 1928. Whereupon Miss Eldridge gave up her successful career on the stage and concentrated on being the wife of screen star Fredric March. She is his keenest critic, and he can never praise her enough.

Mr. M. believes that a house without children is like a beehive without bees, of which there is nothing emptier and sadder. The Marches have two children, a girl, who bears the classic name of Penelope, but is familiarly addressed as Penny, and a boy, who has been christened Tony after the character Mr. M. immortalized in the *Royal Family.* The girl is five, the boy is three, and recording their daily activities has made Mr. M. a camera fiend. He is very anxious to keep them out of the public limelight and give them every opportunity for growing as normal American children.

THE actor has not entirely eliminated the Banker in Mr. M. He keeps all of his accounts himself, is a stickler for accuracy, and extremely methodical and punctual. He donates annually several hundred dollars to the Motion Picture Relief Fund; is very judicious in his investments and charities. He employs a secretary to take care of his voluminous fan mail, and every photograph and letter that bears his signature is genuine and not simulated.

The Marches do not go in for lavish, space grabbing parties. They like to entertain small, intimate groups. The Bob Montgomerys, Dorothy Parker and Allan Campbell, director John Cromwell, Paramount producer Harlan Thompson, are among their close friends in the movie colony. When a man like Ernest Hemingway comes to Hollywood, Mr. M. is sure to give a party for him, and invite his liberal friends to open their pocketbooks for a worthy cause.

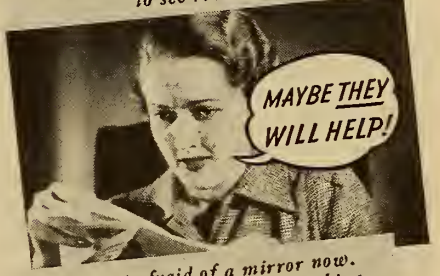
Mr. M. has resided in Hollywood for the past nine years, without relinquishing his rights to the deeper satisfactions of life—a wife, home, children. He knows how to live in a town where so few do. And although he does not consider himself a romantic personality, his name spells big mazuma for the movie moguls. No other player has such a consistent record of worthy grossers at the b. o. Let me remind you of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (which won him the Academy award), *Les Miserables, The Dark Angel, The Barretts of Wimpole Street, Anna Karenina, Anthony Adverse, The Road to Glory, A Star Is Born*—Certainly an impressive record. *Nothing Sacred* and *The Buccaneer* should boost his b. o. score to greater heights. Stars come and go, but Freddie marches on forever.

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They Also Serve—Stand-Ins and Doubles

[*Continued from page* 35]

his inimitable Irish humor. In this gagfest of filmland Leslie Howard is a scholarly-looking banker who is sent out to Hollywood to straighten out the financial affairs of a studio and put its complicated business, about which he knows nothing, strictly on a mathematical basis. And before he realizes what has happened, he has fallen in love with a luscious wise-cracking stand-in, played by Joan Blondell.

EVERY star has a stand-in. Let us meet a representative group of stand-ins—Joan Blondell's, Leslie Howard's, Marla Shelton's, Gary Cooper's, Bob Taylor's, Olivia de Havilland's, Cary Grant's, Joan Bennett's, Greta Garbo's, Marlene Dietrich's, Fredric March's and Bill Powell's. Several of them are also doubles. The stand-in has to be approximately of the same height, build and coloring—this last is the most important—as the star she or he substitutes between scenes, when the lights and cameras are adjusted. But the double has to have a close facial resemblance to the star, and might be required to perform dangerous stunts.

Connie Rae is Joan Blondell's stand-in. A pretty doll-like girl, with reddish brown hair and hazel eyes. She is a native daughter, born in Los Angeles. Studied to be a lawyer at U. C. L. A., but after two years in that institution of higher learning she decided she wanted to be an actress. She has had considerable Little Theatre experience. But believes she learned about acting by being Joan Blondell's stand-in.

"Every morning I rehearse with Joan," she said. "I speak her lines, go through her action. I put on make-up either at the studio or at home, always using the same color of make-up as Joan does. My dress doesn't have to be exactly the same style, unless she is wearing a special costume, but must be of the same color. I'm a little shorter than Joan, so I wear shoes with higher heels. Our faces are just about the same shape. I wear my hair as she does."

The Warners pay her $50 a week whenever she substitutes Miss Blondell in the hot lights, but she confided that she got more at Walter Wanger's, during the shooting of *Stand-In.* She is quite certain, and as a matter of fact, so are we, that some day she is going to have her own stand-in. Connie married a year ago, with Miss Blondell acting as a bridesmaid at her wedding. They are pals. Her husband is Dick Powell's business manager and press-agent.

RICHARD FOSTER is Leslie Howard's stand-in. He is unmarried, lives with his mother and sister. Dick studied mathematics and business management at Ohio State University and University of Southern California, and, appropriately enough, stood in for banker-mathematician Howard. He hopes that his work as a stand-in will be a stepping-stone toward a career in the production and business end of motion pictures. "A stand-in," he told us, "has all the chance in the world to learn how pictures are really made."

He got his job as Leslie Howard's stand-in as follows: "One night I was dancing at the Cocoanut Grove," he recalled. "I met a fellow there who turned out to be a casting director. He asked me to see him some day, told me he could use me. I had never given the movies a thought. But after a few days I went over to his office, and found myself appointed to be Leslie Howard's stand-in. He was making *Animal Kingdom* at the time, with Myrna Loy and Ann Harding. I've been his stand-in ever since." It is inevitable that a stand-in should know a star intimately. Leslie Howard, according to Dick Foster, is typically English, a little aloof, but very genial and democratic. The accompanying photo was taken on the set of *Stand-In,* while Dick was telling Howard an English story. "Did he get the joke?" we asked him. "Oh, yes. He has a keen sense of humor." They are good friends.

Leah Ettinger is stand-in for Marla Shelton, new Walter Wanger star of Indian ancestry who plays the world's conception of a glamorous movie queen in *Stand-In.* Now Leah has won a baby contest and she still has the medal to prove it, she has studied ballet and tap dancing, has been a photographic model in Hollywood and New York, but when she tried to crash the studios a year ago, the only opening she found was secretarial work. She was pounding a typewriter at the Walter Wanger Studio when they asked her to be Miss Shelton's stand-in. "It was my first experience before the cameras," she said, "and I enjoyed it very much. There is such a fine spirit of friendliness and camaraderie on the sets, contrary to what many people imagine. Miss Shelton is a beautiful and charming girl, and was very sweet to me."

Leah, herself, is frequently mistaken for a movie star. She has red hair, brown eyes, and freckles, and is quite unhappy about her freckles, although we found them very becoming to her. She, too, is a Los Angeles girl, has attended U. C. L. A., and lives with her parents. When we asked her why an attractive girl like her isn't married yet, she quipped: "I'm waiting for the man, the mood, and the moment. So far, one of them has been missing, but I don't know which."

ONE of the most interesting personalities in Hollywood is "Slim" Talbot, a six-feet-three-inches image of Gary Cooper, his stand-in and perhaps his closest friend. They used to be saddle-mates on the Montana range, and knew each other long before either of them came to Hollywood. Gaunt and spare like Gary, "Slim" walks with the same elegant stoop, and has the inborn reticence of the hard men of the range. Bronco-buster, soldier of fortune in Mexico, pilot during the world war, member of an aerial rum-running syndicate—his life story would read like fiction. Like his pal, Gary, he came to Hollywood as an extra, but was destined to be only his stand-in. It isn't exactly an exciting profession, but still, it has its compensations. When Gary goes hunting in the High Sierras, "Slim" goes along. Except for a yen to join the Chinese aviation corps, he is satisfied to be the anonymous alter ego of his former saddle-mate before the cameras.

Fate plays strange tricks indeed. Three years ago two young men roomed together in Hollywood to cut down the rent. They borrowed each other's shirts and ties, as room-mates will. Both aspired to a career in films. Today the world knows one of them as Bob Taylor. The other, Don Miloe, is his stand-in. Two years ago Bob named Don Miloe as his closest friend. We were curious to know if the relations between the two had undergone any changes as a result

of Bob's phenomenal rise as the screen's No. 1 hot shot, and questioned Bob about it. He still named Don Miloe as his best friend Don is in London at the moment, with Bob, and no doubt having the time of his life. It seems the British government would not admit him as his stand-in, because of quota restrictions on foreign talent, but Bob was permitted to take a friend along, and he took Don. The enduring friendship between these two young men shows a very fine side of Bob's character.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND has a special clause in her contract with the Warner Brothers studio to the effect that only Ann Robinson should be her stand-in. "I've been with Olivia ever since she started in pictures," Ann told us. "She treats me just like a sister and I may be prejudiced, but I think she is tops.

"There isn't anything I wouldn't do for her. She always remembers my birthdays and gives me lovely clothes. We visit each other in our homes but we lead separate social lives. They have publicized her as a kissless girl, which she resents. She likes to have fun, but she doesn't care to go out with men she doesn't like, just for the sake of getting publicity."

Ann is from Tennessee, and was educated in the Tennessee College for Women, where she studied to be a concert pianist. She came to Hollywood four years ago, and needed a job. She worked as an extra until a friend in the publicity department sold her to the casting department as a stock girl. "I never made more than $16 a week before I got that contract, but now as a stock girl I get regularly $50 a week. When I am not standing-in for Olivia, I'm a stock girl—working as a dress extra or minor bit player in the pictures made on our lot." We noticed a misty, dreamy look in her gray eyes. She admitted that she is terribly in love and will soon marry an important studio official.

MAL MERRIHUGH is Cary Grant's stand-in and double. He is a former University of Kansas student, played professional baseball with the Kansas City Blues, but a broken finger ended his diamond career, and he came to Hollywood, and became the stand-in and general factotum of Hollywood's public bachelor No. 1. Again, we have an inspiring friendship between star and stand-in. Mal is paid by the studio whenever he stands-in for Cary, and that is practically always, as it would be difficult to find a busier actor in filmland, and in addition he is under personal salary to Cary. This double income has enabled him to marry a beautiful Los Angeles girl, and although he is only twenty-four, he is the father of a two-year-old son.

Mal has complete charge of Cary's wardrobe. On the sets, he is sure to notice the slightest damage to Cary's make-up, and is largely responsible for his well-groomed appearance. He agrees with the other stand-ins that this odd calling, over which some writers have shed tears, is most valuable experience in the art of acting. "I have rehearsed dialogue with Katharine Hepburn and other principals in the casts of Cary's pictures, and I've learned plenty from them. There is never a dull moment in my life. When I'm not working as a stand-in, I am attending to Cary's business. There is always something to do."

Mal summed up the virtues of his debonair employer by characterizing him as a "regular guy." When he is out, Cary replaces him as his own stand-in. Recently he had his broken finger set right by a surgeon, and Cary paid for the operation.

Joan Bennett's stand-in is Isabelle Sheridan, a cousin of Mary Pickford and a former stand-in of America's sweetheart. Isabelle has just completed a novel about Hollywood, utilizing her behind-the-scenes experiences. She was born in Toronto, Canada, came to Hollywood in 1925, and has been a stand-in off and on for seven years. "I started with Constance Cummings," she said. "I've also been a stand-in for Merle Oberon, Virginia Bruce, Pat Paterson, Sally Eilers, and a few others. I can't remember all of them now. It's a means to an end, but I wouldn't care to be a stand-in all my life."

A NOTE of tragedy creeps into this story. Irene Crane, Grace Moore's singing stand-in—the only singing stand-in in Hollywood—was killed a few weeks ago in an auto accident. Miss Crane was an operatic singer of note, and her voice was similar to La Moore's. In her latest picture, *I'll Take Romance,* La Moore gave her singing stand-in the part of *Martha,* and weeps on her shoulder. She had sung all over Europe, and for two years was prima donna with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. She was an expert swimmer, and had won the Carnegie medal for saving two lives.

Carole Dietrich (and that's her real name) is Marlene Dietrich's double, and her sister, Betty, is Garbo's double. They have been doubling for Dietrich and Garbo for over ten years, and have toured the country with a Fanchon & Marco company impersonating those two glamour queens. Carole had just come back from the studio when we visited these two famous doubles at their home. "Mr. Lubitsch is shooting some retakes of Marlene Dietrich with Herbert Marshall and Melvyn Douglas," she said. "But Marlene is in Europe, so I doubled for her. They dressed me up like her, and shot me from the side and from the back. This is the fourth day I'm doubling for her in *Angel.* I'm the only one they can get, nobody else looks like Marlene as I do, so I get two bits for it." She asked us to be sure to call her a double, and not a stand-in. Doubles get $25 a day, while stand-ins only $6.50. She is frequently mistaken for the glamorous lady with the famous pantaloons. "If I walk into a shop on the Boulevard," she said, "they flutter around me excitedly, and say, 'Yes, Miss Dietrich, yes, Miss Dietrich'!"

"What do you say?" we asked her.

"Nothing! My name is Dietrich. We're German. Marlene's real name is von Losch."

When her sister, Betty, wears dark glasses, everybody stares at her, thinking she is Garbo. But she is a dead ringer for the Nordic star, even without the dark glasses. In fact, the resemblance is startling. You remember that scene of poignant beauty in *Camille,* when Garbo runs over a hill and across flowered meadows, wearing a white gown and a white, flapping straw hat and carrying a bouquet of wild flowers in her arm? In the long shots of that scene, Garbo was really Betty Dietrich. In *Conquest,* Betty doubled for Garbo by walking down a stairway with Charles Boyer. "Garbo likes to do all of her work herself. She is very particular. If you don't walk like her, there is trouble. She says, 'I don't like it, I'll do it myself.' She was happier in *Madame Walewska* than I've ever seen her before. She said hello to everybody. But I never talk to her, I'm afraid. She looked gorgeous in that picture. Her body tanned to a golden brown, her face very white."

The Dietrich sisters are in the Columbia picture, *It Happened in Hollywood,* with twenty-five other doubles. Richard

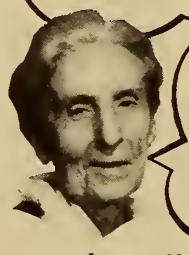
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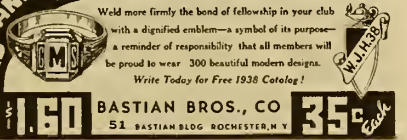
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Dix, as a cowboy star, stages a party for the benefit of a youngster from the East. He has promised the boy that he shall meet all the notables of filmland, but can invite only their doubles to the party.

Several of these doubles might be the twins of the stars they resemble. It would be difficult to distinguish between James May and Bill Fields. By an almost unbelievable coincidence, Loretta Young and Betty Bryson, who is a living reproduction of Loretta, were born on the same street in Salt Lake City within a month of each other. "I knew Loretta when we were children in Salt Lake," Betty Bryson says. "Even then people commented on our strange resemblance. Autograph seekers have refused to believe I'm not Loretta Young." Everybody told Sylvia Lamarr, a New York model, that she looked just like Joan Crawford, and it was inevitable that Sylvia should come to Hollywood. But she has discovered to her chagrin that such resemblances do not spell movie contracts, that they are a handicap and not a help, if one has serious acting ambitions. Every star is a star by virtue of her or his individual qualities.

Neither Dr. W. W. Dearborn nor Bill Meador, stand-ins and doubles, respectively, of Bill Powell and Fredric March, aspire to screen stardom, and have no cause to regret their resemblance to these gentlemen. Doc Dearborn has been leading a sort of dual existence. During the day, he is Bill Powell's stand-in and double; at nights, he is a chiropractor in his swelegant suite on Sunset Boulevard. This double life has been going on for seven years.

Bill Meador wants to be a motion picture director, and considers his job as Freddy's stand-in and double excellent training for it. He studied piano in the New England Conservatory of Music and is a former assistant dance director. Cecil B. de Mille requires real acting ability from his extras, stand-ins and doubles, and Bill has to rehearse before him Freddy's scenes in *The Buccaneer,* speaking his lines, going through the motions of the accompanying actions, and performing some stunts. "That's how de Mille gets most of his ideas," Bill told us. A few days ago Bill was on location with *The Buccaneer* company. Mr. March's little son, who was enjoying the outing, ran up to him and said, "Hello, Daddy!" Then he turned around and saw his father. "Gee," he exclaimed, "I've two Daddies!" And even Mr. March's father has mistaken Bill for his own son.

THERE are two things about this investigation that impressed us: First, the genuinely friendly relations existing between many stars and their stand-ins, contrary to popular belief. Secondly, the absence of tragic notes, envy or bitterness among these living copies of film celebrities. They are on the whole a jolly group, and consider their work as a means to an end, as a stepping stone to greater things in the motion picture industry, either as actors, or as producers and directors.

When Jean Harlow died, her stand-in, Mary Dees, doubled for her and made it possible for M-G-M to finish that expensive picture. Virginia Grey, who was Florence Rice's stand-in, is now playing her first leading role in M-G-M's *Black Lightning,* which disproves the cynical theory that once a stand-in, always a stand-in. But of course, you must have the goods, know how to act.

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She Who Gets Slapped

[*Continued from page 26*]

her own plays, produced them, starred in them, in the miniature theatre her father had built for her in the back yard of their home in Hartford, Connecticut. When she was ten or eleven she wrote a little fantasy. It was her dearest brain child. She labored on it prodigiously in her room, late at nights. With the most sensitive care she set her stage, cast the play, produced. The neighbor children were, as always, the audience. At the end of the first act, the idea so fragile they could no more grasp it than they could have grasped the moon-drift out of which it was made, they booed it. They booed the small hurt "star." They hooted "Whatja talking 'bout? We dunno what it *means*. What's it all about?" And *that* hurt. That hurt vitally because it was Katie's first experience with non-comprehending hearts which, offered a lovely dream, jeered "whatja mean?" She rang down the curtain and dismissed the audience.

KATHARINE recalls, now, that she was almost always the star of her own productions. And that if anyone else didn't like the way she did things she simply walked out and stayed out until they asked her to come back. They always did. The same condition prevailed when, grown up, she went into the theatre. She has, more than once, walked out and stayed out. She has been asked to come back and has come back. She has met with dismal failure. She has met with brilliant success. She has been slapped down. She has popped up again.

It was when she was fourteen, a soft, sensitive age, that her elder brother, adored by her, died. A tragic death. She has never gotten over it. And, psychologically, there can be traced to the adoration of this brother much of the Katharine Hepburn of today; her intellectual honesty which is masculine in its uncompromising ruthlessness; her athletic prowess which dates back to the days when she took "dares" no matter how daring rather than be thought "a tag-along" by the brothers.

Katie today, swims, plays fast tennis and near-championship golf, wears slacks, overalls, short hair, no make-up, never has a double in any of her pictures no matter how dangerous the stunts to be done—she is, still, the little girl who was hurt because she *was* a little girl and had to fight, double strength, to make the grade in spite of the handicap.

Katharine's father is a well-known Hartford surgeon. And so, from infancy, she was accustomed to the talk of pain, to an understanding of the merciful cruelty of the knife. She heard accounts of major operations, tales of suffering and gallantry in the face of death. She became familiar with the idea that we are all of us born to be hurt, at one time or another, in one way or another.

Katharine's mother has, for years, been prominently identified with national campaigns for suffrage and for birth control. And, always intimately close to her family, one with them in all of their interests and pursuits, she came to know, early, the evils of ignorance, of bringing into the world those who will certainly, not just possibly, be hurt.

Katharine went to grade and high school in Hartford. She matriculated at Bryn Mawr College, her mother's Alma Mater. She became a member of the dramatic Club and those who saw her collegiate performances have never forgotten them. She was graduated, also, with the degree of Doctor of Psychology. She wanted, she says, to "watch the works go round"—the complicated mechanism of the minds and emotions of human beings. She made no close friends in college.

And after college Katharine went to New York. And, contrary to general opinion, she went with her family's blessing. Because, though they may have wished for her a less strenuous, less heartbreaking life, they had reared their children on the "Honor System." In other words, they had left their children free to bring themselves up, to make their own decisions, accept their own rewards.

FOR Katie, New York was to be a series of slappings-down. First of all because she suffered from bashfulness to such an extent that it was, she says, "a disease." It was agony for her to even talk to strangers. She haunted the offices of agents and producers, a copper-haired ghost, who could not make casual contact with the living world. She sat for hours, speechless, in waiting-rooms and wondered how ambitious young actresses ever mustered up courage to say they wanted to see a producer, let alone how they talked to the producer once they had gained admission.

"I was always moving at top speed," Katharine remembers too well, "I always ran, never walked. With dismal results. For by the time I had raced madly through one or two offices my face would be wet with perspiration, my hair all over my head, my clothes dishevelled."

Katharine would see, in the offices, marcelled and beautiful blondes, crisp as ribbon candy; sleek brunettes velvety with self-assurance and would feel, of course, young and raw and untidy and hurt that, since she had to be a girl at all, she couldn't have been one of those manicured mannikins who seemed to know all the answers to all the questions.

She managed, finally, to get a part in a Little Theatre play given somewhere on Long Island. She was thin and gawky and woefully inexperienced. She didn't "last" in the play. But Kenneth McKenna, later to be Kay Francis' husband, was a guest star in the same play. And he sensed the potential genius in the young actress; he felt the impact of what he described as "a terrific personality." And he had the courage, the kindness, to point her shortcomings out to her. And Katharine had the courage to take his criticism gratefully. She recognized, she says, "the surgeon's knife with its merciful cruelty."

It was after this experience that Katharine began to study. She studied voice with Frances Robinson Duff. She studied the Russian Ballet with Michael Mordkin. She pruned and sheared until she had done all she could, at the time, to improve her voice, her diction; to transform the bashful, gangling girl into a poised and graceful young woman.

Her first good engagement, following her months of study, was the lead in *The Big Pond*. Katie and the director disagreed as to her interpretation of her role and she walked out of the cast. And did *that* hurt! Her first big chance in a play on Broadway!

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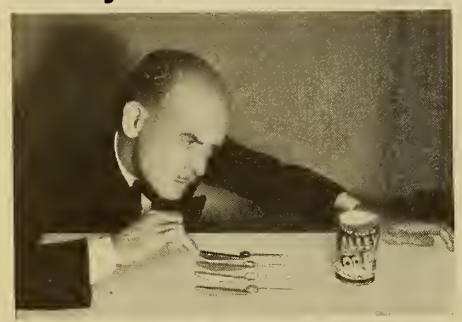
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out. He perceived the spirit in the girl and knew that spirit can infuse the theatre with splendour. He engaged her to play in *These Days*. The play ran one week. Then, unwilling to let that strangely valid spirit escape from him, Arthur Hopkins engaged Katie as understudy to Hope Williams in *Holiday*. "Miss Williams was apparently the healthiest star in the theatrical business," laughs Katharine, "for she never missed a performance and I never played one, *not once*."

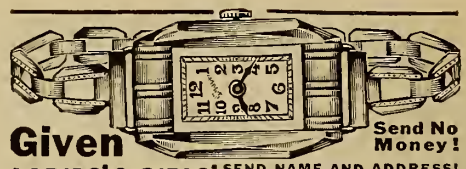
FOUR slappings-down in a row seemed sufficient unto the day and Katharine ran off to Europe by herself. She took long solitary hikes through England. She motored over the whole of the British Isles, sleeping in her car, limiting herself to $5.00 a day for her living, including petrol. She browsed in museums and among ancient tombs and became saturated with the wise knowledge that nothing matters much when the dust of centuries has drifted over us . . . . our hurts and our happiness are impartially interred.

She came back to New York. She was chosen for the lead in *Death Takes A Holiday*. Again her determination to play a part her own way asserted itself. Three weeks of disagreements and again she found herself out of the cast. She obtained a Broadway engagement with Jane Cowl. Hope flowered. Ben Levy, the English producer, "just couldn't see her" and she was "let out." They tried to fill her part, couldn't and she was recalled. This play, in which she had again demonstrated her "wooden doll" ability to be slapped down and to bob right up again, was her first foothold on the way to fame.

Sometime during those days in New York Katie married C. Ludlow Smith, a Philadelphia business man. In keeping with her policy of silence concerning all personal matters little is known of that marriage save that it failed and that, shortly after she came to Hollywood, she obtained a divorce. But with some knowledge of Katharine one may guess how that failure must have hurt; one can easily imagine with what pride and passion she went into that marriage; how jagged the rocks on which it split. Even when Katie first came to Hollywood she denied that she was married, had ever been married. *Because she always denies hurts.*

Even as a child she would cut herself horribly and, bleeding profusely, protest angrily: "I'm *not* hurt! I'm not hurt *at all*!" So, an adult, she denied the hurt of her marriage. Once, being interviewed, she was asked: "Are you married?" She said "No." Came the absurd follow-up question: "Have you any children?" "Yes," said Katharine promptly, "*five*." During another interview she was asked: "Are you married?" "I really don't know," grinned Katharine. "Well," persisted her interrogator, "have you any children?" "Do you know," said Katie thoughtfully, "I really can't remember." The interviews were printed. But they missed the point. Which was that Katharine was, as usual, making light of a hurt.

SHE was chosen for a lead part in a play destined for a long and brilliant Broadway run, eventual screen production in Hollywood. She was cast opposite a famed male star, also destined for eventual stardom in Hollywood. Now, this male star happens to be a slow study. He learns his lines laboriously, haltingly. Katie, on the other hand, is a swift study. Even today it is tradition on the RKO lot that Katharine Hepburn never blows a line. The only ex-



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ception to this being when she is playing with new players who are nervous and who can be encouraged and emboldened by the star having imperfections, too.

But in this instance, aflame with the hope and belief that here was the perfect play, the perfect part for her, the girl who always runs and never walks, fairly ate the lines overnight. She studied the script until she was not only letter-perfect in her own part but knew all the other parts, too. Came rehearsals. Came Katharine's swift, assured reading of her lines. Came the fumbling and faltering of the male star when he tried to read his lines. Six days after rehearsals started Katie was fired from the cast. That was, perhaps, the biggest hurt of all. Because it was poisoned with injustice. The star did not sense that here was a very young, very eager girl, standing on her tiptoes. He saw only a slick young woman who seemed to be trying to "show him up."

Katie was given, then, a role in *The Warrior's Husband*. She nearly broke her neck working on that role. The rehearsals were triumphs. Just before they were to open she was dismissed from the cast. They needed, they said, a "Name." And they tried to get one. Only after every available trouper on Broadway had been tested did they have to admit that no one could play the part as nameless little Hepburn played it. And they went to her and asked her to come back. Katharine "went back." And on the strength of her performance in that play was urged, by George Cukor, to come to Hollywood.

KATHARINE will, perhaps, never forget her first day in Hollywood; the first time she walked into the RKO commissary with Director Cukor . . . she saw Irene Dunne and Ann Harding, Constance Bennett, bevies of luscious girls. On the boulevards she caught glimpses of Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers, Marlene Dietrich, Kay Francis . . . She said not a word. But Daniel in the Lions' den must have been comfortably at home compared to Katharine's feeling when she was pushed into the luscious lionsess' den of Hollywood. For here was the Garden of Fair Women, here were the hurts of those earlier days in the agents' offices, the marcelled blondes, the sleek brunettes, all lacquered with Beauty Shoppe loveliness and self-assurance. Once again she realized that she could never be as they . . .

She tried, at first, to do as Hollywood does. She gave interviews and was hurt by personal questions. She was misquoted. She posed for stills in bathing suits or evening gowns. She went to some parties—and said the wrong things. On one such occasion she met Elissa Landi. Miss Landi, who had played *The Warrior's Husband* on the screen, asked Katharine which scene of the film version she had most enjoyed. "Well," grinned Katharine, "I liked best the scene where you run across the field and vault the fence. It had more life and spirit to it than the other scenes, I thought." *It was the one scene, as everyone in the room knew, in which a double had been used.* Katie was, of course, blessedly innocent of the blunder. She didn't, then, even know what a double was.

Katie, soon after *Bill of Divorcement* with John Barrymore, stopped giving interviews. She became known as a recluse; she was accused of being unapproachable, too odd for her own good, an eccentric, rude and ungracious. She was slapped down from every direction. Only those who work with her really know her. An enigma to her public she is beloved, dearly, by every man, woman, child who has ever worked with her in pictures. Recently, in a magazine, a picture of Katie was captioned: "Hepburn is, reputedly, becoming more human." Her fellow workers blazed when they read it. There was all but a riot on the peaceful set of *Stage Door*.

Her refusal to give interviews, to go to parties, premieres (she always goes to the "sneaks" of her pictures) to conform to the Hollywood merry-go-round was, partly, a measure of self-protection. Born to be hurt, as she seems to have been, she is no willing martyr. She doesn't expose herself, needlessly, to the barbs and arrows of outrageous fortune—or fools.

THERE is the belief in Hollywood that Katie was quite recently in love. Painfully in love. So in love that, for once, she was unable to conceal her hurt. For it was, too, a hurt, this love. Unattainable. Unrealizable. And rumors are abroad that she is engaged to Howard Hughes, the millionaire who, in producing *Hell's Angels*, made the late Jean Harlow a star. But Katie won't confirm or deny the rumors.

She is still so shy that she will not go into the studio cafe alone. She drafts some friend into accompanying her. Or eats in her dressing-room, alone. She refuses dinner invitations but is seen frequently sharing a sandwich with a stage-hand. She refuses to grant interviews to first-string writers but will receive a small child on her sets, spend an hour or more explaining picture-making to the youngster.

Katharine is trying, it is said, to come out of the shell into which she crawled of her own accord. She is becoming, by slow and tentative degrees, more "attainable." She gives autographs. Her sets are open, now and again, to visitors. She was, her studio says, "a lamb" all during the making of *Stage Door* in which, a situation potentially dynamite, she co-stars with Ginger Rogers. And gives, I am told, her most magnificent performance.

Not many weeks ago she called a young player on the RKO lot to her dressing-room. She said to the girl: "I've been hearing that you are going very high-hat, getting sort of 'exclusive,' unattainable to the public and the press. Let me tell you something—*don't do it. I tried it and it doesn't work.*"

YES, Katie's life has been a series of slappings-down and gettings-up...there have been *Bill of Divorcement, Christopher Strong, Morning Glory, Little Women, Spitfire, The Little Minister, Break of Hearts, Alice Adams, Sylvia Scarlett, Mary of Scotland, A Woman Rebels, Quality Street,* now *Stage Door,* next *Bringing Up Baby* . . . she has been slapped down in some of them, bobbed up again, to bravos in others. She did *The Lake* on Broadway and was unmercifully slapped down. It must have hurt unmercifully, too, because her heart was in it—and because her pride is fierce and strong. And because the criticism was laced with unnecessary spite.

She came back and made *Stage Door* which will be, undoubtedly, her most triumphant triumph. She played *Jane Eyre* on the road. She is, as yet, undecided about playing it on Broadway. For, despite entirely flattering personal notices, she is not sure of the merits of the play. And she is grimly, unshakably determined to make, one day, a smash personal hit in a smash play.

Born to be hurt—yes. Born to be healed, too. Others inflict the hurts. Katharine heals herself.

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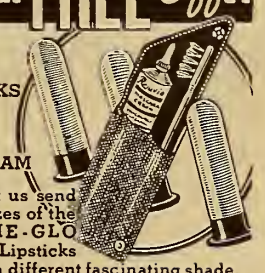
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What Every Young Actress Should "No"

[*Continued from page* 59]

Kelly in an ultimatum. "If she is sallow let her relieve the dress with some stiff starched material at the throat or elsewhere—pique, preferably. Or let her revive the choker necklace, or bring out her pearls, real or a good imitation."

A "no" for fashions would-be favorite is to avoid too much decoration. Notice that the son of Manxman Bill Kelly (rest his Irish soul!) suggests just the slightest touch of light relief on a black gown; just a strand of beads. Not too much. Underdecoration is far, far better than overdecoration if you are going out to conquer the fashion world. In Kay Francis' *First Lady,* the style-wise observer will notice Orry-Kelly's non-decorative edict carried out to extremes.

One of *La* Francis' gowns is a stunning gold metallic cloth evening dress, with deep square decolletege in front, and full shirred skirt on a low waistline. Although Orry-Kelly deserts the high-waisted Empire dress that he favors at the moment in this creation (for it is that), like *Pygmalion,* the sculptor, he has created a statuesque *Galatea* gowned in molten metal. The gown, absolutely devoid of trimming, except the wearer's own jeweled bracelet, gives Miss Francis the dramatic quality of a Lynne Fontanne.

Another little *First Lady* number is the rust-colored smock that Kay Francis wears. It slips over a pencil skirt of dark brown wool, and carries for trimming only a brown alligator belt that matches a huge bag of the same skin. *Chic?* You said it, my style serfs. Then there is an afternoon frock of brown velvet, with tunic. Tunics are out, you say, They are if they are not becoming, says Orry-Kelly. Nothing is "out" if it enhances your appearance. Supposing, says this rebel, that skirts fourteen inches from the floor are in style. And supposing, further, that you looked better in skirts twelve inches from the floor. What would you do, sacrifice what you knew became you because fashion, which dictates to the masses and not to the individual, said you must? The answer is obvious. Anyway . . . we were talking about the Francis' afternoon gown and its lack of trimming. An alligator belt is again its only decoration.

THERE is another gown in the Francis' *First Lady* ensemble that deserves attention, but unfortunately, you won't see it for the sequence in which it appears was cut from the film. It has a classic drape, dear to Orry-Kelly's heart, for like the true artist his fashion conceptions stem back to the ancient Greeks with their draped chitons and chlamydes. It is made of jersey—rust colored jersey, one of those "smudgey" tones that delight Orry-Kelly, and its sole decoration is a monogram on the left bosom. "Be careful of jersey," cautions the designer. "It reveals and it is not always flattering. For instance, the other evening I went to a party and a woman who was once a famous star was there in a skin-tight jersey dress. You could see the tight outline of her breasts, her stomach, where her thighs swelled, and her posterior.

"'How do I look?' she asked me, knowing that I would be honest, for I was an old friend. Now, mind you, this woman had kept her figure and it was still beautiful but the jersey made it look lumpy and saggy.

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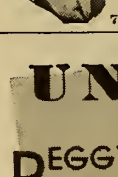
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UNCHASTE

PEGGY DONOVAN'S family had always kept the gossips working overtime. This is her own flaming confession of how she fought a heritage of rash desire — and lost because she couldn't bear to be called a coward in love. Read it in the December issue, on sale November 9th.

Romantic MAGAZINE

"Take it off when you get home and give it to your younger sister,' I told her, frankly. She still wore a size twelve. You get an idea of how jersey can betray your figure."

It's a good "no" to know, unless, of course, the clinging material is treated as Orry-Kelly has done in this classically draped dress of Kay Francis'.

The gored skirt is going with the winter winds, predicts Orry-Kelly, and the tight-fitting long skirt with its full puffed sleeves, full bodice, and high waistline, reminiscent of the First Empire will be here for evenings. Did Garbo revive it, we asked, thoughtlessly, conscious of her new film which delves into the private life of Napoleon's Countess Walewska? But Orry-Kelly is aware of world politics. He shook his dark head with its strand of white hair at the brow, like a plume. British-born, like the Paris *couturier,* Captain Molyneux, Mr. Kelly is aware of brooding war clouds. No. No mere movie star revived the Empire gown.

"I don't like to predict it because it is too horrible to think about, but the fashion world reflects the jumbled emotions of 1916. Two years ago we had the military mode, with the war in Africa. Incidentally, the buttons, the braid and the square outline were none too becoming on women who held themselves badly, and walked badly.

"Now the world is again in an upheaval. No one knows what will happen with nations seeking peace and courting war. The fashion world is uncertain, too. That explains some of the baroque designs that are coming in from Paris, so near the center of diplomatic maneuvering. We have a revival of tiny waists, frou-frous, veils, plumes, rustling taffetas. In clothes, the smart woman relives the days surrounding the World War. The best of the fashions is the Empire line, which had a vogue at that time. But is this all an indication of what is to come? I would not like to predict."

It is enough that the fashion wizard tells you and you and me what we should "no" in dress.

Song Hits Come from the Movies Now

[*Continued from page* 49]

realistic atmosphere and give vocal outbursts their proper place, the New York boys thought they ought to go the whole way and produce a picture that was a real musical with the right balance of songs, plot and dialogue. And so they wrote *On Your Toes* especially for Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. It had everything—romance, grand music, comedy relief and a brand new idea in plot. But when they offered it to a producer it was voted out.

So, Mr. Rodgers and Mr. Hart took their play to New York. On Broadway it wasn't a question of finding a producer but a matter of turning down a couple to whom had drifted vague rumors of *On Your Toes.* It opened on a Saturday night in April and the following Christmas you still couldn't get seats for the matinee. It was the musical hit of the year and, of course, it attracted the flicker scouts and eventually it was bought for Hollywood production.

The reaction to that incident was a series of offers from the California studios for Mr. Rodgers and Mr. Hart to name their figure but to please come West. And they did it.

THE last Hollywood hegira was the most important yet made by Dick and Larry. It is doubtful if they would have accepted an offer other than that from Mervyn LeRoy. Being a producer his new status assured Rodgers and Hart of no interference when they collaborated on *The King and the Chorus Girl.*

While Larry and Richard are the only musical dramatists in the entertainment world, various other maestros who make the world a more musical place in which to live have answered the call of Hollywood's coin-clinking opportunities. And it means a musical cycle in the cinema which will dwarf any yet inspired. There is Nacio Herb Brown of *Broadway Melody* fame, and his partner, Arthur Freed. There is Gus Kahn, too. At Paramount, for instance, musicals have been made for Carole Lombard, Bing Crosby and Bob Burns. Irene Dunne has given us *High, Wide and Handsome,* Jerome Kern music and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II. Victor Herbert's tunes are to be glorified in a story of his "life and loves." Rudolf Friml's music is in *The Firefly.*

It's been full speed ahead musically at RKO-Radio, too, where the world-famous Oscar Straus was imported from Vienna. Straus gave us *The Chocolate Soldier* and *The Last Waltz,* among dozens more, and he is quoted that boys like Larry and Dick, Gordon and Revel, Jerome Kern, Vincent Youmans, Cole Porter, Irving Berlin, Mitchell and Pollack, Warren and Dubin, and the rest, reaching the huge film audience, are broadening musical America.

DARRYL ZANUCK, the ball-of-fire who guides the destinies of 20th Century-Fox films is another who has laid out an ambitious musical movie program. In *On the Avenue* he brought one of the world's greatest musical figures to film prominence in Irving Berlin, who has given us some of the sweetest melodies ever written in the past two decades. Beginning with *Alexander's Ragtime Band,* there are, quite literally, scores of Berlin hits reaching right down to *On the Avenue.* Berlin is another who looks to be a permanent fixture in the sphere of Hollywood movie musicals. Zanuck, of course, has him under contract. He also has Mitchell and Pollack, the composers of *Sing, Baby Sing* and the musical numbers of Sonja Henie's first picture *One In a Million.*

For the Walter Winchell-Ben Bernie film, *Wake Up and Live,* Darryl Zanuck signed a song-writing team almost sufficient in itself to guarantee the success of any picture. It is composed of Mack Gordon and Harry Revel, the boys who gave us *Did You Ever See a Dream Walking. Feather in a Breeze, Love Thy Neighbor, Take a Number From One to Ten, Stay as Sweet as You Are,* and dozens more.

Oddly enough Winchell "discovered" Gordon and Revel, and his columnar gift of orchids gave them a film-fling in Hollywood. Now they have done the songs for his picture, and will write the hits for Walter's next picture. All in all, it looks as though we're in for a musical renaissance sponsored by the cinema. There are even those who declare that talking pictures and singing stars are here to stay! Which means that the nation's song hits will continue to come from the movies.



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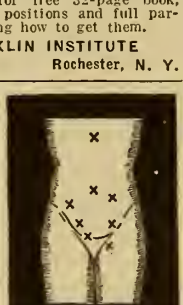


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[*Continued from page 77*]

of a dime. He'd traveled far from the day when he'd spent seventeen thousand in a single year. Suppose he didn't land the job in *Bolero* and lost the pump as well. It was on the tip of his tongue to say: "I can't break the trip." No, better not. It might not sit so well. He'd take the chance, get down to the gas station somehow.

RUGGLES saw him and said: "I'll let you know—" that most depressing of all sentences in the Hollywood routine. Ray bummed a ride down town, was told to report at eight on Monday morning, and walked back home.

But Ruggles *did* let him know. Ruggles told him to report at nine on Monday morning for the part in *Bolero*. His solitary suit, thank heaven, would do for the part. But the pump continued to haunt him. There had been something solid and safe and reassuring about it. If he were putrid in this picture, he'd never get another.

The upshot of all this turmoil was that he appeared at the gas station Monday morning at six, dressed for his Paramount role. He'd understood that the job was his, but found a score of others waiting in line—laborers who eyed him truculently and muttered: "What the hell's this dude doing here?" He returned them look for look, bolstering his spirit with silent repartee. "I've got to eat too, don't I? And there's Mal. They might throw me out of the picture before they start."

His eyes followed the creeping hands of the clock. When the office girl appeared, he stepped out of line and asked to see the boss. "You'll have to wait your turn." He waited till the last possible moment before making a second plea. Getting the same just but unfeeling rejoinder, he pushed by, leaving her to stare aghast while he poured out his tale of woe to the boss.

Not that he confided the news of his being a movie actor. He knew where that would land him. "My aunt's dying in Ohio," wept Mr. Milland. "She wants to see me. Would you hold the job open four weeks?"

The tale was false, but the young man's wild-eyed anxiety was obviously real. "O.K." said the boss. "I like your spirit."

When, four weeks later, a jubilant movie actor with a long term contract in his pocket, confessed the truth, the boss eyed him grimly for a moment. Then: "I dunno why ya had all that trouble gettin' a job. You're the best damn actor that ever pulled the leg offa me."

He and Mal got together. They've been together ever since. "And we're going to *stay* together ever since—yes *Ma'am*," he said with a fervor there was no mistaking his eyes that day.

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Having heard the story, it was easy to understand the mood in which he'd returned from breaking ground for his home and Mal's.

He was at the door. For the twentieth time he pushed the unruly lock out of his eyes. "I'm a son-of-a-gun for luck," he crowed. "I came back for orange juice and clean shirts. And look what I got!"

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Of MOTION PICTURE Combined With Movie Classic, published monthly at Louisville, Kentucky, for October 1st, 1937.

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County of Fairfield }

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The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 47]

widey Jeanette MacDonald (Mrs. Gene Raymond to you!) is so intent on being a goody-woody wifie that she spends an hour a day in the kitchen, learning to cook. . . . at least, her press-agent says so, ho, hummm . . . Ted Healy is an inventor . . . he's patenting a fake lapel boutonniere that imparts a walloping electric shock to the nose that smells it too closely . . . he's named it "Healy's Bloomin' Shocker of Curious Noses."

Penguin Champ

ROLAND YOUNG takes second place in Hollywood's penguin-collecting championship race. Leader now is Helen Troy of M-G-M, who owns more than 500 miniature penguins, against Young's hardly-over-300.

Ex-Theatre Usher Goes Uppity

NEVER renowned as Hollywood's Most Gracious Star, Janet Gaynor's new skyrocketing hasn't changed her in that respect. It happened at a recent preview . . . as Janet swept grandly into the foyer, a wizened, limping little lad with a thin, blue face, dodged under the ropes, past the policeman's arm, up to Janet. He held out a card and pencil. "Please, Miss Gaynor—your autograph," he begged.

Coldly, Janet swept on. "Next time," she said.

"But . . ." (he coughed) ". . . perhaps I won't be here . . . next time," the child said.

Janet went right on. There are quite a few famous names in the white-faced child's book. But Janet's is NOT there.

Eleanor's New Steps

ANY question of whether or not Eleanor Powell is the world's dance-mistress must be settled by the fact that within two days after it was publicly announced that she's devised a new "chuck-a-boom" dance, dozens of wires came from dance-teachers all over the country, asking her for the "how."

Julepers

NEWEST club in Hollywood is The Julep Club. They haven't got a clubhouse yet—but they DO have a club pin: a tiny silver mint julep glass to be worn in the lapel. Charter members include Clark Gable, Preston Foster, Donald Crisp, John Boles, and a few others of the Catalina boating gang. Membership requirements are (1) ownership of a boat that can cross the channel from Santa Monica to Catalina, and (2) the ability to make a GOOD mint julep.

Mysterious Mourner

RUDOLPH VALENTINO'S "Lady in Black" did not fail him this year . . . Every year, on the anniversary of the Great Lover's death, the crypt in which his remains lie in Hollywood cemetery, in the shadow of the studios, is visited by scores of mourners, who leave the tomb deep under flowers on that day. Always—until last year—there was one faithful visitor: a woman, dressed all in black, with a heavy veil hiding her identity. Always, on the date he died, she came, mourned silently, left a great mass of red roses. Always watchers wondered in vain who she was.

Last year she did not come. But this year, once again, she was there—mysterious as ever. She came just at noon. It was noon on August 23, 1926, that Valentino died. He was betrothed, then, to Pola Negri.

World-Rocking Revelation

SHIRLEY TEMPLE loves to play "kick the can" between takes!

Didja Getta Kiss, Sam?

ANDREA LEEDS is gonna be a good girl now, and so Papa Sam Goldwyn has given her a nice present—the leading role in his *Goldwyn Follies.*

Remember the Leeds pout?—it came when Andrea, (skyrocketing to fame not only because she IS a good little actress, but also because Sam's press-agent genius Jock Lawrence dubbed her the "most-kissed-gal-in-movies" after she swapped 467 kisses in her first screen test) suddenly went temperamental, flatly refused to play the part Goldwyn assigned her to in that *Woman Chases Man* thing. So the Great Goldwyn got mad. He suspended her without pay.

When she saw the picture, Andrea, repentant and payless, went contritely to Goldwyn, told him she was sorry. Half-relenting, Goldwyn loaned her to RKO for a role in *Stage Door*. Andrea did good work. Convinced of her reformation, Goldwyn has just given her full reinstatement on his lot with the plum-role in the Follies. Whether or not Andrea and Goldwyn swapped her 468th kiss when they made up is not revealed.

Home On The Range

GRANDEST gesture of one of Hollywoods grandest guys—that's the thing Gary Cooper is doing now. In San Fernando Valley, Gary is buying a 30-acre ranch. On it, he's going to build a mess-house, dormitories, other ranch buildings. He's going to stock it with horses, cattle, fowl. Then he's going to make it over, in full legal form, to the unhindered use of that little handful of about a half-hundred old-time cowboys—the remnant of the hundreds of real western cowboys who flocked to Hollywood when western movies were in their glory.

Always, Gary has found among these old cowhands his real pals. He foregathers with them in Jim Davis' harness shop, on a side-street off Hollywood boulevard. There he drops "star-ism," swaps old hoss-tales and ranch-chatter with his buddies, most of whom hardly make enough "jack," in these effete movie days, to keep patches in their chaps. It was the tales of privation and hard-luck he heard in those leather-shop talkfests that gave Gary the idea of fixing up a between-pictures ranch-home for the gang he loves with that hard-fisted camaraderie that is so characteristic of the old west.

Who would think that a nickel could buy so much relief? Cure a cold? No! But a single package of

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BLACK OR MENTHOL

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I enclose (coin) (stamps) to cover costs.
Name
Street & No.
City State

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 12]



—*Wide World*

Charles Correll (Andy of "Amos an' Andy" to you) was married recently to Alyce McLaughlin, stage dancer. Now he can tell Amos the truth about marriage

doing well. She's Frances Farmer's lady bull pup.

Anyway, Frances says she's a lady.

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Wayne Morris mayn't marry Nan Grey;
Her guardian says she's too young, so nay!

● ● ●

KEEP your shirt on, in the midst of all this Barbara Stanwyck-Robert Taylor are-they-married-or-not-? furore. Take Ol' Man Tattler's word for it—they're NOT—despite all those rumors that they stole away for a secret I-do-ing just before Bob sailed for England.

They're just good friends, in the good old you-know jollywood fashion! She calls him "Bob" and he calls her "Boob", believe it or not! But even though he calls her "boob," Barbara isn't one. That's the main reason they're not married; also the reason they probably will NOT marry—anyway, not for a long time. Love each other?—yes, your old Tattler believes they do. But even though Bob would marry her the moment she'd let him, Barbara is grand-old-trouper enough to know that much of Bob's screen success depends on his bachelorhood—and the quaint hope that holds out to the hordes of gals who mob Bob. So Barbara, loving Bob, wanting only the best for him, hasn't yet seen fit to put the hurdle of being a Husband across Bob's path to the heights.

So go to it, gals!—if any of you think you can beat Barbara's time, Bob's still free. Meanwhile, however, don't overlook the fact that Barbara and Bob make enough between them to be able to afford hundreds of dollars a week in telephone and cable tolls to tell each other "I love you" from Hollywood to London.

● ● ●

HOLLYWOODENIZED Mother-Goose Rhyme:
Humpty-Dumpty Brent
Tumbled off his wall;
Kersmack into marriage
Georgie did fall!
And now all the judges
And best lawyer-men
Quite fail to UN-marry
Him an' Connie again!

● ● ●

AND so both George Brent and his Mexican-marriage-missus, who was Constance Worth of Australia, are seeing their lawyers to find out what they can do about getting annulled or divorced or what, since California's Superior Court Judge Haas said he wouldn't dissolve their Tia Juana marriage on such flimsy grounds as has been presented to him. Despite the highly-technical points raised, Judge Haas said that Connie and George had apparently been married "in good faith," and lived right out loud as hubby and wife.

Next step will probably be a plain divorce action, since the annulment didn't take.

● ● ●

ALTAR-ations in Status:
—after a six-months betrothal which followed their meeting in England, Comedian Lou Holtz and actress-model Phyllis Gilman tiajuana-ed into matrimony.

—after everyone in Hollywood had taken it for granted and settled that sooner or later she'd marry Dr. Frank Nolan of Hollywood, Mae Clarke up and married Pan-American airpilot Steve Bancroft, honeymooned at Agua Caliente while Dr. Nolan went on attending his patients in Hollywood. Mae says she's quitting pictures to live in Rio de Janeiro with her flying hubby.

—Patsy Ruth Miller married screen-writer John Lee Mahin in a secret ceremony at Tia Juana, after throwing their gagging friends off the trail by taking out a California license.

—six-shootin' Tom Tyler broke a personal-appearance tour in Georgia, flew to Hollywood, married screen actress Jeanne Martel, flew back with his bride to continue personal appearances.

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Michael Bartlett and Florence Rice
Say "we're just friends!" Ah, how nice!

● ● ●

TWOSOMES-of-the-MONTH:
Thomas Beck and Arleen Whelan . . . still at it: Glenda Farrell and Drew Eberson, Binnie Barnes and Jean Negulesco, Irma



Rochelle Hudson gets some instructions from Big Boy Williams, Hollywood's best poloist. How'd you like to have Rochelle on your side?

Warner and Al Rogell . . . Universal's Joy Hodges and Bob Wilcox . . . John King and Frances Robinson . . . Eleanor Hansen and Bill Lundigan . . . three-some: English actor Cecil Howard and American writer Robert Riskin vieing for Frances Drake's attentions . . . Charlie Butterworth and Hazel Forbes, again, yet and ever . . . Leah Ray (20th-Fox says she'll have to reduce) and Jerry Wald . . . Douglass Montgomery and Whitney Bourne . . . Gwen Kenyon of Paramount, and John Howard . . . Mary Brian's current incandescence is Alexander D'Arcy . . . Lew Ayres (still undivorced from Ginger Rogers) dating Rochelle Hudson . . . Dixie Dunbar and a number of fellows including Bob Herndon, Jack Tavelman and who's next? . . . Jimmy Dunn excited about Frances Gifford . . . retakes for Audrey Sutherland and Addison Randall . . . it's writer Joe Mankiewicz who has the inside track in Loretta Young's run-around now . . . when Cecil Howard (in case you forget, he's the Earl of Suffolk) isn't battling Bob Riskin for Frances Drake, he's niteclubbing with Eleanor Powell . . . and when Lew Ayres isn't with her, you'll find Rochelle Hudson passing time with Lee Bowman or Sid Burnap . . .Universal's Connie Moore is wearing Mort Schwartz' diamond ring . . . Joan Woodbury and Bill Corson, heating the nite clubs . . .

● ● ●

COOLING-OFF notes:
. . . looks like temperature's downing between Claire Trevor and Wilmer Hines . . . and Virginia Field and Blake Warrick-Owensmith aren't even speaking any more . . .

● ● ●

WARMER and warmer grows the climate wherever Tyrone Power and Janet Gaynor are stepping out together. Colder and colder grows the ice under Sonja Henie's skates.

"Well, it helped him to be seen around with me when I was the Olympic champ and he was just a screen beginner," consoles herself Sonja.

● ● ●

RUMORS there are of tiffs between Clark Gable and Carole Lombard. Well they can make up, can't they?

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Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking, easy-to-use Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. A perfect pencil that you will adore.

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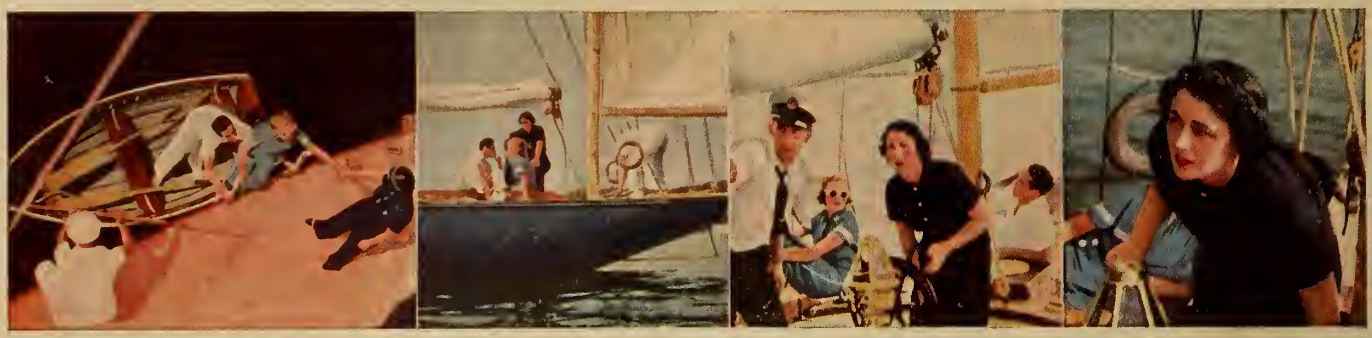
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Maybelline Eye Cream—to soften, protect and smooth the tender skin around your eyes.



Mrs. Whitney's guests climb aboard . . . light up Camels. . . . With a "Hard alee!" Mrs. Whitney puts the helm over . . . heads out to sea.

The Whitneys will be sailing in southern waters soon

BY *Mae Fair*
SOCIETY EDITOR

MRS. HOWARD F. WHITNEY told me, the other day, that they hope to do some sailing in the South this winter. The Whitneys had a lovely summer on Long Island—and on the Sound. Mrs. Whitney is a skillful yachtswoman and handles a racing class boat like an expert. Their converted New York 40, the *Chinook*, is a very "shippy" boat.

Mrs. Whitney will be remembered as the former Hope Richardson. Her wedding was an outstanding social event. I recall how enchanting Mrs. Whitney looked as a bride, in a gown of white satin with a yoke of net embroidered in tiny pearls, and her tulle veil held in place by a bandeau of orange blossoms. This year Mrs. Whitney's committee work had much to do with the success of the colorful Greentree Fair at Manhasset. During the summer she got in a lot of tennis, riding, and—as always—sailing and cruising.

Hope's enthusiasm for the energetic life is proverbial among her friends. "Don't you ever get tired?" I asked. "Of course," she laughed. "After a long trick at the helm, or any time I feel worn out, I refresh myself with a Camel—and get a 'lift'! I can smoke Camels steadily, without the slightest feeling of harshness on my throat." Which shows how mild Camels are! It's true that women find the costlier tobaccos in Camel's matchless blend more enjoyable.



(above) Mrs. Howard F. Whitney, of Roslyn, Long Island, at the helm of the *Chinook*. "I value healthy nerves," she says. "So I smoke Camels. They don't jangle my nerves!"

Among the many distinguished women who find Camels mild and refreshing:

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Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *New York*
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Her small brother could show Joan how to help win a lovely smile—to have teeth that sparkle, gums firm and healthy! (*Bob is only six, but he's already learned the value of gum massage.*)



Joan's telephone would be one of the busiest in town—her date book would always be filled—if she only realized no man can resist the appeal and charm of a radiant smile! (*Ipana Tooth Paste and massage would help her—for, remember, gums need care and attention as well as teeth!*)



Ask yourself this question—

"Does my Smile really attract others?"

WONDERFUL, isn't it—the quick magic a smile can work when it reveals brilliant and sparkling teeth! Shocking, isn't it—the disappointment that follows a smile that reveals dull and dingy teeth—tragic evidence of "pink tooth brush" disregarded.

"Pink Tooth Brush" may rob you of loveliness

"Pink tooth brush" is only a warning—but when you see it, *see your dentist!* You may not be in for serious trouble—*but let your dentist decide.* Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender under our modern soft foods—gums that need more work and, as your dentist may advise, "gums that need the help of Ipana and massage."

Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help promote healthy gums—as well as keep the teeth bright and sparkling. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gum tissues—your gums become firmer, more resistant, more immune to trouble.

Change to Ipana and massage, today. Help keep your gums firmer, stronger—your smile *brilliant, sparkling, attractive*—with Ipana and massage!

* * *

DOUBLE DUTY—For more effective massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush.



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"Spring Love Is in the Air"
"Rosalie"
"In the Still of the Night"
"Who Knows"
"Why Should I Care"

Starring

NELSON EDDY

Eleanor POWELL

featuring RAY BOLGER • FRANK MORGAN
EDNA MAY OLIVER • REGINALD OWEN
ILONA MASSEY • BILLY GILBERT
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and Hundreds of American Beauties

Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Produced by
WILLIAM ANTHONY McGUIRE



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NOV 27 1937

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LAURENCE REID
Editor

JANUARY, 1938

Volume LIV, No. 6 Twenty-sixth Year

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JOHN SCHWARZKOPF
Western Editor

CHARLES RHODES
Staff Photographer

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER



HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIVORCES AND BLESSED EVENTS

By HARRY LANG

ODD, isn't it?—how even in this ultra-modern, super-sophisticated Hollywood, they'll turn every now and then to some age-tested homily. What I mean is, the old adage: "There's safety in numbers . . ."

When it comes to dating, most of the younger-set gals are climbing aboard the Safety-In-Numbers bandwagon these nights. It's probably a self-preservation gesture on their part, to protect themselves against the notorious movieland gossipers' habit of having a couple engaged when they go out together the first time, secretly married when they date twice, and preparing for a blessed event by the time they've had three dates in a row. (Please note, Mister Hays, that Ol' Man Tattler behaves; he had 'em *married* the second date!)



Gilbert Roland squires Connie Bennett to tennis matches, but she likes to dance with Producer Joe Schenck at the night spots. Hollywood wonders who is head man



—*Wide World*

Barbara Hodnett (17) of Chatham, Va., won title "Miss Perfect Figure" and a screen test in a Biloxi beauty contest

Anyway, observe:

■

EXHIBIT A in the Safety-In-Numbers tactics is ROCHELLE HUDSON. Let's interview li'l Hudson about it—

Q—Rochelle, honey, who wuz that man I saw you with at the Tropics last night?

A—Oh, that was Count Theo Rossi, the Italian nobleman who won second place in those Chicago boat races.

Q—And Rochelle, dumpling, who was that other foreign-lookingish chap you were dating the night before?

A—Why, Mister Tattler, I'm ashamed, you not recognizing Ivan Lebedoff. He kisses your hand so divinely . . . !

Q—Not MY hand, Rochelle, pet; but the night before, weren't you out with—

A—Yes, that time is was with Bill Caldwell.

Q—And Rochelle, sweetie-pie, the night before THAT, who was the guy?

A—Ah, that night it was—hum, let me see—why I think it must have been Sidney Burnap.

Q—And the night—

A— —before Sidney, it was Lee Bowman, and tomorrow night, it's none of your business, but maybe it'll be the Three Ritz Brothers all at once, and if I get the Marxes to go along, it'll be okeh, too . . .

Q—By the way, Rochelle, my little dove, what are you doing some Saturday night soon?

(Well, anyway; that's a good way for Ol' Man Tattler to end his theoretical interview. Rochelle might even take the hint and say nothing—and then you'll read Ol' Man Tattler telling you about Rochelle adding Ol' Man Tattler to her list of guys-I-go-out-with.)

P. S.—No, she hasn't dated Freddie Bartholomew. Yet.

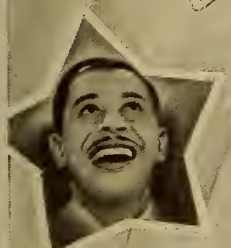
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REPUBLIC PICTURES PRESENTS

PHIL REGAN · LEO CARRILLO
ANN DVORAK
Tamara Geva · James Gleason
GENE AUTRY


GENE AUTRY

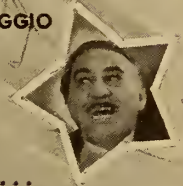

LEO CARRILLO


CAB CALLOWAY


KAY THOMPSON


TED LEWIS


JOE DiMAGGIO


HENRY ARMETTA


LUIS ALBERNI



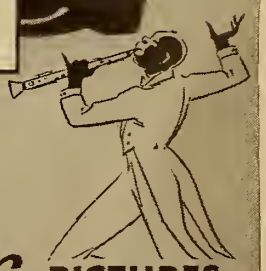
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Featuring TED LEWIS and his ORCHESTRA
CAB CALLOWAY and his COTTON CLUB ORCHESTRA
KAY THOMPSON and her RADIO CHOIR • JOE DiMAGGIO
HENRY ARMETTA • LUIS ALBERNI • MAX TERHUNE
SMILEY BURNETTE • LOUIS PRIMA AND HIS BAND
AND... Introducing That Singing Cowboy Star

GENE AUTRY

Directed by CHARLES F. RIESNER · Original screen play by HARRY SAUBER · Adapted from the musical revue "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round" by FRANK HUMMERT
Associate Producer HARRY SAUBER

HIT TUNES...
"Round Up Time In Reno"
"Have You Ever Been In Heaven?"
"Mama, I Wanna Make Rhythm"
"I Owe You"
"All Over Nothing At All"



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APPEARING IN
"IT HAPPENED IN HOLLYWOOD"
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

You will thrill to the charm of this lovely silverware. And there's an additional thrill in an offer your dealer is now making... With the Quantity Saving of $4.75, you can now own a 60-piece Service for only $29.75. And you receive the $5.00 value tarnish-proof Wood Chest, and a beautiful $2.50 Pierced Pastry Server—ABSOLUTELY FREE! Ask your dealer about the PALM SPRINGS CHEST.



1881
ROGERS
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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page 6*]



Rosemary and Lola Lane (with glasses) have a rest period on ***Hollywood Hotel*** set

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Director Walter Ruben and Virginia Bruce—
Just a coupla heart-throbs on the loose!

■

AND so we come to Exhibit 2 in the Safety - In - Numbers matter. DIXIE DUNBAR. Dixie can't take 'em on like Rochelle. After all, Dixie only weighs 98, and every time she loses a pound, her boss, 20th-Fox's headman Darryl Zanuck, makes her go to bed with milk and eggs to gain it back. That's a tough handicap for a gal who'd try to keep up with Hudson! However—Dixie manages to juggle dates with Bob Herndon, Wayne Morris, Jack Warner, Junior, and a few others, without getting seriously engaged to any one or two of 'em.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET—and triplet, quadruplet, quintuplet, etc. . . . (this being Exhibit 3 in the Safety-In-Numbers rage that's sweeping Hollywood):

Cecelia Parker and Tommy Wonder—
Look like you couldn't drag 'em asunder;
'Til Cecilia Parker and Stanley Kahn
Start their goings-on, and on, and on.
But Cecilia Parker and Billy Seymour,
When it comes to bein' warm, couldn't be more!
Yet Cecilia Parker and Vic Orsatti
Seem for each other to be quite batty;
Still, Cecilia Parker and Arthur Lyons
Appear that way, from all the signs . . .
So Cecilia Parker, I gather, has found
That safety means just Cupidling around . . . !

TALKING about Vic Orsatti hitting the niteries with Cecilia Parker now and then, brings up the silliest rumor Hollywood has heard in a long time. That's the whispered "tip" that Vic and ex-bride June Lang are going to try it again. That, take it from Ol' Tattler, is a lot of mouldy apple-sauce. There's as much chance of the Orsatti-Lang marriage re-jelling as there is of Shirley Temple eloping with Man-Mountain Dean.

Vic, for one, is doing no torch-toting. Besides Cecilia, he whiles away

[*Continued on page 69*]



Columnist Walter Winchell (right) says "hello" to columnist Jimmy Fidler—who says: "hello to YOU, and I do mean YOU"

Hollywood's *Trick Parties*

QUAINTEST "Dinner De Luxe" of the Hollywood month: Ella Logan's tripe-and-onions dinner for Gracie Fields' sister, Betty. Betty, with her artist-huhby, Roy Perry, are from England, as you may have guessed. Like America's corned beef an' cabhage, so is tripe-and-onions England's down-to-earthest meal. Ella, herself Scotch, cooked the tripe and onions—and then put on a very formal evening gown to serve the plebeian dish herself, in a great solid silver bowl!

"WILD" Hollywood Party:—Ginger Rogers had a bunch of Hollywood big shots, including Norma Shearer, Bob Riskin, Margaret Sullavan, Jimmy Stewart, Betty Furness, Lee Bowman, Cesar Romero and others, up to her house for a party. Ginger's house is on a mountain top—perfect setting for whoopee without disturbing the neighbors enough to call the police. So what?—so after a barbecued steak dinner, they all spent the evening too, too sedately in the quaint old parlor-pastime of acting out familiar quotations! However, there's one point in which this Hollywood party wasn't like other Hollywood parties: most Hollywood parties end around 10 or 11 o'clock, because the guests have to get up early next day and go to work. But acting out quotations was so much fun—imagine!—that Ginger's party didn't bust up until after 2!

AND if you still have the idea that a "Hollywood Party" has to have *pate de fois gras* and humming-birds' tongues saute, and wind up in one of them-there-now orgies, then contemplate the beach party thrown by Bill Cagney (Jimmy's brother) and Wifie, Boots Mallory. Down on Santa Monica Beach—the public beach, where *hoi polloi* goes—they barbecued steaks on an open grill, toasted wieners, and after eating, whiled away the evening in such devilish pastimes as leap-frog, blind-man's buff, and drop-the-handkerchief! Handkerchief-droppers, frog-leapers and blind-buffers included Jean Parker, Arthur Lake, Anne Nagel, Gordon Oliver, Frank Albertson and others of the so-called younger set.

MORE Hawaiian than Hawaii is Hollywood, these nights, with its row of tropic-setting night-clubs. And so, many a Hollywood party turns out to be typically waikikish. There was, for one instance, that *luau* given for poet-actor Don Blanding at the Hula Hut by producer Sol Lesser. A *luau* is a Hawaiian feast—in the islands, they cook a pig under hot stones and serve it and other dishes on big leaves. The Hollywood version ran more to plates, knives, forks, corks. Besides Don, those present included Lena Machado, Mamo Clark, and other tropiculiar folk in Hollywood.

Another Hawaiian party, but much, much more uh-huh, if you know what I mean, was the one given by Mr. and Mrs. Gene Raymond. Mrs. Raymond (oh, Jeanette MacDonald, if you insist!) gave the affair at the Raymonds' Bel-Air home—and such swank!—for the Honolulu friends at whose Hawaii home the Raymonds spent their honeymoon. The dinner, including Hawaiian delicacies, to music by a Hawaiian orchestra, was a brilliant affair with all the guests in the very latest Schiaparelli things and evening clothes and such. No grass skirts at the Raymondses. No, sir! BUT—after dinner, they went informal and split expensive seams and crumpled expensive broadcloth when they sat cross-legged on the floor and played—of ALL things! —jackstraws. I tellya—Hollywood is going simply too, too childish!

NEWEST Hawaii-atmosphere nitery in Hollywood is the Waikiki, which opened with all the sun-arcs in Hollywood blazing into the sky. However, inside, the lighting effect—Hawaiian moonlight, you know; grand for romance!—is so low that the waitresses actually have to carry tiny flashlights so you can read the menu. And such a menu!—Limu (that's sea weed), Paakai-Ula-Ula (red something or other), and I'a Maloo (a dried fish) are some of the items! However, it's going great guns in Hollywood, which has gone so Hawaiian in its night-clubs that one night-club, which has NO palm trees, sought patronage by advertising in big type in the Hollywood papers—"NOT a Hawaiian place!"

PARTIES-On-The-Set:—Nothing Hollywood likes to do more than throw a party on a stage during, or at the close of production. Give 'em any excuse at all—a birthday or an anniversary or simply because somebody feels like it—and wham, there's a party! On the set of *Navy Blue and Gold* at M-G-M, a big roast of beef was the excuse. It was brought on for a sequence in the picture. And it looked so luscious that when the sequence was shot, Director Sam Wood called time, and they had a roast-beef party and finished the whole roast, with Bob Young, Jimmy Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, Florence Rice, Tom Brown and the rest of the cast doing a swell job of finishing.

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IF YOUR PRESENT METHOD LEAVES YOU WITH BLACKHEADS, COARSE PORES, DRY SKIN, THEN IT'S TIME TO SWITCH TO A PENETRATING FACE CREAM!

Let me ask you a perfectly frank question. What results do you *expect* from your way of skin cleansing, and do you get them?

First, you expect a *clear, fresh* skin, don't you? If your skin seems to have a dingy cast, or if hlackheads grow in the corners of your skin, your cleansing method has simply failed to remove dirt hidden in your pores.

Then too, you'd like to have a *soft* skin. But how does your face feel when you smile or talk? Does it seem dry; does it feel a little tight? If it does then your treatment is *not* re-supplying your skin with essential oils that help give it a soft, hahy-like texture.

And of course you want a *smooth* skin. But if, when you pass your fingertips over your face, you feel tiny little humps, then you cannot say your skin is smooth. Those little bumps often come from specks of waxy dirt which your cleansing method has failed to dislodge from your pores.

So let's he honest with ourselves. If you are not getting the results you pay your good money to get, then your skin treatment is not lucky for you.

How a Penetrating Cream Works

Women who use Lady Esther Face Cream are amazed at the improvement in their skin, even after a few applications. That's hecause this cream *penetrates* the dirt that clogs the pores.

Lady Esther Face Cream loosens hlackheads, floats out the stuhhorn dirt that laughs at your surface cleanser.

At the same time, this cream re-supplies your skin with a fine oil to help keep it soft and smooth.

Try*, Don't *Buy

I do not want you to huy my cream to prove what I say. I want you to see what it will do for your skin, at my expense. So I simply ask that you let me send you a trial supply of my Face Cream *free and postpaid*. I want you to see and feel—at my expense—how your complexion responds to this new kind of penetrating cream.

I'll also send you all ten shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free, so you can see which is your most flattering color—see how Lady Esther Face Cream and Face Powder work together to give you perfect skin smoothness. Mail me the coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me by return mail your seven-day supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream; also ten shades of your Face Powder.

*Name*_____ *Address*_____

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.) (33)

HEAVENLY GIFTS

■ The cosmetic counters are dotted with as many gold star Christmas gifts of beauty as there are luminaries in Hollywood or real honest-to-goodness constellations in the sky on a clear Christmas Eve . . . Just do a little star-gazing at the gifts assembled on these pages, and you'll find that your Christmas shopping problems have vanished . . . There are exquisite perfumes and colognes, whose fragrance will keep glamor and sweetness in the lives of the recipients for months . . . There are sets of creams, lotions and cosmetics that are as practical as they are festively packaged . . . A lotion and a completely equipped manicure set that challenge any woman to keep her hands looking like the ones we see on the screen . . . A smart compact, silver-starred on a midnight blue background, that will go along merrily through an evening of dancing . . . Cigarette lighters designed to keep fingers whiter and prettier . . . A water-proof bag with smart alligator accent that will hold bottles and jars safely on week-end trips . . . A Grecian-looking atomizer for cologne, enabling you to spray these delightful scents all over yourself, so that their faint fragrance envelops you throughout the day . . . There's even a de luxe edition of a famous lavender-scented shaving soap, in a sternly masculine bowl that is large enough to last your best beau or your father literally for years . . . Soap, skin lotion and powder all scented with a light and lasting floral bouquet in a box labelled "Merry Christmas." Here they are, pictured for your convenience. You can find them easily at your drug or department store toiletry counter, even though you are one of the last-minute shoppers who still insist on remembering everyone in the circle of family and friends . . . Your Christmas will be happier, your friends more contented, if you give starred cosmetics as gifts.



for Christmas

BY DENISE CAINE



★ 1 • "Elotion," Perfume by Dorothy Gray, for lovely ladies.

★ 2 • Bring delight to Lady Esther users with this gift.

★ 3 • "Sonota" Cologne by house of Doggett & Romsdell.

★ 4 • Eleanore Whitney receives Max Factor set with smiles.

★ 5 • Spray cologne with this new otomizer from DeVilbiss.

★ 6 • Cigorette lighters by Lektrolite are flameless ones.

★ 7 • Trovel Companian, waterproof bag from Kleinert.

★ 8 • Yardley's Shoving Bowl in de luxe size is smort buy.

★ 9 • A Gadey's print taps this wooden manicure set made by Cutex.

★ 10 • A cleor, golden liquid for honds, Chamberlain's Lotian.

★ 11 • Trio of Coshmere Bouquet toiletries in Christmos box.

★ 12 • A new "Evening in Paris" rouge ond powder compact.

★ 13 • Fay Wroy loses no time trying her Morvelous Matched Moke-up.

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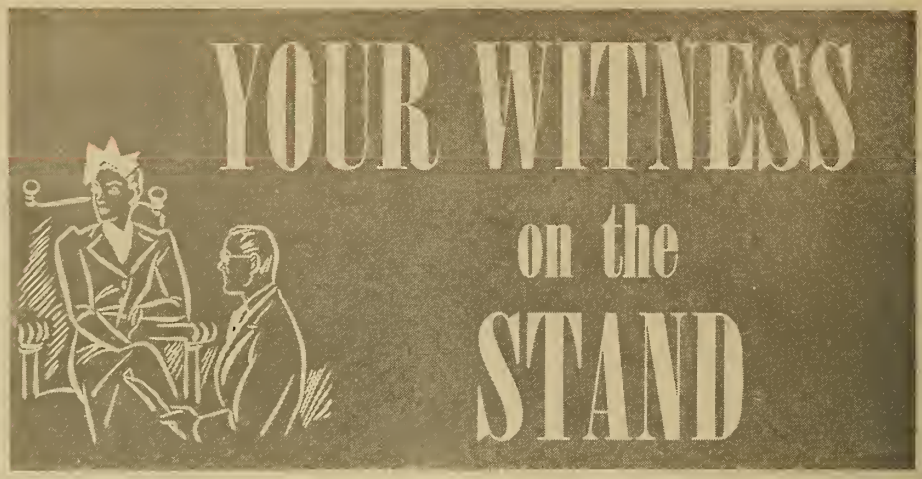
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Also send FREE copy of your book, "Your 14% Better Chance For Success."

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WITH WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

who gives the answers to who's who and what's what in Hollywood

Q. How much did *The Birth of a Nation* cost to make and how much would it cost today?

A. D. W. Griffith spent all of $85,000 to make that picture, and it grossed around $12,000,000. It could not be made today for less than $1,250,000, and authority for this statement is Archie Mayo, who is spending $1,500,000 on *The Adventures of Marco Polo.*

Q. Would it be possible to eliminate make-up altogther and let the art of lighting take care of greasepaint, shadows, lines, etc?

A. Most cameramen say yes. Such make-up "props" as beards, scars, long noses must always be used, of course. But lighting and camera angles can accomplish miracles. It is possible to age an actor almost thirty years, and to subtract that much from his real age, merely by the use of lights. Harsh lighting will magnify wrinkles and skin defects into a prophecy of a face thirty years in the future, and soft lighting will wash them out.

Q. Do stand-ins wear duplicates of the star's gowns?

A. Not usually. As an ordinary thing, a stand-in's dress must only approximate the star's. In *The Awful Truth,* however, three copies were made of each garment Irene Dunne wore. The first dress was used for actual filming. One duplicate took care of wear and tear on the original during rehearsals; the other was worn by Kay Stanley, Miss Dunne's stand-in. The reason for this extraordinary precaution was that the gowns were made of bead-work which glittered or a metal cloth which produced unusual highlights.



The awful truth is that Columbia had to make three copies of each of Irene Dunne's costumes for *The Awful Truth,* her new comedy hit

Q. Was the slum set in *Dead End* built outdoors or on a sound stage?

A. It was built indoors and filled the biggest sound stage on the Goldwyn lot. Richard Day, art director, built it to scale. The buildings were smaller than the ones on New York's Fifty-second street; the street itself was narrower and shorter. But Day forced the perspective so that it looked all right. The set was 300 feet long, 150 feet wide and the buildings were only 32 feet high. The river (really a tank) was 50 by 70 and nine feet deep. And did you notice the sky line? The Rockefeller center was turned the wrong way. Day did it on purpose, however, to save putting up a lot of backing. Yes, the barge was real, but it was only half a barge. The set cost $50,000.

Q. Do the studios have many libel suits?

A. They have surprisingly few, and they go to extreme lengths to avoid them. Usually a film carries a foreword stating that the story and all characters are fictional. But as most fiction is based on or inspired by fact, there is usually someone who reads himself or his family into the picture and expects to be soothed financially. Studios are always careful never to use the name of any real, live person. They never use the name of a real race horse; the names of nightclubs are always checked carefully so that no original is used; doctors' names are especially checked for duplication and a real automobile license number is absolutely taboo. Studios use phony licenses. All studios have separate departments devoted to nothing but censorship of detail that might cause trouble. They also have city directories of every city, town and hamlet in the world.



HELEN VINSON

As the spirit of a Hollywood Christmas, Helen Vinson gives you the Lady of the Poinsettas. Helen, who is considered one of the best-dressed women of the screen, showed her flair for wearing clothes (talent, too) in *Vogues of 1938* and *Live, Love and Learn*

PICTURE



THE AWFUL TRUTH

—AAAA—

The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help us, is that *The Awful Truth* is the comedy hit of the year, and that Columbia Pictures have a potential academy award winner. Remember *It Happened One Night* and *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town?* Well, it seems as though Columbia has another prize comedy in the bag, *The Awful Truth* starring Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. And it wouldn't surprise us at all if Miss Dunne gets a little "Oscar" for her grand interpretation of the heroine in this domestic comedy which is based on a play by Arthur Richman. Vina Delmar is credited with the screen play. The fun commences with the unexpected absence of staid *Lucy Warriner* (Irene Dunne) upon her husband's (Cary Grant) return from a vacation to Florida. He never really went to Florida and that is probably why he is suspicious of his wife's story when she returns home in last night's evening dress with her music teacher (Alexander D'Arcy). He disbelieves her innocent story of a breakdown and they both breakdown with reprisals. You'll howl and scream with laughter at their goings-on.—*Columbia.*



ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN

—AAA½—

Get on Eddie Cantor's magic carpet and be transplanted from your theatre seat into a beautiful land of fantasy where Eddie Cantor rules in his best style. If you're not already a Cantor fan you will be after you see Cantor as *Al Babson*, a hobo who dreams it up in *Ali Baba Goes to Town*. And Eddie really goes to town and entertains you as you have never been entertained before. Tuned as a musical it possesses a swell story, rich in satire poked good-naturedly at the New Deal. The clever story was concocted by Gene Towne, Graham Baker and Gene Fowler and the tuneful music contributed by Mack Gordon and Harry Revel and vocalized by Tony Martin. You've heard Cantor tell you what he'd do if he were President in a song, now let him show you what he'd do. Cantor dreams it up on a motion picture location set where they're filming *Ali Baba*, after taking a sleeping potion. Besides Cantor and Martin there's Roland Young, June Lang, Louise Hovick and others too numerous to mention. It's a riot—don't miss it.—*20th Century-Fox.*



STAND-IN

—AAA½—

Hollywood has made a discovery! It has discovered that the public takes to pictures about picture making like a duck to water and as the public pays, Hollywood takes a ribbing at its own expense and gives you *Stand-In*, Clarence Budington Kelland's Saturday Evening Post story, adapted to the screen by the illustrious team of Graham Baker and Gene Towne. The result is a grand satire about the Industry with Leslie Howard and Joan Blondell scoring heavily in the star roles. Leslie Howard, a wizard at figures, is sent to Hollywood to investigate the colossal losses of *Colossal Films*, representing the banking firm of *Pennypacker and Sons*. However, he doesn't count one figure and that is Joan Blondell, secretary and stand-in. But *he* cuts quite a figure with Joan and so she takes him in hand and teaches him everything he ought to know about Hollywood. Proving Hollywood has an unexhausted mine of entertaining material. Humphrey Bogart, Marla Shelton, Alan Mowbray and C. Henry Gordon also rate applause for their efforts.—*Wanger-U. A.*

CARD INDEX OF LATEST MOVIES

PARADE



THE GREAT GARRICK

—AAA—

Brian Aherne plays the title role in this charming, romantic period comedy to its hilt, resulting in another success for that young, independent producer, Mervyn Le Roy. Sharing Mr. Aherne's laurels is Ernst Vajda who wrote the screen play and delivered a bright, ingenious and beautiful script. The story relates the comic experiences of *David Garrick* at the hands of the company of the Comedie Francaise when he visited France at their invitation. Although gifted, *Garrick* was very vain and the members of the company decide to play a prank on him. He falls wise to them but the innocent victim of the gag is Olivia de Havilland who *Garrick* mistakes for one of the troupe, makes violent love to and then upbraids for being a poor actress. But the joke is really on him for he falls in love with her. Who was this *David Garrick* you ask? Well, he was the idol of the English stage a couple of centuries back. The capable cast also includes Edward Everett Horton, Melville Cooper, Lionel Atwill, Henry O'Neill, Luis Alberni, Lana Turner and a host of others.—*Warner Bros.*



LIVE, LOVE AND LEARN

—AAA—

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer who gave you the popular *Thin Man* team of Myrna Loy and William Powell have discovered a new team right on its own lot who will probably find as much favor with the public as their co-workers did, if this their second picture together is any sign. Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell who were seen in *Night Must Fall*, are the pair discovered, but here they are seen in decidedly different roles as the gay, young couple in a bright, sparkling romantic comedy. Enhancing the efforts of this sprightly team is Bob Benchley who's no slacker when it comes to drawing the laughs. Others in the cast who earn applause are Helen Vinson, Monte Woolley, E. E. Clive, and Mickey Rooney. Robert Montgomery *lives* for his art and *loves* Rosalind Russell, a girl who has been afforded every luxury, but who is willing to *learn* how to live in a garret for love and art. Then success comes to Bob and terrible things begin to happen. It's well made and loads of fun, so don't miss it.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*



EBB TIDE

—AAA—

The significance of this Robert Louis Stevenson-Lloyd Osborne story is that it is done in color—the new Technicolor. Also, it is the first time any sea picture has been done in color in this process and the effect is breathtakingly beautiful. The camera has caught all the natural beauty of the sea. Of significance also is the debut of Oscar Homolka, a homely middle-aged foreigner, who was brought from England specifically for the role of the sentimental renegade *Captain Thorbecke*. And Mr. Homolka may well be proud of his first American performance for he has delivered a difficult assignment most handsomely. His face is extraordinarily expressive and his portrayal is one of the high-lights of the film. Another, is the characterization of a derelict Cockney beachcomber delivered by Barry Fitzgerald a member of the Irish Players. Also admirable are the performances of Frances Farmer, Ray Milland and Lloyd Nolan. It's a grand adventure story of the South Seas and will appeal to all audiences —young and old, male and female.—*Paramount.*

CARD INDEX OF LATEST MOVIES



Send your holiday greetings with a small loaf of fruit cake, fragrant with spices

An assortment of homemade cookies, wrapped in gift boxes, carry Christmas cheer

Homemade dainties wrapped in holiday packages express Christmas greetings

GOODY, GOODY, HERE COMES COOKIE

HOMEMADE GOODIES DESIGNED FOR GIVING

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

GIVE goodies from your own kitchen! Anyone can *buy* a necktie, a pair of gloves, a smoker's set or other article, but a homemade food gift is one of the straightest ways to a man's heart, or to the warm appreciation of friends. Cookies, candies, spicy nuts, jellies and jams, all the jolly tidbits on which folks, and men in particular, love to munch, can easily and inexpensively be made right in your own kitchenette. Just try it, it's fun!

Food delicacies are, by the way, increasing in popularity each year, as gifts, especially in the movie colony. One important studio executive last year gave over five hundred whole baked spiced hams to his employees on the lot. Another director ordered novel package-baskets of assorted marmalades, cactus candy, dried fruit and other California dainties. When the food was eaten, the pretty pottery jars and baskets were still attractive and useful. Freddie Bartholomew and Shirley Temple, leaders in the youngest movie set, helped pack and wrap homemade goodies for their little friends.

So if you want to be in the know, it's smart to give homemade food gifts this Christmas. Of course candy has always been a standard gift from beaux, but too often it is just a gold-lettered pasteboard box with a bow on top, the stale contents of which are not worth the price. But when *you* make candies, cookies or other sweetmeats from *your* kitchen, you are sure to give full value gifts of freshness and quality. So put your kitchen to work, and do your Christmas baking early!

COOKIES and small cakes are of course a welcome and practical filling for the holiday gift box. You may use a good foundation recipe and, if you like, [*Continued on page* 64]



Barbara Stanwyck-Herbert Marshall co-star in RKO's *Breakfast for Two*

TIP-OFFS on the TALKIES

brief Review of the Recent Releases

AAAA—EXCELLENT; AAA—GOOD
AA—FAIR; A—MEDIOCRE

The Perfect Specimen—AAA½—Here is another goofy film that keeps the audiences in stitches but, unlike the others, this has a sensible plot. *The Perfect Specimen*, Errol Flynn, heir to millions, is the perfect bore, until Joan Blondell crashes his life and teaches him how to live and unlearn the things grandma—May Robson—taught him. It's packed full of laughs and the principals plus Hugh Herbert, Edward Everett Horton, Dick Foran, Beverly Roberts and Allen Jenkins are par excellent.—*Warner Bros.*

Heidi — AAA½ — Accompany the children when *Heidi* comes to your theatre for you'll get as much kick out of it as the youngsters. While it contains some hokum, it sticks pretty close to the original and has been given an exceptionally fine screen play and elegant direction. Shirley Temple appeals strongly to the emotions and has never been seen to better advantage. She enchants with her mature thespian qualities and not with the cute, coy tricks usually adopted by the younger set. In support are Jean Hersholt, Arthur Treacher, Helen Westley, Mary Nash, Sidney Blackmer, Mady Christians, *et al.*—*20th Century-Fox.*

Mayerling—AAA½—France has given us a beautiful romantic photoplay in *Mayerling*, the tragic love story of the Archduke Rudolf of Austria and the young Baroness Marie Vetsera. It is far superior to the average imported film both in production and cast values. Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux are superb as the tragic lovers and the English titles help make this a sincerely enjoyable film for American audiences.—*Pax Film.*

There Goes the Groom — AAA — If you want to have a grand and glorious time go to see *There Goes the Groom*, a slightly daffy but nevertheless highly amusing film with Burgess Meredith, Ann Sothern, Mary Boland and Louise Henry. If you're not too young to remember *Three Cornered Moon*, with Mary Boland at the head of the family, too, this is of the same brand. It's hilarious—and insane. And so is Burgess Meredith's role as the young man in the film.—*RKO-Radio.*

52nd Street—AAA—A story about New York's famed, gay 52nd Street from it's aristocratic days of 1912, through prohibition and up to the present nite-club era, lends background for a lavish musical, offering many of the street's own luminaries. It's packed with singing, acting, specialty acts and numerous box-office names. Just to mention a few—there is Kenny Baker, Ian Hunter, Leo Carrillo, Pat Paterson, Ella Logan, ZaSu Pitts, Dorothy Peterson, Sid Silvers, Marla Shelton—but, we said a few.—*Walter Wanger-United Artists.*

Lancer Spy—AAA—An engrossing espionage drama, this is told in flashback manner, commencing with the questioning of the identity of an English officer visiting a grave in Germany. The material is different and completely absorbing. The players are George Sanders, Peter Lorre, Joseph Schildkraut, Maurice Moscovich, Lionel Atwill and Sigmund Rumann—some of Hollywood's finest character actors. Dolores Del Rio is to be commended for her beautiful portrayal of a spy, the only feminine role of consequence, and Gregory Ratoff rates encomiums for his direction.—*20th Century-Fox.*

Merry-Go-Round of 1938 — AAA — Get on the Merry-Go-Round and have a dizzy, delightful time roaring at the antics of Bert Lahr, Billy House, Mischa Auer and Jimmy Savo. The plot?—it doesn't matter much when you can be entertained individually and collectively by these four ace comedians. In addition, there's Alice Brady, John King, Joy Hodges, Louise Fazenda, Barbara Read and a host of other talented players.—*Universal.*

Breakfast for Two—AAA—A sophisticated comedy that draws rather close to slapstick at intervals, offering Barbara Stanwyck and Herbert Marshall in the leading roles. And it is a pleasure, to the writer at least, to see Miss Stanwyck in a comedy role—which, by the way, she handles in grand style. The story revolves about a determined young miss from Texas—Miss Stanwyck—who wants her man—goes after him—and gets him. Glenda Farrell and Eric Blore also lend their comedy talents to this.—*RKO-Radio.*

The Bride Wore Red—AA½—The Tones—Joan and Franchot—together with such capable thespians as Robert Young, Reginald Owen and Lynne Carver make this Cinderella story more plausible with their down-to-earth performances. At least they're real. The ladies will be pleased for the role offers Joan Crawford excellent opportunity to display some very appealing wardrobe items.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

45 Fathers—AA½—Jane Withers' latest picture is packed with nonsense that provides plenty of laughs. The title is derived from the number of gentlemen who love the little orphan as their own, one of who adopts the "little fixer" legally. Janie is admirable in her part and she is supported by Thomas Beck, Louise Henry, George Givot, Richard Carle, among others.—*20th Century-Fox.*

Fight for Your Lady—AA½—John Boles, Jack Oakie and Ida Lupino in a grand romantic farce interspersed with pleasing music. This laugh provoking comedy furnishes some excellent gags for Jack Oakie who does the most with them in his grand style. John Boles and Ida Lupino entertain vocally and dramatically and Margot Grahame and Erik Rhodes round out this erstwhile cast.—*RKO-Radio.*

Non-Stop New York — AA½ — Anticipating the interest which will be aroused by the inauguration of a transatlantic plane service shortly, England has used this timely idea for an entertaining melodrama. Interwoven is a crime story packed with thrills. Anna Lee and John Loder, the principals, score with their characterizations.—*Gaumont-British.*



Shirley Temple never blows her own horn. The exception is a *Heidi* scene

The Westland Case—AA½—Preston Foster's first assignment is solving the mystery of who killed Mrs. Westland in the new Crime Club picture series. This makes interesting fare and the suspense is pleasantly relieved by some delightful comedy. Embellishing the cast are such talented players as Frank Jenks, Barbara Pepper, Carol Hughes, Astrid Allwyn and others too numerous to mention.—*Universal.*

Texas Trail—AA—The great, wide open spaces lend pictorial significance to this cattle rustling story, a recent addition to the popular *Hopalong Cassidy* series. William Boyd again plays the title role in his pleasing manner and Judith Allen is attractive as the woman in his life. Others in the cast are George Hayes, Russell Hayden, Robert Kortman and Alexander Cross.—*Paramount.*

Youth On Parole—AA—As you can gather from the title, this is another offering in the movie crime wave. Republic gives you a human interest story and Marian Marsh and Gordon Oliver in the leading roles add their efforts and give you an entertaining tale of romance and crime. Boy meets girl under strange circumstances—both innocent victims of a gang of diamond thieves—and after difficult circumstances boy marries girl.—*Republic.*

Annapolis Salute—AA—America's Naval Academy lends background to an entertaining film with James Ellison, Harry Carey, Marsha Hunt, Van Heflin, Ann Hovey and Arthur Lake. The story relates the conflict between two midshipmen, James Ellison and Van Heflin, one sincere and ambitious, the other a wealthy wastrel.—*RKO-Radio.*

The Game That Kills—AA—Now that the football season is over, the new excitement is hockey and Columbia is very timely with their yarn about this fast and fascinating game on ice. An expose of the unethical practices indulged in by the professionals, it has pace and retains the interest. Charles Quigley and Rita Hayworth play the leading parts and they are supported by J. Farrell MacDonald, Arthur Loft, John Gallaudet and John Tyrell, among others.—*Columbia.*

Here's Flash Casey—AA—An interesting picturization of George Harmon Coxe's story *Return Engagement* with Eric Linden and Boots Mallory. Candid camera addicts will find this particularly interesting as it sponsors some informative material regarding the latest fad of "shooting"—even your best friend. There's romance for the ladies and plenty of he-man stuff for the men.—*Grand National.*

PREVIEW INVITATION!

Do you know that for only ten cents a month you can preview all the coming big pictures before they are shown at your local theatre? Thrilling fiction stories of all the important new motion pictures are published in MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE. *Each story is generously illustrated with beautiful pictures from the film!* No wonder more than 250,000 movie fans demand MOVIE STORY each month.

True Confession, the hilarious new comedy starring Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray, is just one of fifteen grand stories and features which are yours—for ten cents—in the big January issue of MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE. Better get your copy now! It is on sale at all newsstands.

DON'T MISS

Any of the following important pictures, previously reviewed in this magazine, if you can help it: *Lost Horizon*—an artistic masterpiece made possible by the combined efforts of cinemactors Ronald Colman, Sam Jaffe and H. B. Warner, director Frank Capra and Robert Riskin's adaptation of James Hilton's famed novel . . . *The Good Earth*—another famous novel—Pearl Buck's—makes one of the greatest films ever produced. Starred are Academy award winners Paul Muni and Luise Rainer . . . *The Life of Emile Zola* . . . Warner Bros. were lavish in producing this fascinating story about France's great dramatist. And with Paul Muni in the title role the result is superb . . . *Stage Door*—an excellent stage play makes even a better picture. Sharing stellar honors are Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers. It sparkles with fine dialogue and tells a very human story . . . *The Firefly*—Jeanette MacDonald and Allan Jones give the fullest expression to Friml's melodies in this colorful costume musical. The picture is magnificently mounted . . . *Souls at Sea*—Gary Cooper, George Raft and Frances Dee in a highly interesting narrative of the sea, partly founded on fact. The highlight of the film is its gorgeous photography.



PRIZE LETTERS
HOW READERS RATE THEM!

HEAR YE, HEAR YE
$15 Prize Letter

AT PRESENT there seems to be a noticeable shortage of real actors in filmdom. Our current releases are all headlined with pretty boys who are much too effeminate to start the feminine pulses beating. The current run of glamor boys with their sleek locks and posed profiles are becoming hard to take—even the villainous antics of a Basil Rathbone are a refreshing contrast to the Robert Taylor school-girl's delight variety. Twentieth Century women are still old-fashioned enough to prefer their heroes a trifle rugged and not quite so synthetic. A romantic lead needs more than plucked eyebrows, a tap dancer's smile and a manicure. We are making a plea for more manly men—the kind that made grandmother never even think of a career other than just hanging around the house to flirt with grandpa.—*Edna Kilcoyne, 212 Chelsea Bank Bldg., Atlantic City, N. J.*

BOOS AND BOUQUETS
$10 Prize Letter

IN ALL of my movie fan days I have never seen a screen star so emotionless and unconvincing in her roles as Marlene Dietrich. She is as expressionless as a robot. It would indeed be interesting to learn whatever decided her to seek a screen career. She is a mannequin, not an actress. A mere struggling extra could have supported Robert Donat in *Knight Without Armor* with more success than Miss Dietrich.



Robert Donat

Mr. Donat is indeed a fine actor and should be persuaded to come to America. I shall never forget his *Count of Monte Cristo*. As a rule I do not care for foreign films but England has given us some fine film personalities. Stars of other countries are always improved by Hollywood producers. And cinema make-up experts in Hollywood can certainly do wonders with some of these foreign importations.—*Mrs. Samuel Nickolin, 1709 Pleasant St., Cincinnati, Ohio.*

EVERYBODY'S HAPPY
$5 Prize Letter

A FEW years ago much was being said about the demoralizing effects of the movies on children. And justly so, for we were swamped with gangster pictures, horror pictures, ultra-sophisticated pictures, and a host of others. Now I am not one to condemn these themes entirely; certain subjects are quite suitable for adults—but only for adults. And we would certainly get tired of pabulum aimed especially at child audiences. So we movie-goers have longed for the day when producers would find a golden mean—pictures suitable for children yet interesting to parents. That day has come, for pictures like *Wee Willie Winkie, The Prince and the Pauper* and *Captains Courageous*—to mention a few—fulfill every demand. These films are grand fare for children and, best of all, are so well presented that they are most entertaining to parents as well.—*Edward Oakley, 539 West 179 St., New York, N. Y.*

INSPIRED PERFORMANCE
$1 Prize Letter

I HAD begun to think that Grand National could put out nothing but dull and weakly contrived pictures, but now it seems they have scooped everybody with *The Girl Said No*. I can almost foresee that any letters you receive anent this picture will in all probability concern those swell bits from *The Mikado*, the importance of bringing Gilbert and Sullivan to the screen, etc. Therefore, I wish to say, because I'm afraid no one else will, that greatly as I did appreciate Gilbert and Sullivan, what was even more enjoyable to me was that grand and sparkling and totally unexpected inspired performance by Irene Hervey. Vaguely, I remember seeing her in any number of pictures, even several years ago, I think, and she made no particular impression on me; but this seemed a new Irene Hervey in *The Girl Said No*. She was completely made over—a different personality entirely—and her portrayal of that saucy role was magnificent. On the basis of this picture alone she has become one of my prime favorites and I hope we shall have more of her. I haven't seen any pictures of her in the magazines so may we have one please?—*Henry Hasse, 1236 Wade St., Indianapolis, Ind.*



Irene Hervey

PRIZES FOR LETTERS!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over *one hundred and fifty* words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

A "NATURAL"
$1 Prize Letter

JANE BRYAN is like a breath of sweet-smelling country spring-time, after a cooped-up winter in a noise-wracked city. She's no beauty yet, just a wholesome, natural girl. But, she brings back, poignantly, the illusions of our youth, the clean fun, the spontaneous laughter, the fine sportsmanship that every heart aches for. Down inside most folks is a little corner where a lot of cherished memories are stored, and Jane has "that something" that stirs to life our long-laid secrets. She has dramatic ability, showing her depth of character. There's fun about her, too. Her dancing eyes and wide smile give me a real thrill. She was good in *Marked Woman*; better in *Kid Galahad*, especially fine in *Confession*. When a young, inexperienced actress stands out with stellar stars like Bette Davis and Kay Francis she has it in her to really carve a notable career.—*Frances Boudinot, 2314 Boston Ave., Muskogee, Okla.*



Jane Bryan

WE BEG YOU . . .
$1 Prize Letter

RONALD COLMAN has done more for the public than any other star. Men admire him for his common sense; women for his gentle breeding and manly handsomeness; college boys and girls for his ingenuity and the indisputable fact that he is the last word in etiquette. And everyone is proud to say he is going to a movie—provided the picture is a Colman picture. This Britisher is too intelligent to make a faux pas in morality so has brought up the morale of Hollywood. And his voice! Prose uttered by him has the rhythm of poetry. Just to hear his diction is worth the price of a movie ticket. I feel that I speak for millions of fans when I ask him not to forsake the screen in order that he may produce pictures. Never was he greater than in his dual role in *The Prisoner of Zenda*.—*Charity L. Domigan, 1443½ Highland St., Columbus, Ohio.*



Ronald Colman

SCREAMING TO BE SCREENED
$1 Prize Letter

WHY, oh why, do the cinemoguls insist on making and re-making old pictures when there is so much fine material lying around idle? The movies are not so

[*Continued on page 65*]

GIFTS FROM HOLLYWOOD

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HOLLYWOOD

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Featured by Leading Stores



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Shirley might have stepped out of an old English print here as she sings a Christmas carol. She has good reason to be glad because of the plums—all made of heavy sugar—that have been dropping in the Temple basket ever since she became Your Favorite. After her next film, *Heidi*, comes *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*. Tell us, Mary Pickford, are you brushing away a sentimental tear?

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

☆ WARNER BROS.' CHRISTMAS PRESENT

A million dollars worth of fun



Claudette

COLBERT

Charles

BOYER

in

THE SEASON'S MOST EXCITING SCREEN EVENT

TOVARICH

The show that gave Paris a new sensation, thrilled London, and captured New York . . . now in the full glory of the screen's mighty magic . . . with a great cast of supporting stars including

BASIL RATHBONE
ANITA LOUISE

MELVILLE COOPER • ISABEL JEANS

MORRIS CARNOVSKY • VICTOR KILIAN • An ANATOLE LITVAK Production
Screen play by Casey Robinson • Adapted from the play by Jacques Deval • English Version by Robert E. Sherwood • Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros. Picture

☆

It's on the way to your favorite theatre now—the grandest love and laughter picture of this or any other year! . . . A glorious Christmas treat for a hundred million movie-goers.

TO THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD! ☆

glamour and romance!





"Yesterday is done! Tomorrow—who knows? . . . Tonight's our night!"



Ready for a gala night in Paris! . . . with 4 billio francs in the bank—and not a sou they could ca their own!



The runaway lovers take to the roof in one o the amusing and amazing scenes in "Tovarich."



"TOVARICH" is full of big moments—a here's one as Charles Boyer comes face to fa with that suave villain . . . Basil Rathbone.

☆ WARNER BROS.' CHRISTMAS PRESENT TO THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD! ☆

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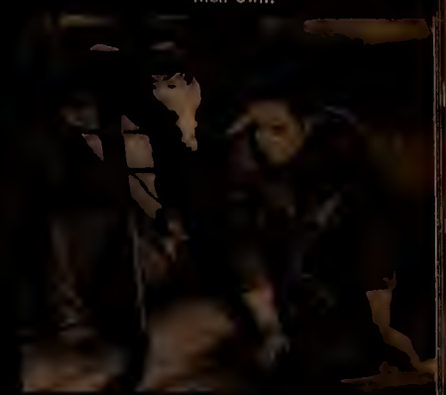




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NEW FAN MALES



THE year 1935 produced Robert Taylor, Errol Flynn, Nelson Eddy, Fred MacMurray, Henry Fonda, James Stewart. The year 1936 brought forth Tyrone Power and Don Ameche. Which of the new masculine names of 1937 will still be news a year from now, two years from now?

Never, in a single year, have so many promising male newcomers appeared on the Hollywood scene. A mere listing of them all would fill nearly a full page of this magazine. Obviously, not all of them can be going to the top. Many may be called, but few are chosen to be stars.

Which of them are likeliest to be tomorrow's rivals for today's favorites—new reasons for going to the movies? It is not easy to sort out the potential winners, or even to point out the lads likely to last. Some of the 1937 finds have not yet made their first screen appearances; some of them are hardly more than names yet, even to Hollywood; others have had little chance to

HERE ARE ALL THE NEW ANSWERS TO THE PRODUCERS' PRAYERS (AND THE MAIDENS' TOO) AND WHICH

date to prove their possibilities. Look at their photographs, and you cannot guess the future favorites. They all have facial appeal. No, you have to look beyond faces into backgrounds and talents. More important, if you know Hollywood and are accordingly cynical, you have to find out which ones are scheduled for the breaks and the build-ups. In Hollywood, no one becomes a star without the breaks, without a build-up.

Jon Hall, for example. As this is written, his first picture still is in the cutting-room. It has not been previewed, much less seen by moviegoers. Yet he is due for almost certain stardom. He is getting a great build-up. His first leading role is a great break. He is the hero of *The Hurricane*, Samuel Goldwyn's $1,500,000 South Sea epic.

He is tall, handsome, bronzed, with a physique that the press-agents, with pardonable enthusiasm, compare to that of a Greek god. Physically, he looks like the answer to any producer's prayer. And he must have the acting ability that stardom takes. Goldwyn isn't one to throw away money.

Jon came to California originally to go to college. Never thought of Hollywood. Friends interested him in Little Theatre work. A few months later, E. E. Clive—then operating in Hollywood Playhouse—hired him to replace the leading man in *My Lord, the Duke*. The leading man had just been lured into the movies. His name was Arlington Brugh. Today it's pronounced Robert Taylor.

Charles Locher—Jon Hall's real name—was also discovered



OF THE HOUR!!

AMONG THEM WILL BE TOP-NOTCHERS OF TOMORROW—NEW REASONS FOR GOING TO THE MOVIES?

By JAMES REID

If Charles passes his movie test, they will be around for a long, long time.

Few famous athletes ever have become famous stars. Francis X. Shields, late of the tennis tournaments, showed possibilities of becoming an exception in *Come and Get It*, as Edward Arnold's future son-in-law. He bears watching. So does Jerome Cowan, tall, slender, mustached newcomer from the New York stage, who made his movie bow in *Beloved Enemy* and has been busy ever since. So does Tim Holt, son of Jack Holt. He started as Anne Shirley's suitor in *Stella Dallas*. Boyishly poised, he is the most promising of the new screen juveniles.

Move on to Warner Brothers - First National and you will discover a half-score new male reasons for looking for Warner pictures. Reason No. 1 is Fernand Gravet, Hollywood's first Belgian sensation. He started his Hollywood career as a star. Mervyn LeRoy gave him that vote of confidence, casting him as the Edward-like King in *The King and the Chorus Girl*. But before Hollywood ever heard of him, he was a star—abroad. Even the fact that he is married (to a beautiful French actress) isn't likely to stop Gravet from casting a romantic spell over American audiences. You will see him in color in his next picture, co-starring with Carole Lombard.

by movie scouts in *My Lord, the Duke*. For two years, he was shelved away in bit parts. Now, in one leap, he may land alongside Taylor.

Since 1935, only two dangerous competitors for Nelson Eddy have arisen: Nino Martini and Allan Jones. Goldwyn hopes he has another in Charles Kullman. From Yale, via radio and the Metropolitan Opera, he makes his movie debut singing to Helen Jepson in *The Goldwyn Follies*.

Producers bend their knees in nightly application for new comedians. They are becoming harder and harder to find. Two appear in the selfsame *Goldwyn Follies*: Edgar (Ventriloquist) Bergen and Charles McCarthy, the world's sauciest dummy.

THEN there is Wayne Morris, the local boy who made good. Born Bert DeWayne Morris twenty-three years ago, in Los Angeles, this tall, blond husky with the irresistible grin early had his eyes on the movies. But how to get the movies' eyes



on him became a problem. He enrolled at the Pasadena Playhouse, proving ground of many a movie find. Twenty-one plays later, a movie scout thought he looked like the magazine illustrations of *Kid Galahad*. He was tested one day, signed the next, then taught how to box. The rest is rapidly becoming history.

Wayne definitely has what it takes to last. He isn't a "pretty boy." He's rugged. He doesn't look like an actor; he looks "natural." And—better yet—he *is* natural. And, thus far, single.

Kenny Baker is another six feet of promising Californian. Tall, wavy-haired, shy, he began his career by singing before the local Lions, Rotarians and Kiwanians. Soon afterward, at 21—that was in 1933—he married. His wife willingly lived on the $19 a week he was earning, wouldn't let him give up singing. Two years later, he won a radio contest, a radio contract, a movie contract. After a series of singing bits, he had his big movie chance in *Mr. Dodd Takes the Air*. Now every studio is trying to borrow him. It's a healthy sign.

THE success story of tall, handsome, British-born Patric Knowles also is a love story. As a struggling beginner on the London stage, he fell in love with an actress. Hollywood offers didn't interest him. He didn't want to leave her. She gave up her own very promising career to get him across the Atlantic. Hollywood was their honeymoon. He started as Errol Flynn's younger brother in *The Charge of the Light Brigade*. He did his job so well that for months afterward casting directors thought of him only as a lesser Flynn. Only recently have they realized that he has something of his own to offer. You saw that something in *It's Love I'm After* and *The Patient in Room 18*. He's on his way now.

Ronald Reagan acted in college, but afterward became a Des Moines sports writer. His favorite sport was baseball and his favorite team, the Chicago Cubs. He took his vacation last spring to see them in spring practice at Catalina. There a talent scout saw *him*. Results: screen test, contract, leading role in a studio quickie. And presto! Warners decided that he had an A personality which shouldn't be wasted in B pictures. Look for this gray-eyed six-footer.

Another lad with personality-plus is Allyn Joslyn, who is tall, but not handsome. An effortless actor (he has been on Broadway since he was 16 and was in the original cast of *Boy Meets Girl*), he is nonchalantly natural, irresistibly likable. He demonstrated that as the offhand reporter who coolly brewed all the tragedy in *They Won't Forget*—and stole the picture. You will be seeing more of Allyn.

When the Mauch twins first came to Hollywood, Warners said eeny-meeny-miny-moe and picked Billy to play *Anthony*-as-a-boy in *Anthony Adverse*. Bobby was his stand-in. The same thing happened when *Penrod and Sam* was made. Then the studio discovered that, unknown to anyone else, the boys had frequently changed places. If they could do this in real life, why couldn't they do it in make-believe. They could—as they proved in *The Prince and the Pauper*. 1937 has made Bobby as much of a star as Billy. They're together now in *Penrod and His Twin Brother*. If the twin stories hold out, they'll spell double trouble for other child stars.

Bob Baker

And keep your eyes open for Willard Parker, the *he*-est of all the new he-men. Twenty-five, blond, blue-eyed, six-feet-four and built in proportion.

A New York athletic instructor when the movies found him. Before that happened, he was the model for the magazine illustrations for the story, *Kid Galahad*. Which gives you an idea. He's learning his acting in small doses (roles, to you). One after another.

[*Continued on page* 52]



Napoleon (Charles Boyer) conquered hearts as well as armies. As Marie Walewska in *Conquest*, Garbo plays the Li'l Corporal's great passion. The picture marks her 22nd Hollywood star role. Ay tank she make good. What do you tink?

GRETA GARBO

LITTLE GIRL BIG VOICE



By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

THE GLAMOR GIRLS ARE MEETING TOUGH COMPETITION IN DEANNA DURBIN, THE LITTLE GIRL WITH THE BIG VOICE. SHE'S BECOMING A FAVORITE ALL OVER THE WORLD

IF GERMAN Marlene Dietrich made the nation leg-conscious after her first film *Blue Angel,* and followed it up by her trousers-for-women campaign, young Deanna Durbin, fourteen years old, sweet, normal, wholesome, the newest idol —after two films (*Three Smart Girls, One Hundred Men and a Girl*)—to influence the American movie-going *femmes.* Some say it's a good thing.

The glamor girls with their sultry get-ups are all right—in small doses—for their slavish imitators, the film fans, but we have the race's future to think of, and that's why it is better to model sweet young things after the comfortably-fleshed Deanna (born Edna Mae of Winnipeg, Canada) who uses a minimum of make-up (just a dash of lip rouge), does not diet, has a healthy interest in dogs, turtles, parakeets, boys as companions not conquests, simple party frocks, charm bracelets, not hand-carved emeralds; who does not regret the fate that has taken her from class-room to film set as a cinema singing actress.

"In some ways, of course, I miss going to a public school, the fun and the companionship of the students," says Miss Durbin, after considering the matter well. "But there are other things that make up for it—the work on the sets, for instance, and if I am thrown with older people in this work they are 'young' older people. Men and women who 'think young' because they are constantly creating something imaginative. Their minds are always active and never have time to grow old. It's another type of fun, that's what it amounts to."

The glamor girls are going to have something to compete with if Durbin, at fourteen, keeps up the average. At fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, if she continues to think things out with the wisdom that she uses now, as exampled above, she is going to be in an enviable niche in the industry and she won't have carved the place because she had "It," was the original "dancing daughter," made famous the "come up an' see me sometime" phrase, or was known as the "tender tigress" of Paris and points South.

Already women's clubbers, those self-appointed guardians of public morals, are beginning to scent a new-type star in Hollywood's astral horizon. In the little Durbin (five-feet-four inches) they detect those almost-forgotten qualities of wholesomeness and decency and normalcy [*Continued on page* 54]

DADDY LONGLEGS

THE BIG EXCITEMENT IN GARY COOPER'S LIFE IS BEING A FATHER. LIKE ALL DOTING DADDIES HE'S MAKING THE MOST OF IT

By DAN CAMP

IT SEEMS screwy (doesn't it?) to start a story about the new baby in Gary Cooper's life by talking about automobiles . . . ! But it can't be helped. That's the way I've got to start *this* story. Simply because this business about the auto shows so pointedly and significantly what the baby's arrival means to Gary. So—

You remember (don't you?) that next to his wife, Sandra Shaw, (for whom his pet name's Rocky), the greatest pride and joy of Gary Cooper's life has been that huge, low-slung and high-powered racing Deusenberg car of his. He used to tinker with it by the hour, greasing himself from head to foot. He used to take it out on long desert straightaways and see if he couldn't push the speedometer needle up over the 100-per mark, to the infinite horror of Sam Goldwyn, who could only, too poignantly, envision his $5,000,000 star going up in a $3.98 heap of junk. It was probably the fastest—and most dangerous—car in Hollywood.

But today it's deserted, neglected, abandoned. If automobiles can have broken hearts, then the bustedest heart in all California must quiver feebly under the long hood of that Deusenberg in Gary's garage. And if automobiles talk, then I can just hear that racer, standing all forlorn and alone and neglected in the garage behind the Cooper house, sobbing softly to itself in the lonely reaches of the night: "Aw, Gary doesn't love me any more . . . !"

That's it. No longer does Coop ride the range in his fast, open, neck-breaking Deusenberg. Instead, Gary today rides sedately and carefully to and from work at Mr. Goldwyn's movie factory in a new car that's solid and firm and un-racy, with an all-steel body, and shatter-proof glass in the windshield and windows, and an all-steel crash-proof turret top. That's the kind of bus Gary drives now, as [*Continued on page* 55]



The Gary Coopers' new production has a working title, *Maria Veronica*. As for that pride and joy of Gary's—the racing Deusenberg—it plays second fiddle to the tune of "He doesn't love me."

WHY MOVIE STARS



Dr. and Mrs. Popenoe believe in children. They have four sons

as told by Doctor
PAUL POPENOE to CYRIL VANDOUR

DR. PAUL POPENOE, DIRECTOR OF THE LOS ANGELES INSTITUTE OF FAMILY RELATIONS, IS AN AUTHORITY ON SEX AND MARITAL PROBLEMS. HE TELLS WHY MOVIE MARRIAGES FAIL BUT DOESN'T BLAME STARS

THE marital ventures of George Brent and Constance Worth, June Lang and Vic Orsatti, Martha Raye and Buddy Westmore—to mention just three recent cases—busted up a few days—or was it hours or minutes?—after they said "I do." This is no new or unusual phenomenon in the conjugal tragic-comedy of Hollywood, which you've been following in MOTION PICTURE's Talkie Town Tattler, and in the Hollywood column of your newspaper.

The hitching and unhitching of the screen's glittering heartthrobs and lesser lights, the switching of love partners, the romantic antics and vagaries, matrimonial rifts and renovations of our glamour gals and boys make the favored reading of our conventional world.

Why is it that people who are specialists of love on the screen make such a mess of their own love lives in private life? Are the movie stars merely suffering from the unconventional conditions imposed upon by their profession? Why can't the stars stay married? These were the questions I had in mind when I went to see Dr. Paul Popenoe, the famed director of the Los Angeles Institute of Family Relations, and asked him to give us the scientific lowdown on the matrimonial situation in Hollywood. By Hollywood, of course, we should understand not a fine residential suburb of Los Angeles, where thousands of families lead normal lives in no way different from suburbia elsewhere in the country, but a certain social and occupational class engaged in the making of motion pictures.

Dr. Popenoe conducts the largest and most successful marriage clinic in the world. His is a big name in the scientific literature of modern sex and family problems. He is a former editor of the *Journal of Heredity,* executive secretary of the American Social Hygiene Association, visiting professor at Teachers College, Columbia University, and author of numerous books and monographs.

Buddy Westmore-Martha Raye marriage lasted but a few weeks



CAN'T STAY IN LOVE

His books include, *Modern Marriage: A Handbook, The Conservation of the Family, Problems of Human Reproduction. The Child's Heredity, Collected Papers on Eugenic Sterilization in California. Applied Eugenics* (in collaboration with Dr. R. H. Johnson, who is associated with him in the Institute of Family Relations). Many of his works have been translated into foreign languages. He is married, has four sons, and has had an unparalleled opportunity to study sex and marital problems in Hollywood.

"LET me state at the outset," he told me, "that I am not in sympathy with the high-powered denunciation of Hollywood that emanates from certain sections of our nation. We should not blame the movie stars for their many divorces and marriages. If we killed off all the present-day stars and replaced them by an entirely new group of players, the divorce rate in Hollywood would be the same. Movie folk are confronted by peculiar problems, not shared by the rest of society. And society should sympathize with them to establish solid, substantial homes, instead of ridiculing and denouncing them. They are not different from the rest of us in their desire to have and maintain a happy, normal domestic life, with children and all the other responsibilities that go with it. Quite a few of them have succeeded in doing that. Let me remind you of the Gary Coopers, Joel McCreas, Harold Lloyds, Fred Stones, Eddie Cantors, Chester Morrises, Edward G. Robinsons, Bing Crosbys, Don Ameches, Edward Arnolds, Joe E. Browns, Fredric Marches, Leslie Howards. But the majority of them are seriously handicapped in this respect, and make erratic lovers, wives and husbands."

Continuing his outspoken discussion of movieland's romantic merry-go-round, he said:

"The fundamental cause of most broken homes, in Hollywood or elsewhere, is sexual maladjustment between the wife



A speedy courtship and marriage failed for the George Brents



June Lang-Vic Orsatti had a brilliant wedding. It didn't take

and husband. People who are perfectly adjusted to each other sexually do not seek separation. Frequently the discordant partners themselves do not realize just what is the trouble. But lawyers and judges who hear divorce petitions know that sexual maladjustment is at the bottom of nine out of every ten divorce cases.

"WE HAVE made a special study of marital disharmony among our 30,000 clients, and found that in almost every instance the appearance of conjugal discord was preceded by failure to [*Continued on page* 56]



ERROL FLYNN

It takes a *Perfect Specimen* to enact the *Adventures of Robin Hood.* But Errol has the physical attributes—and the right temperament—to make the bland blade of Sherwood Forest the kind of a guy you had in mind

"I'LL DO IT IF IT KILLS ME!"



By IDA ZEITLIN

WILL SOMEONE PLEASE WRITE JOAN CRAWFORD A PLAY? SHE IS DETERMINED TO GO ON THE STAGE, BUT AFTER READING SCRIPTS FOR THREE YEARS SHE CAN'T FIND THE RIGHT ONE FOR BROADWAY

I'D BEEN told to find out about Joan Crawford's stage plans. I did; and found out at the same time some other things about her which interested me still more.

I'd known little of her, save what I'd heard from other people. And other people tell you such conflicting stories about movie stars that you end by believing none of them. Up to that afternoon, she'd been a name to me. Since that afternoon, she's been a person.

I'm not going to weary you by telling you what kind of person. Adjectives have been used and abused till they've ceased to mean much. Instead, I'll try to show her to you as I saw her that day, and leave you to draw your own conclusions, as I drew mine.

I started out, feeling grateful. Between the request for an interview and the interview itself, you're prepared to wait days and sometimes weeks. Joan had been told that this was an emergency. "Come this afternoon," she had said.

When I arrived on the set, she was rehearsing a scene for *Mannequin*, with Spencer Tracy. Her hair was brushed back, and bound by a narrow ribbon. She wore a plain, dark blue dress and carried a plain little handbag. The picture takes her through poverty to splendor, and this was one of the early scenes.

They were ready for the take, and Joan dashed to the dressing-table to fix her hair. "Where's your maid?" someone asked.

She laughed. "At school. Sounds silly, doesn't it? But that's where she is. Graduates today."

The girl had been taking a course in beauty treatments when Joan interviewed her for the job. Joan liked her, engaged her, and arranged that she should have her afternoons off till the course was completed.

The scene over, she started toward me, waylaid on the brief trip by half-a-dozen people. She answered questions, exchanged pleasantries, acknowledged introductions.

"Where you all from, honey?" drawled a Southern voice behind us, as she dropped into a chair.

"I—alls from San Antone," murmured Joan absently. "But that doesn't help you much, does it?" she chuckled.

"Well, it won't take me [*Continued on page* 57]

YOU SAW THE HEADLINES, DIDN'T YOU?

NOTED COMIC WILL GIVE UP HEART-BREAKING TRAMP TO PLAY "STRAIGHT" IN HIS NEXT FILM. AND HE WILL TALK OUT LOUD!

CHAPLIN TO QUIT FAMED DUMB ROLE

By HARRY LANG

THE NEWS flashed across the country's newspapers, just the other day. Was reprinted in London, Paris, the world over. It started talk and interest aplenty, for Chaplin is still one of the gods of the Hollywood Olympus.

But believe me, whatever talk the news started in the outlands, it was nothing—NOTHING, mind you!—compared to the storm of babble and chatter it launched right in Hollywood itself. Hollywood at once wanted to know the answers to two questions: First— "Is it true?"

In this story, I'll answer that question as well as it can be answered now. Chaplin's own press-agent issued a half-baked sort of denial a day or two after the news broke. But in Hollywood, nobody paid any attention whatever to the formal statements from Charlie's studio. You see, Hollywood has learned one fact, by this time: that is, that Chaplin's studio officials are usually the last persons in Hollywood to know what Chaplin is going to do. They admit it.

The real factual answer to "Is it true?" is that even Charlie doesn't know. He hasn't made up his mind, yet. And that brings me to Hollywood's other question:

"What in hell is Charlie's big idea, going "straight," and talking? What's biting the man? Howcum?"

And to give you the answer to that, I've got to take you with me on a little jaunt to here and there. . . .

First, over to Catalina Island's famous Isthmus—gathering-place of the movie big-shots and crowds of hangers-on. This was just a week-end ago, as I write this story. A sunny Sunday afternoon. Crowds about the cafe, with its big open porch. A little group arrives—a vivaciously, stunningly pretty

[*Continued on page* 58]



The genius that is Chaplin stemmed from his wistful tramp



Striking the pose of a torch singer, hotcha hands and all, Irene demonstrates how she'll turn on the heat of a snappy performance in *The Awful Truth*. Tall, dark 'n' handsome Cary Grant is her big HONEY SUGAR this time

IRENE DUNNE

"THE





Vivian Cole, 18 (left), is the ace beauty of the chorus. Vera Zorina (right), is the ballerina of film

GOLDWYN FOLLIES"

A ballet ensemble (below) and Heidi Vosseler (right), most beautiful ballet dancer







The charmer at left with a glass of champagne is Helen Jepson, one of the Metropolitan song-birds. She makes her film debut in *The Goldwyn Follies*. Above and at the right are several sturdy-limbed members of the American Ballet. That's Vera Zorina practicing a high kick



PUNCH--AND JUDY

By GLADYS HALL

HERE'S THE VERY FIRST INTERVIEW WITH JUDY GARLAND, THE NEW CHILD WONDER OF HOLLYWOOD. CALLED THE NEXT "RED HOT MAMA" BY SOPHIE TUCKER, JUDY CAN PUT PUNCH INTO A SONG





The theatre is in my blood . . . I want to act

SHE still takes her Teddy Bear to bed with her. She puts her dolls to bed every night of her life.

Sophie Tucker (who ought to know) predicts that Judy Garland will be the next "red hot mama."

She is a sort of "nut brown maid," with dark hair and dark-brown eyes and rose-tan skin. She looks healthy and happy and wise without being sophisticated.

She adores the funny papers, with *Little Orphan Annie* nosing out the spinach-strong *Pop-Eye* for her vote.

She reads "anything medical," her most recent favorites being *An American Doctor's Odyssey, I Was A Probationer, Hospital Nocturne* and *The Green Light.* She also read *Gone With The Wind* and Noel Coward's *Present Indicative.*

She reads all of the fan magazines. She is a ping-pong champion, beating the neighbor kids without much effort. She rides horseback, plays baseball, golf and tennis, the piano. She draws. She mimics other actors and actresses. She makes fudge. [*Continued on page* 59]



ANN DVORAK

Ann gives notice that she is back in the whirl of the movie merry-go-round (it broke down for a time) by riding a painted hoss on *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round*. All her friends hope that she stays in the saddle for keeps



ROBERT TAYLOR

With a turtle-neck sweater and an eye-catching sports coat, Bob will show the English how a Yank at Hollywood dresses for the old college "try" in *Yank at Oxford*. Bob has London girls a-swooning

THE NEW CLOTHES LINES



Jean Parker, appearing in *The Barrier*, knows one must own a reefer even if it's briefer to be in fashion's swing. Above, Jean wears a double-breasted grey kidskin

Swagger models are also featured in the new clothes lines. Right, Jean Parker wears a grey Persian Lamb



New clothes lines are high, wide and handsome and Jean Parker, below, cuts a handsome figure in her high-waisted, wide-skirted white double chiffon dance frock

If great grandmamma's trunk is still in the attic maybe you can find an old taffeta robe-de-style like Jean's at the bottom. It's new







For less formal afternoons, June Lang selects a black crepe frock, below, with brief sleeves. A deep vestee of tiny white satin ruffles, a rhinestone clip at the throat and unusual shirred pockets are the highlights of this new frock from J. W. Robinson and Co.



Princess lines are not new but you can be someone's new (or not so new) princess by wearing an evening dress like Jean Parker s on the opposite page. Jean's is fashioned of gold lame and is laced at the bodice and base of the decolletage with cords of same material

Included in June Lang's new clothes line for winter is an afternoon dress, above, of black matelasse crepe in a rich pattern. The bodice is draped softly and the waist is ensconced in a belt of the same material tied in front. The sleeves are modified bells. June will be seen shortly in Fox's *Ali Baba Goes To Town*

Right, June Lang chooses a black silk velvet evening gown for important occasions. The full-skirted, lace-edged dress has all the romantic grace of a crinoline, yet is definitely new in feeling. White lace, finely pleated, emphasizes the quaint neckline and lies inside a second ruffle of the velvet





Olivia de Havilland has the role of *Maid Marian* opposite Flynn. At far right a couple of *Robin Hood's* merry men in a jousting bout

"ROBIN HOOD" IN COLOR, DIALOGUE AND SOUND IS BEING MADE — WITH ERROL FLYNN IN ROLE FAIRBANKS MADE FAMOUS 15 YEARS AGO!

By CAROL CRAIG

A NEW ROBIN HOOD—







A FEW nights ago, in Hollywood, the Filmarte Theatre presented a silent picture made fifteen years ago. While up and down Vine Street and along the Boulevard, other, newer pictures glimmered in half-empty theatres, this gray film of yesteryear played to Standing Room Only.

It was *Robin Hood,* starring Douglas Fairbanks.

Actors, directors, writers, just plain fans—all were represented in that audience. All were there for a rendezvous with a memory . . . a memory of movie make-

believe that they once thought could never be duplicated, much less surpassed . . . a memory that would not die as so many movie memories died.

Never, in all English literature, had there been a tale with the ageless appeal of *Robin Hood.* And never again, no matter how many times it tried, could Hollywood improve on Douglas Fairbanks' telling of the tale. So they had been saying to themselves for fifteen years.

Now someone was trying to challenge their belief Warners were starring Errol Flynn in *The Adventures of Robin Hood.*

And here they were, sentimental die-hards, in the Filmarte Theatre, intent on convincing themselves anew that, as *Robin Hood,* the Douglas Fairbanks-of-fifteen-years-ago could never have an equal. Here they were, watching a well-remembered old film unreel once more.

The story was as memorable as ever, as memorable as it *has* been for eight centuries. The acting was excellent, the costumes were convincing, the sets had grandeur. But something was wrong. Fairbanks had the athletic agility, the dash and the recklessness of youth. Yet, unmistakably, he also had the stockiness of early middle age. Strange, they hadn't noticed that fifteen years ago. That, and the fact that he *wasn't* a towering man, impressive in height as in everything else.

But such inconsequential things could be overlooked. Something else couldn't. Something that *was* overlooked fifteen years ago. This epic of 1922 lacked three things that even the tritest quickie has in 1937. Voices. Sounds. Mood-music.

And if ever a story cried to be photographed in color, it is the tale of the merry men in Lincoln green who roamed the glades of *Sherwood Forest.* Yet this picture was in varying tones of





Far left, Errol (*Robin Hood*) Flynn, Director William Keighley, Patric (*Will Scarlet*) Knowles on location. Left and right, Errol Flynn in character and costumes. Above, a group of *Robin Hood's* merry warriors practicing archery for battle scenes

gray, and gray alone. They came out of that theatre, those sentimental die-hards, convinced that memory had hypnotized them, played pranks on them. They came out willing—more than willing—to see how the movies can tell the story of *Robin Hood* today. They came out talking about the possibilities.

But they didn't sense all of the possibilities. They couldn't. They weren't close to the company making the picture. The company was five hundred miles away. [*Continued on page* 60]



Perching high as a comedienne with a flair for drama is Marie Wilson now in *The Great Garrick*



Tamara Geva, gifted dancer of New York musicals, struts her stuff in *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round*

Charlie McCarthy, champ ladies' man, enjoys necking party with Andrea Leeds, the champ kisser

CHOICE MORSELS OF GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

■ Growing more sophisticated are Shirley Temple's comebacks nowadays, as compared with the "kute kiddie kracks" of her earlier screen years. Examples:

1. In the midst of a conversation with Shirley on the set of *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* the other day, veteran actor William Demarest found himself suddenly unable to control what's commonly called a burp. Control gone, Demarest burped burpishly. With an arch-lift of the eyebrows, Shirley grinned wickedly, merely remarked: "My, my, Mister Demarest—your SHOES must be too tight!"

2. Contemplating a fan-gift she'd just received, of a couple of pure white hens in a crate, Shirley was asked by a studio attache if she was going to get a rooster to keep the hens company. "I don't know," replied Shirley, "if I can get one a-rooster-cratic enough for those hens."

My, oh, my, oh, my . . . !!!

Goodbye Little Doggie!

■ Andrea Leeds still doesn't know whom the little white dog belonged to . . . All she knows is that one afternoon, as she drove up to her Brentwood Heights home after a day's work at Sam Goldwyn's movie factory, the little white dog jumped on her running-board, and barked and yapped its way into her heart. Then, duly petted, it ran off. Next day, the same thing happened. It got to be a regular occurence. And then came the afternoon the little white dog didn't show up. In a moment, Andrea knew why—a little, still white bundle, lying in the gutter before her house. It was the dog—evidently struck by a hit-and-run driver.

It wasn't dead. It licked her hand as she ran to it. Andrea put it in her car, drove hell-for-leather to the nearest small-animal hospital. Then, that night, she canvassed the entire neighborhood, hunting the dog's owner. But after she'd tried every house in a more-than-a-mile radius of her own home, she still hadn't found the owner. Next day, the hospital called her, told her the dog had died. Andrea took the little body, bought a plot in the Los Angeles Pet Cemetery for it, had it buried in a tiny coffin with a tiny headstone. But still, Andrea doesn't know to whom the little dog belonged.

It Can't Wiggle Out!

■ Your sees-all-tells-all-knows-all reporter has just discovered what Myrna Loy keeps in that safety deposit vault she rents in a Los Angeles bank. It's the blond wig she wore in her first motion picture role—in *What Price Beauty.*

Jar of Jam

■ You needn't get excited about this—BUT before she married Gene Raymond, Jeanette MacDonald's initials spelled JAM. NOW they spell JAR!

THE TALK OF



Parlor Stuff

■ It seems that Nelson Eddy has just discovered that he can tie up a well-known song title with each of several gals he calls his screen favorites. For instance: Eleanor Powell's song-title is "Dancing Lady." For Joan Crawford, it's "Sophisticated Lady." Down the list—Jeanette MacDonald, "With a Song In My Heart"; Janet Gaynor, "Sweet and Lovely"; Myrna Loy, "Beautiful Lady"; Sophie Tucker, "Some of These Days"; Lupe Velez, "Turn On the Heat."

And—oh, yes!—for Greta Garbo: "Silent Night!"

H'm! How would Nelson *know . . .?*

Horseshoe Over Door?

■ And your dares-to-tell-EVERYthing Hollywood reporter just can't leave Nelson Eddy without revealing to the palpitating world that in all of his M-G-M pictures, he has always carried a four-leaf clover for good luck.

Seers and Shushes

■ Snicker-of-the-Month is on Anita Louise and her mother. Seems that both Anita and Mama are fortune-teller-goers-toers. But more than that—they're rival fortune-teller-finders. Each is always trying to find a better one than the other—and when she does, she keeps his identity, name, address, etc., secret.

Recently, Anita came home glowing with the pride of discovery. She told her mother at length of the wonderful new seer she'd found—what all he'd told her—the most amazingly intimate family secrets! But she wouldn't tell the prophet's name. Mother gnashed teeth in envy.

How Fortunes Are Told

■ But the following week, it came Anita's mother's turn to gloat. This time, she had discovered a perfectly amazing astrologer, crystal-gazer, or what-is-it. He'd told her family secrets, off-hand, that equalled the intimate revelations of Anita's discovery! And mama, for her turn, refused to tell Anita who HER discovery was. It's been that way for several weeks now. Anita and mama, each, go to their respective wonder-seer; each comes home and gloats to the other. And each is frantically trying to find out who the other's fortune-teller is.

Well, here's the answer: Unbeknownst to the other, they've BOTH been going to the SAME fortune teller! He's simply been getting family secrets from one, retelling them to the other! And not until Anita and mama read this will they know it.

Fawncy their chagrin . . .!

1947 Release

■ By the time young Jon Dodd is ten years old, he'll be able to sit back in a movie projection chamber, and see the story of his own life—in two hours. Jon is the son of Claire Dodd and hubby J. Milton Strauss. Claire takes 100 feet of movie film of young Jon's play and behavior and so on, at the first of every month. By 1947, the film will constitute a two-hour show, into which young Jon's first ten years will be concentrated.

HOLLYWOOD





They're still picking *Scarlett O'Haras* for *Gone With the Wind.* Paulette Goddard is new entry



Ann Miller, Frisco night-club dancer of *Stage Door,* may succeed Ginger Rogers—who has gone dramatic

Tyrone Power, disciple of tender kisses, gives Alice Faye a demonstration of samples *In Old Chicago*

THE TALK OF

Pipe the Lydy

■ Pained oh, so pained!—is Binnie Barnes over the skepticism with which Hollywood views her pipe-smoking. "Publicity gag," snorts cynically contemptuous Hollywood. "Nothing of the kind," rages Binnie; "it's on the level. I do like to smoke; I don't like cigarettes; a lady can't smoke cigars—therefore, the pipe."

Binnie doesn't light her pipe in public—yet. She says she may, later, but for the present, she confines her pipe-smoking to her private life. It's not a regular briar, nor even a corncob, but a pipe specially made for her by a London pipemaker. It's a tiny thing, with a swan-like neck. Binnie even insists that in the future, women will go in for pipes in a big way, and every woman will have her personal, custom-made pipe, with individual decorations.

Gurgle—Gurgle

■ Note on Hangover from Infancy:—Irene Dunne just loves to have celluloid ducks—and toys carved of floating soap floating about her tub when she bathes. . . ! Now how about it, Irene, adding some water lilies and a small sailboat for atmosphere?

Don't Eat the Thorns

■ Talking about Irene—she positively does NOT like cactus candy. Yet she paid $3.87 for a box of it the other day. It happened when the mailman delivered a parcel, sent by first-class mail from somewhere in New Mexico without a return address—but the sender had forgotten to put stamps on. The postage-due amounted to the $3.87. Out of sheer curiosity as to what was in the parcel. Irene paid the $3.87. Then she opened it—and found it a fan-gift of several pounds of the cactus candy.

Colossal

■ As your pet Hollywood snooper-into-things writes this item, Shirley Temple's mother is busily buying prints of every two-reel comedy in which Shirley appeared in her younger pre-stardom days. They're being added to the already-colossal "achievement library" in Shirley's home—a collection which will show, graphically, Shirley's entire public career.

When completed, it will include a print of every foot of movie film in which Shirley ever appeared—all her professional pictures, as well as hundreds of feet of 16 mm. film shot on her travels.



Sandra Storme, new Paramounter, is considered the most beautiful model in the country. Any arguments?

Jean Parker, rivaling Lana Turner as Hollywood's Sweater Girl, joins the horsey set. Next? *The Barrier*

Johnny Davis, trumpeter with Waring's Pennsylvanians, remains in Hollywood as new Warner "find" for comedy relief



Mamo Clark, real Honolulu number, who knows a hula from a uke, displays her charms in *Wallaby Jim of the Islands*





HOLLYWOOD



Virginia Grey, having served as chorine and dancer, props herself for stardom. She's now in *Rosalie*

Too, there are bound-in-leather copies of the shooting scripts of her film plays; complete wardrobes she wore in her pictures; files of all the production and off-stage "stills" ever shot of her, clippings *ad infinitum*, and many other articles.

Incidentally, Anthony Ugrin, the 20th Century-Fox photographer who has been assigned to "cover" Shirley ever since she started stardom there, has to date shot more than 10,000 negatives of Shirley . . . !!!

McCarthy, Blockhead of Arts

■ Wonder if Bing Crosby feels so proud of that Ph. D. degree he got from Gonzaga University, when he realizes that at the same time, Northwestern University had awarded a special degree to—of ALL things!—Charlie McCarthy, admittedly the outstanding blockhead in Hollywood.

Ain't Hollywood Wunnaful, Ma?

■ In the background of her Beverly Hills home, Rosalind Russell has had a fishpond built. In the fishpond, she keeps a dozen huge bullfrogs. She says their croaking, at night, is her cure for insomnia.

. . . Fay Wray has painted the doorknobs and electric light switches throughout her house with luminous paint, so she can find 'em in the dark.

. . . the bar in the playroom of her home is Kay Linaker's reminder of the time she was brunette for a half day. She painted it herself, dark brown. The can of paint tipped from the top of the bar, fell on Kay's head. It took her a half day's beauty-parlor treatments to get the stain out of her blonde locks.

. . . on the front (and only) door of Joan Marsh's new penthouse is a patent lock that works via the doorknob. Inspecting the penthouse one night recently before it was finished, Joan started to leave. The doorknob came off in her hand. She couldn't get out until after a half-hour's frantic waving out of windows had attracted attention and help.

. . . most amazing cat-cote and dog-boudoir in Hollywood are, respectively, those at the Basil Rathbone's and Mary Boland's . . . the Rathbone cat-cote, home for Gina and Gita, the Rathbone cats, is built on a pole five feet off the ground, is felt-lined, painted sky-blue and white—and has two cedar beds inside! The Mary Boland canine boudoir is a tiny room in Mary's home, for her three Pekinese dogs—a white one, a black one and a golden-haired one. There's a separate bed for each dog. [*Continued on page 78*]

With Hollywood taking to ranches, Carole Lombard shows saddle room of her "diggings." Note wooden horses



The personable Annabella of French and English films, is finally in Hollywood for 20th-Fox. She says it's "ver' okay"



Neil Hamilton, once America's leading collar model, is back in Hollywood after two years abroad. Next? *Portia on Trial*



or an
good
heart
ge 62]

BOYS! MEET GAAL!

By ROGER CARROLL

HERE'S FRANCISKA GAAL (THE HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY IN PERSON) WITH HER FIRST INTERVIEW

THE old wooden ship, shrouded in night and Louisiana fog, rocked gently in the swell of the sea, its wooden joints painfully creaking. Creaking as if in despairing protest against the sinister scene on its center deck, illumined by one dim lantern. There, in front of a plank extended out over the deck rail, stood a half-circle of hard, scarred, brutish-looking men. Louisiana pirates of more than a century ago. In the center of the menacing half-circle stood a small, poignant figure. A girl with taffy-colored hair, in the dress, cap and wooden shoes of a Dutch peasant. She was clutching a little dog in her arms.

She was the last survivor of a sea raid of the pirates. Found hiding below decks, she had been brought forth to go to her doom. Dead girls, like dead men, told no tales.

The grizzled ruffian who had led the raid pointed to the thick board hanging out over the sea. "This plank," he said, "will take you quick to Heaven." Sardonically, he added, "I've never had no complaints."

All eyes were on the girl. Her eyes, glazed by an unspeakable horror, were on the plank. Painfully, tears struggled to their brims. Tears of tragic self-pity, abject despair, youth unwilling to die. Unconsciously, she clung more tightly to her dog, as if she were clinging to life itself.

"No. . . ." From an untapped reservoir of terror, that one word was wrung. "No. . . ." Wrung from youth's love of life.

Slowly, like one in a nightmare, she turned to the man. Slowly, piteously, uncomprehendingly, she asked, "Why do you want me to die? . . ."

Director Cecil B. De Mille, perched on a huge camera crane beyond the plank, called, "Cut! Now, for a close-up!" The spell was broken.

And don't disbelieve me when I say that a spell had been cast over every onlooker of this early scene for *The Buccaneer*, starring Fredric March. This girl, new to everyone there, had by some mysterious magic made all of them share her emotion, forget that this was only make-believe. And pretty melodramatic make-believe, at that. Because she was so real, so life-like, so natural, she had made this moment also real.

I asked her name. The answer was: "Franciska Gaal. She's Hungarian. This is her first American picture. And she'll be a star when it's finished. She has the role opposite March. . . . He saves her after she walks the plank. That's how they meet."

Later, I heard De Mille's description of her: "A million-dollar find!" However, De Mille has been extravagant in his praise of newcomers before. Even though he never [*Continued on page 74*]



KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES

FANS EVERYWHERE ARE KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES. BUCK HAS A SUCCESS STORY THAT'S ENVIED BY HOLLYWOOD



When Buck isn't in work clothes (left) he can be found in store or play clothes with his daughter Maxine (below) and the Missus, Odelle (bottom)





By DOW MARKEY

HUMAN, deep-rooted, sure—these are some of the things you feel about Buck Jones from the time of his firm handshake of greeting until you bid him good-bye as he sits, boylike, in the cockpit of his new 14-passenger, tri-motored airplane.

Disregard, if you can, such superlatives as these:

1. His fan club, the Buck Jones Rangers, with a membership of over 4 million boys—

2. His box-office standing as most popular Western star both in America and Great Britain for over *five years*—

3. His palatial new Spanish hacienda ranch-home in San Fernando valley, with swimming-pool, stables for six horses, peach orchards—

4. His 85-foot sailing yacht, Sartartia, so resplendent in its white beauty that picture companies use it frequently—

5. His new contract with Coronet, releasing through Columbia, to make six super-special action pictures a year to be shown in first-run, key-city theatres—

Disregard all this, and you have a likeable, intelligent hombre who has been knocking around Hollywood, sometimes successfully, sometimes not, for eighteen years—who has been married for longer than that to a lovely blonde —who refuses, flatly, to ballyhoo himself by wearing [*Continued on page* 76]

New Fan Males Of The Hour!

[*Continued from page* 24]

A sure sign of a big build-up in the offing.

Another Warner 1937 find is Johnny Davis, who landed in Hollywood as the "scat" singer with Waring's Pennsylvanians. But the camera said he had something more than whoa-ho-de-ho. He had personality and a grin that made him a pal at first sight. Before *Varsity Show* was half finished, he was signed to add pep and that grin to Warner films for years to come. And, speaking of Johnny Davis, don't forget Fred Waring. The good-looking orchestra leader made such a hit, himself, in *Varsity Show* that he's bound to be back.

AT M-G-M, they're predicting that Alan Curtis will have "a rise to fame as meteoric as Robert Taylor." I quote from M-G-M publicity. Press-agents don't make statements that broad without reason. The reason usually is a nod from the Front Office. The gods seem to be with Alan Curtis, Chicago-born, six feet one, with brown hair and blue eyes. And—single. After high school, he was driving a Chicago taxicab when one of his fares, an ad man, talked him into posing for an ad. That one job led to others, until, eventually, the movie scouts spotted him. After two small roles, he has a big role in *Mannequin,* co-starring Joan Crawford and Spencer Tracy. Joan, in fact, asked for him.

It is an unsympathetic role, this role of Joan's good-looking, but weak husband. However, it is an attention-attracting role. And that is what counts. Ask Clark Gable. He started in unsympathetic roles that attracted attention. And one of them was with Joan Crawford.

Gable himself is partly responsible for another new M-G-M rave—Dennis O'Keefe. Clark noticed this tall-strong-and-silent newcomer playing a bit in *Saratoga* and persuaded the studio to sign him. Up on the schedule came *Bad Man of Brimstone,* first of a new crop of glorified Westerns. The studio needed a "different" type for the hero role. The newcomer "looked the part." But could he act? He could. He grew up in the theatre. His parents were vaudevillians. He has a big opportunity. And M-G-M has big plans for him.

Metro is jammed to the gates with white hopes. Leonard Penn, for instance. He had acting ambitions until he inherited a manufacturing business; then forgot them until he married Gladys George. She talked him into a movie test. He started as Jeanette MacDonald's discarded lover in *The Firefly.* It was a vivid beginning. His future has vivid possibilities.

Henry Daniell is older, considerably older, but that very fact is in his favor. He has the subtle, dangerous fascination of a man of the world, this Englishman who played Garbo's bitter benefactor in *Camille.* Ray Bolger is M-G-M's answer to the question: Where is Fred Astaire's competition coming from? Long famous on Broadway as an eccentric dancing comedian, he made his movie bow in *The Great Ziegfeld;* then, unaccountably, was allowed to return to Broadway. Now M-G-M has realized what it forfeited and has him back, agile feet, Puck-ish personality and all, for *Rosalie.* And this time isn't likely to let him get away. The same goes for Reginald Gardiner, whose facial gymnastics have prostrated Broadway for several seasons. He stole his first picture, *Born to Dance,* with a brief bit as a zany cop conducting an invisible orchestra in a park. He got away before the picture was previewed. Now Hollywood has captured him again.

Tom Rutherfurd (he spells it with two u's)—who gave up news reporting in Richmond, Va., to go to drama school—is now news himself. His first two roles have been small, but they will grow. Brent Sargent is a local boy. In three and a half years, he played every role in the perennial local play, *The Drunkard,* except the leading role. When he got around to that, he was discovered immediately. He started in *My Dear Miss Aldrich.* Boyd Crawford—graduate of the drama school of Carnegie Tech, Little Summer Theatres and Broadway juvenile roles—is a brand-new and promising arrival. So is Roger Converse—graduate of Stanford, a drama school and Little Theatres.

Nelson Eddy and Allan Jones having proved profitable investments, M-G-M is building up other he-men singers. Charles Gorin, known on the radio as Igor Gorin—whose singing was one of the high spots of *Broadway Melody of 1938* and the reason why Robert Taylor didn't sing, as originally intended. Stanley Morner—Wisconsin discovery of Mary Garden, M-G-M's singing coach. So far he has done incidental singing, but he's being groomed for musical comedy. Anthony Marlow—Philadelphia ex-pugilist who is fighting now to make a name for himself as a singing actor. William Geery—a California boy who dug ditches and worked as a lifeguard to pay for singing lessons. Now he's getting acting lessons.

When Freddie Bartholomew walked out of the studio a few months ago, and it looked as if he might not walk back, M-G-M blandly produced another cultured 13-year-old with a British accent—Ronald Sinclair, from far-off New Zealand. He has the role Freddie was to play in *Thoroughbreds Don't Cry.* A big beginning for a small boy. It may lead him to stardom.

YOU haven't yet seen the 1937 masculine find for whom Paramount is holding the torch highest. Rigaud is the name, Rigaud—nothing more, nothing less. He was born Jorge Rigato II in Buenos Aires, son of a wealthy Argentine family. He was educated in England and France. His first job—in Paris—was as an employee in a smart fashion salon. Many professional people went there. They noticed the darkly handsome Argentine. They gave him ideas about trying the movies.

He had played only a few small parts when Director Rene Clair gave him a leading role opposite Annabella in *July 14.* He became famous overnight. Then he became a Continental rage. The Hollywood scouts couldn't miss him. Paramount came out on top in the bidding, and he arrived in July. He will make his American debut opposite Marlene Dietrich if he doesn't make it opposite Marlene's newly-arrived rival, Isa Miranda.

Paramount and 1937 have brought to Hollywood one of the greatest actors of this generation: Oscar Homolka. Not a romantic type, but—an impelling personality. Hungarian-born, he speaks English with an accent. But the mobility and variety of his facial expressions make him eloquent. He arrives on the American screen at the top of the cast of *Ebb Tide.* His future will be full of top billings.

Bob Hope is another almost sure-fire sensation, of a still different order. Young, more handsome than any comedian has a right to be, and a Broadway headliner for years. How Hollywood has passed him by until now is a mystery. He starts by being one of the reasons for seeing *The Big Broadcast of 1938.*

There are other promising new Paramount finds. Lee Bowman—the Cincinnati law student who changed his mind and transferred to drama school. His first big movie break was as Claudette Colbert's jilted fiance in *I Met Him in Paris.* More on the John Payne—from Roanoke, Va., via Columbia University, Juilliard School of Music and summer theatres. Anne Shirley's handsome young husband has so far been limited to acting, but wait until he starts singing, too! Anthony Quinn—another new bridegroom (Katherine De Mille's) and an unusual type. Son of an Irish adventurer and an Aztec princess, he is physically rugged, mentally sensitive. As the martyred lieutenant in *The Last Train from Madrid,* he stole the picture. He may or may not become a star, but he is dangerous company for any star.

John Trent, who gave up a job as a TWA pilot to play movie leading men. And doing very well for himself. Ray Middleton—from radio, who had offers simultaneously from Paramount and the Metropolitan Opera. He is now "being groomed." So is John Patterson, who was soliciting ads for a New York newspaper when he walked into a Paramount executive's office and a movie offer.

Even British nobility is represented among new finds. Michael Brooke is the seventh Earl of Warwick. Handsome in that reserved British way, a fine athlete, a fluent linguist, a world traveler, he has possibilities for young-sophisticate roles. Soft-pedaling his title and his wealth, he is working hard to have a movie career in spite of them. Gustav Wally is a tall Viking from the Stockholm stage. As soon as he learns his English, the ballyhoo begins. Be listening for it.

AT RKO-Radio, the new white hope is Burgess Meredith. He is the finest young actor to come from Broadway in years. Some critics say he is the best on the stage. But the very quality of his acting may stand in the way of his becoming a quick screen sensation, just as the same thing once stood in the way of Paul Muni. Most quick screen sensations are people who sell their own personalities to audiences. Meredith submerges his own personality in his performances, makes you accept him as the characters he plays. He is now back on Broadway submerging in personality in Maxwell Anderson's *The Star Wagon.*

His first picture, *Winterset,* was a work of art—but moviegoers stayed away from it by the millions. It was "heavy." His second picture, *There Goes the Groom,* is amusing, but trivial. Movie audiences haven't yet had a real chance to become Meredith-conscious. But the time will come.

1937 also brought to Hollywood—from Vienna—Anton Walbrook. More of a romantic type, he rose above the material he had in his American debut, *Michael Strogoff,* the melodrama to end all melodramas. Since then he has been in England, playing Albert to Anna Neagle's Victoria in the British-

made RKO picture, *Victoria the Great*. But he will be back. And welcome.

One of the few literally new screen faces in *New Faces of 1937* was that of Milton Berle. And Mrs. Berle's big boy, Milton, fooled everybody. He wasn't himself—the professional Broadway smart-aleck, the specialist of the wisecrack. He played a harassed young yes-man. And, moreover, got away with it. He tucked the picture under one arm and a long-term contract under the other. You will be seeing more of him.

The tragic scarcity of new comedians makes William Brisbane another important find. From Hamilton, Ohio, by way of Broadway, he has a knack for playing insipid lads who are unconsciously laughable. He hasn't been idle since his start in *Shall We Dance*. Alan Bruce—from Milwaukee—is something else again. A collar-ad model along he-man lines, who stepped into his first screen role (in *Meet the Missus*) without so much as an hour of stage experience behind him. He has been in five pictures since.

William Corson, handsome Seattle six-footer, was everything from an office-boy to a longshoreman before he hitch-hiked to New York in search of work, became a victim of chronic starvation and finally a photographer's model. He saw Alan Curtis go off to Hollywood, and, a few weeks later, had his own Hollywood chance. He has been in fourteen pictures since. They're giving him screen experience in a hurry. They have big plans for him.

Vinton Haworth—from Washington, D. C.—who is the handsomest young heavy in films today. Someday, someone in Hollywood is going to discover that he was a radio rage as romantic Jack Arnold on the "Myrt and Marge" program. Then watch the build-up! . . . Jack Carson—six-feet-two Canadian—who crashed the movies the hard way: by the extra route, after years of Little Theatre training. It's paying dividends now.

And don't overlook Glenn Morris. After testing most of the good-looking athletes in America, Sol Lesser chose Morris, the Olympic decathlon champion, to play *Tarzan* in a new series of Edgar Rice Burroughs epics—with Eleanor Holm Jarrett as his mate. Morris may never win the Academy Award, but he may become "big box-office." And if he does, he will automatically be a star. That's one of the rules of the movie game.

COLUMBIA, which used to borrow most of its talent in its younger days, is a big studio now, and is developing its own talent. Consider the new Columbia finds of 1937:

Don Terry—six-feet-three, and thrice intercollegiate heavyweight box champ. (His college, believe it or not, was Harvard.) He saw Hollywood briefly in silent days, leaving it to see the world. He finally settled on Broadway, where, last January, Columbia discovered him. He's in for a build-up as a two-fisted hero. So is Charles Quigley, curley-haired six-footer from New Britain, Conn., who received stage boosts from Mary Nash, Walter Hampden and Ethel Barrymore and thereby landed in the talent scouts' laps.

Donald Grayson—discovered singing in a Chicago cafe by none other than Harry Cohn, president of Columbia, and now scheduled for an acting future. Allen Brook—Born Joe Allen, Jr., in Boston, the son of an actor. This slender six-footer (all the new star-timber grows tall!) has a lifetime of theatrical ambition behind him and a promising future ahead of him. And Frank C. Wilson—picked out of college theatricals (at Amherst) to be a screen juvenile.

NEW Universal was the only studio willing to give Deanna Durbin a chance. She was a star after one picture. Now New Universal announces that it is going to give many another newcomer a chance to become a star.

On its roll-call is a twenty-three-year-old cowboy straight from an Arizona ranch, named Bob Baker. He has the looks, he knows how to handle himself on a horse, has even won a few rodeo prizes, and—he can sing. Nobody expects a cowboy star to be an actor. But these days audiences like him to be a singer. (Ah, there, Gene Autry!) If you live out where the cowboy sagas play, be on the lookout, pardner, for Bob Baker.

Be on the lookout, too, for William Lundigan—six-feet-two, and so handsome that when he recently played the likable Other Chap with Irene Hervey, she said, "He doesn't *look* like the loser." His father owned a radio station in Syracuse, N. Y., and Bill announced over it, and talent scouts picked him out of the air. Robert Wilcox, after college (U. S. C.) worked at everything from bodyguarding to candy-selling for two years afterward, then decided to become an actor. He studied at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, but was "discovered" 3,000 miles away in a Little Theatre in Buffalo, N. Y. He's the all-American type of young lover.

John King—who used to sing with Ben Bernie's band, got his movie start in a serial and stepped from that into the lead in *The Road Back*. A bit on the Joel McCrea order, John is, but taller and, perhaps, handsomer. Larry Blake—a mimic from the night-clubs, whose facial versatility will take him far. Jack Dunn—who, by way of variety, is an English six-footer and, in case you have forgotten, the 1936 Olympic skating champion. If you know what Sonja Henie can do on skates, you have an idea of what Jack is capable of doing. The only hold-up to this twenty-year-old's screen career is "the right story."



After *The Great Ziegfeld*, Ray Bolger returned to New York for *On Your Toes*. Now he's back in Hollywood for *Rosalie*

AT 20TH CENTURY-FOX, George Sanders is the principal new masculine cause for excitement. An imposing specimen—he stands six-feet-three and weighs 215 pounds—he was born in St. Petersburg, Russia, in 1906 of English parents. In school in England, he was an odd mixture of boy-inventor and interscholastic boxing champion. Afterward, he was a tobacco planter in South America. Six months later, he had an acting career. He appeared in a series of London musicals, then was lured into British pictures, in which Darryl Zanuck sighted him.

Sanders started his American screen career as Madeleine Carrol's cynical, ne'er-do-well husband in *Lloyd's of London*..

Also watch Dick Baldwin—a good-looking St. Louis boy, son of a carnival showman. The movies found him in stock, used him in three quickies, then forgot he existed. As a last hopeless gesture, before heading home a failure, he made one more test—and landed the romantic lead in *Life Begins at College*. Now he is Simone Simon's love interest in *Love and Hisses*.

Robert Lowery—boyishly rugged, or ruggedly boyish, who was born in St. Louis, but grew up in California, where talent scouts found him in Little Theatre plays. Robert Kellard—born in Los Angeles of theatrical parents, who advised him to start in stock. He took the advice, and now the movies have taken *him*. Kenneth Howell—also born in Los Angeles, only 19 now, and the eldest boy in the ever-more-popular "Jones Family." Douglas Scott—the 12-year-old Seattle youngster whose acting poise embarrasses adult troupers. Wally Vernon—son of thespians, who turned down offers of movie gangster roles, because he wanted to play comedians, which he *is* playing, very deftly.

AND last but not least, there is Tommy Kelly. He is one boy out of twenty-five thousand. Freddie Bartholomew was one out of ten thousand.

The same man who launched the search for a boy-unknown to play *David Copperfield* (because he felt that he would have a boy-star afterward), last year started a similar search to find an unknown to play *Tom Sawyer* (and for the same reason). The man's name is David O. Selznick.

In New York's crowded Bronx, in St. Raymond's School, 750 boys passed in front of a Selznick scout. Out of the 750, he picked a tousled-headed youngster with a glint in his Irish-blue eyes. A youngster named Tommy Kelly. The scout asked him what his father did. Worked on PWA. Tommy had never acted in his life, and he had a Bronx accent. But the scout tested him anyway, and sent the test on to Selznick. Selznick by this time had looked over 25,000 boyish faces. He was jaded, discouraged. Then he saw Tommy's test. He shouted, "We've found him!"

It took ten weeks to strip Tommy Kelly of his Bronx accent, then ten weeks to make the picture—in color, with a budget of a million dollars. In twenty weeks, an unknown youngster was lifted from the sidewalks of New York to a hilltop in Hollywood, from having nothing to having everything. That's how quickly stars can be born—sometimes.

Little Girl—Big Voice

[*Continued from page 26*]

that have certainly not had much attention from film producers, novelists, theatrical producers in the past decade or so. Blame the World War for this condition, if you want.

One female organization went so far as to enter in its club minutes the name of Durbin as a "wholesome influence and a model for young American girls to copy." Don't ask us which one it was because we didn't save the item, but the fact remains that as a Force for Good Deanna is right up there in front. Already the Durbin Cult grows. Girls' dresses are being named for her, ski suits, dressing-gowns (there's a pink cotton with raised polka-dots that she's dotty about), hats, plus other hand-picked articles. But no cosmetics. Her astute manager, Jack Sherrill, has already turned down thousands of dollars offered for Deanna's cosmetic testimonials.

OF COURSE the same publicity machine that made Coogan caps and Temple frocks, et cetera, household names is at work on Durbin. But there is this difference. The machine worked with kids, endorsing childish things. Deanna approaches maturity. She has a world of fans, her age, who have the choice of aping, in clothes and make-up, either the glamor girls or Deanna. A surprising number choose Durbin. There's something consoling in the thought.

There is usually a reason for a phenomenon such as the little Durbin. Many people who know Deanna, including her studio school-teacher, Mrs. Mary West, who is appointed by Los Angeles' Board of Education and the all-powerful State Welfare Board, agree that environment has had a great deal to do with Deanna's normal, balanced development. Her family is conservative, well-bred. Then, too, she is the last child of elderly parents. Deanna's sister, Mrs. Edith Heckman, also a Los Angeles school-teacher, is twice Deanna's age. "You know what it often means when a child is born of a mother and father who are no longer young," says Mrs. West. "Records show that a high percentage of geniuses have been children of elderly parents." Deanna was born December 4, 1922. Within a year the family of four moved from Canada to California, where Durbin, *pere,* continued his stock brokerage acitvities.

Fame has meant little to Deanna except, as she says, "it's another kind of fun." She still loathes breakfast, likes to sleep, play with the black-haired dog Tippy (now three years old), collect turtles, sing. "I don't know how many songs I have in my repertoire," she tells you. "Some I'm learning, some I know, but how many, I couldn't say." *Il Bachio,* the kiss song that won her a radio spot with Eddie Cantor on his CBS program for Texaco, and later a film contract, is no longer her favorite.

"It never was," she says in mild disapproval at adult minds who remember false facts. It had been ten months since Deanna, the enterprising Jack Sherrill and I had lunched in the Universal cafe after her first thunderous film success *Three Smart Girls.* Then, unless my old ears betrayed me, it was *Musette's Waltz* from *La Boheme* and *The Blue Danube Waltz* that the little Durbin hoped to be able to sing for Leopold Stokowski should she have the opportunity. Fate note: They co-starred in her next film, *100 Men And A Girl.*

But no. Her long, brown wavy hair swayed with the negative shake of her head. Even the suede "beanie" cap perched atop her hair couldn't recall a statement to that effect. Ten months . . . Ten months were ten eons when you filled them with voice practice (tutored by the Met's retired Count Andre de Segurola), radio rehearsals, dress fittings, portrait sittings, interviews, rehearsals for film songs (she is learning five new numbers for her third major film *Mad About Music*), film-making, three hours of school five days a week.

IN THE little wooden one-roomed schoolhouse on the Universal lot where Mrs. West teaches under-age starlets such as Nan Gray, Billy Burrud, and Mlle. Durbin, Deanna is considered a conscientious student, able and intelligent. The secret of Deanna's entire success, in the eyes of her teacher, is her exceptional ability to concentrate. She has already completed her studies in Latin.

"Now I'm taking French," Deanna informs you. "After that I shall study Italian, Spanish, German . . . I'll need all those languages for my music. No, I don't know any operas yet; only arias from them. Italian seems so easy to sing and read after studying Latin, but I can't say the same for French. I'm having a little difficulty in learning it."

If Deanna, sitting in the school room at study, clad in sweater, skirt, "bobbie" sox, crepe-soled Oxfords, the eternal *calot* atop her curls, is known as a conscientious student, she is also known as a strong-minded one, too. In fact, if you were to lodge any complaint at all against the one hundred pound starlet you might list obstinacy as it. But it's probably not a bad idea to be tenacious. Many older Hollywood stars with less talent than Deanna have succeeded on that one attribute.

The school room often becomes a clinic of life under the able guidance of Mrs. West.

IT IS not surprising that this talented youngster, recently insured by her studio for half a million dollars, enjoys leaving the make-believe world of the studios for lunch at the corner drug store (to avoid studio cafe autograph seekers) in this genial, matter-of-fact company. Lunch finished, Deanna spends a restful fifteen minutes in the swing in her teacher's sunny backyard near the studio. Says Mrs. West: "I often say I am in the movies, but not *of* them." This sums up her philosophy completely. During Mrs. Durbin's recent ill health Mrs. West acted for five weeks as Deanna's chaperon on location and at the studio. A veteran of thirteen Universal studio years, Mrs. West found it a pleasure.

Chaperoning Deanna must be a cinch. There are few complications; no "boy trouble." Deanna likes boys, never goes out to parties alone with them, meets them in groups, sees much of two boy cousins, one of whom has endowed her with a collection of sixty "swing" records. No, she couldn't tell you her favorite piece, says this tactful young lady. There'll be no chance for later repudiation here. She is no way a provincial. She has been, in big parties, to the Trocadero, Vendome, and the Hollywood show spots. On occasional nights she stays up until midnight if she has been gadding or to a concert; usually she is in bed by nine-thirty, and asleep shortly thereafter.

Anyone entrusted with La Durbin's care would probably talk herself blue in the face to convince the child to eat a larger breakfast. And all that would happen is that Deanna would drink an extra glass of orange or grapefruit juice. "I don't like breakfast," she tells you with dimpled and smiling decision, "but I do like lunch and dinner." After breakfast she'd probably make a tour of her pets, Tippy, the black mutt she bought; two of the three *Three Smart Girl* turtles (one died) and the Eddie Cantor turtle carrying a load of painted flowers and the comic's name on his back. Someone brought "Eddie" to Deanna from the Pomona State Fair. And the parakeet.

Probably the most difficult chore a duenna would face would be keeping the hurricane of rumor and dissension from reaching the little girl's ears. Already, as is customary, the locusts are after the child's reputation. "Why shouldn't she sing well?" the hum is. "She is not fourteen, she is seventeen years old." Remembering that Jackie Cooper in his heyday and Shirley Temple at the beginning of hers, were rumored to be dwarfs, Deanna's omniscient manager, Jack Sherrill, who ranks the little singer as one of his greatest discoveries, only laughs. He has proof of her birth, and he is only awaiting the proper time to wave it under a few noses.

More annoying to Sherrill, who has conducted Deanna's career from its beginning, are the suits (there are three at the moment) of people who as "co-discoverers" of Durbin claim a share in her fortunes. But out of his years of experience in managership he knows how to handle them. Anyway, what is there for him to split? At the end of a cinema year and a half, the child is only drawing $300 a week on a contract that started at $150. A new agreement just negotiated with Universal raises the rate, and gives her a bonus after each film. This new document has five and one-half years to go. Eddie Cantor has forty-five weeks of her exclusive radio time.

IN THE middle of the maelstrom rests the Cause, nibbling at her finger nails when she gets excited, which is every now and then (radio premieres, et cetera), despite her outward appearance of poise. Quite unspoiled, sweet (we're liable to get maudlin) Deanna still looks back upon her appearance at the late Irving Thalberg's dinner at the Trocadero as the most dramatic moment of her life.

"I sat next to Rosa Ponselle," says this embryonic operatic star, "and sang, and the next morning Mr. Thalberg sent me a huge basket of flowers. There were seven dozen American beauty roses," counting them off on her fingers . . . "loads of gladiola, and around the handle were fastened little white orchids—my first orchids. I sat right down and wrote Mr. Thalberg a note thanking him for them, and do you know that he answered, immediately? It wasn't long after that he died . . ." she added in a lower tone.

The critical kudos and women's club compliments may add several feathers to Deanna's cap, as the old saying has it, but a very special feather, it seems, should go to her for staying so happily balanced, amiable and unspoiled in the face of the wholesale admiration that she inspires.

behooves a new father with a baby to think of.

And that, dear reader, is one of the most significant items I could lay before you, to give you the flavor of this yarn. For it shows with what completeness, and what high intensity, Gary is discovering the infinite meanings and ramifications of this new excitement that's entered his life. The big racer used to be one of his greatest off-stage obsessions. He was as excited over it as a kid over the things under the Christmas tree. But precisely like that kid, something new has come to Gary and the car is a "has been." Gary's greatest excitement now is this absolutely, fascinatingly new adventure into which Gary, adventure-lover above everything, has suddenly fallen—fatherhood.

FOR, precisely as you'd expect from the high-hearted, colorful, what's-next-on-life's-program sort of guy Gary is, that's how he approaches fatherhood. Not as a stupid, stolid, staid and dull sort of thing, but as one of the grander thrills life can offer to a man who wants and loves thrills. And as such, Gary's making the most of fatherhood, now that it's his.

Those who have known Gary through the period of his Hollywood stardom are marveling at what the man's doing now that Maria's arrived. Before the baby came, there was betting on the boulevards as to how Gary'd take it—that's Hollywood all over; bet on anything at all, you know. Some there were who insisted that Gary'd just turn a stolid countenance on the whole affair, and shrug it off with a shoulder-lift and a grunt, as he does so many things in life. Others offered to bet he'd go more ga-ga than all the sob sisters in captivity, when his own baby squalled its first hello at him. Still others there were, however, who knew their Gary pretty well. They just sat back and waited, knowing darned well that whatever he did, he'd throw the full flavor of that inimitable Gary personality into it—and that whatever it would be, it'd be *neither* wooden-Indian stuff, nor goo.

And they saw a lot of things that have given Hollywood chuckles and amusement over Gary, as well as a few surprises. They saw, for instance, that in one item, at least, Gary ran true to basic fatherhood form. No expectant papa was ever more jittery than Coop was, during the hours he paced the hospital corridors, waiting until the nurse came out and told him "it's a girl."

They discovered, to their intense amusement, that Gary isn't the dead-panned, taciturn guy he's cracked up to be, when there's really something to excite him. For he's gotten really excited about the new experience in his crowded life—and in that excitement, Gary's as loquacious as you'd want anybody to be. With the enthusiasm that's bred of a new and great thrill, Gary's willing and ready, for one time in his life, to talk at the drop of a hat. In fact, you don't even have to drop a hat. He'll talk about the baby plenty—but NOT for publication.

AND out of one other angle, Hollywood got chuckles: they discovered that no person in the world could possibly have been more embarrassed and fussed than Gary was, when the gang at the studio began pulling "daddy" gags on him, the first day he showed for work in *Marco Polo*, after the baby Maria arrived. The first gag they pulled was to hail him as "papa" or "daddy." Of course that made Gary blush. But that gag soon died of its own absurdity. No man in Hollywood could be less the doting-papa type than Gary. Not even the most determined ribbers could possibly go on calling him "Papa Gary." It just doesn't fit. So they've switched to other ribs—like suggesting names for the baby, and that sort of thing. Or giving him gag presents for the baby—but maybe we'd better not go into details on that. Hollywood ribbers have a bit unpublishable sense of humor, at times.

One development in Gary's mode of living does stand out, however. That is that the boys down at Jim Davis' harness shop, at Cosmo and Selma streets, haven't seen Gary at all since the baby came!

Jim's, you may remember, is the leather-and-saddle-and-boot shop where all the real cowboys in Hollywood gather. It's like the water-hole, or the fence near the cook-shack, back on the range. When they're done with their day's work, all the cowhands and range riders that have drifted into Hollywood to make some of this easy moom-pitcha money, foregather at Jim Davis' joint, because Jim's an old-timer, too. There they sit and talk range-talk by the hour. There, Hollywood caste and position are forgotten—and Gary has always been just another one of the gang, despite stardom. There, hour after hour, day after day, when he wasn't at the studio, Gary used to sprawl and chin with fellow-cowhands, about things that were as far removed from the subjec' of wimmen an' kids as hell is from heaven.

FOR a long time the boys down at Jim's have been wondering (ever since they heard there was a baby due at Gary's) whether it'd make any change in the guy they called "Coop."

Oh, they'll probably have "Coop" back among them, sooner or later. But right now, he's spending his spare time at home, and the boys haven't seen him for weeks. When he does come back, mos' likely he'll want to chin about that kid o' his'n, they speculate. But they don't say it with rancor. They say it with envy.

They'd have laughed to see their hard-boiled "Coop" at the hospital, the night the Baby arrived. The nurses in the maternity division will giggle, from now on, every time they go to a movie and see Gary being cool and calm and imperturbable through any and all screen situations. Because they'll always remember the wild-eyed, jittery, worried guy whose long, lanky legs must have paced off a hundred miles in the corridors. It was a break for Gary that he wasn't all alone that night—Director Frank Capra paced with him, for Capra's wife was there too, awaiting the stork. The Coopers' came first—but not until Gary and Frank had walked and jittered themselves pretty close to a nervous and physical collapse.

The Hollywood chatterers have made much of Gary's ability to make a wisecrack right there at the hospital. It seems that when he first visited the maternity ward, he saw the big sign:

NO CHILDREN ADMITTED

He looked at it quizzically, and then, between teeth that were chattering from nervousness, he japed: "Kinda difficult, ain't it?"

The nurses laughed dutifully, and the press-agents pointed out that that showed how cool and self-possessed was Gary. But the fact is that every daddy-to-be who enters that ward inevitably makes the same wisecrack, in a hey-hi-ho effort to show how calm he is. And the nurses are sick to death laughing at it . . .!

Rocky, feeling grand and proud, is home now, with Baby Maria, in that low, rambling house they live in, out Brentwood way. They've had to add another room to the house. Gary and Rocky are not ostentatious. There's nothing "hollywood" about them—so it wasn't a big house with a lot of extra rooms when they originally built it. It was just a place for two. That's why they had to add the nursery, now. BUT—if you happen to hear or read that they've built on one of those trick Hollywood nurseries—with chromium-plated beds, a dietary laboratory, a clinic, scales, kidnaper alarms, germ-proofed bathrooms and a million other hollywoodish gadgets and whatnots, just skip it. It's not the "hollywood nursery" you see in your nightmares. It's just another bedroom, for Baby Maria to live in.

AS FOR that name. As this is written, it's the only real name the Cooper infant has. Hollywood calls it the baby's "working title." "Working title" is what they call the temporary title that's given a movie before they've fixed on the name it'll be released under. You see, hospital records require that all babies be listed with a name, and when the hospital asked Gary and Rocky what their baby's was, they said "call it Maria Veronica until we choose a final name for it." So "Maria Veronica" it is on the records.

Whether that name will stick is, at this writing, a question. There's talk by the Coopers that they may choose another name. But days and days and days have already gone by since that talk, and it's beginning to look as though "Maria Veronica" will be the final title for the Cooper production. The "Maria" part of it has no significance at all; it's merely a name that both Gary and Rocky like; not the name of any loved person. No—Gary's mother's name is Alice; his wife's mother's name is Veronica. That's Rocky's real name, too—Veronica Cooper. She was Veronica Balfe before she married him; Sandra Shaw is just her stage name; Rocky is her nickname. Veronica, too, is the baby's middle name. Maria Veronica Cooper.

At the studio, the boys who have been kidding Gary are now trying to have him call her "Garonica" because it'd be a combination of Gary and Veronica.

GARY'S not at all averse to talking about the baby. But he has made one hard, firm rule. That is: the baby is not to be publicized! Gary does not intend for Baby Maria to be what so many other Hollywood babies are—just a peg for the press-agents to hang wordage on. And so adamant, so hard-boiled, is Gary about that rule that Goldwyn's press-agents are dumb as oysters if you even mention Gary's baby in their presence. A scared look comes over their faces, their lips snap shut, and they act

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Why Movie Stars Can't Stay In Love

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make a satisfactory sexual adjustment early in married life. It is seldom that any inborn abnormality or incompatability is responsible for the wrecking of a couple's happiness. Successful marriage depends very largely on a proper appreciation of what marriage means.

"By sexual maladjustment I mean particularly in the sense of emotional immaturity. Sexual excess as such is rare in divorce cases. It's the inadequacy that causes the trouble. There is, to be sure, vagarious and irresponsible sexual conduct, but physiologically speaking, sexual excesses are rare among mature, normal persons. Now, in the ordinary marriage, the husband has to spend considerable time making love to his wife, and vice versa. But when a star has made love on the set all day long, repeating each caress or kiss from three to thirty times until a perfect shot is taken, he is hardly in a mood for ardent love-making when he goes home in the evening, exhausted from the day's grind at the studio. Stars may be wonderful lovers on the screen, but in actual life, they aren't so 'hot.'

"Perhaps next in importance to sexual inadequacy is the exaggerated romantic complex of movie people. The average motion picture is based on the old, old formula of boy meets girl. Under circumstances that seldom correspond to the actualities of modern life. The stars breathe an atmosphere of intensified romanticism. They play highly romantic roles. They have to live their parts emotionally if they are to give a convincing performance. It is inevitable that they should carry this exaggerated romantic attitude into their own love life.

"SUCH romantics," Dr. Popenoe continued, "demand constant manifestations of an ardent response on the part of their partners, through courting, caresses, love-making. If their partners fail to demonstrate this continually, because they happen to be tired or absorbed in some task or worried, they are instantly disillusioned, grow bitter, and conclude that their romance is ended, and they must, perforce, find their ideal mate in another person.

"Romantic love—which is another name for sexual attraction—is a most desirable condition for a happy marriage, but screen players are prone to consider it an end in itself. The romantic complex is of comparatively recent origin, and has attained its greatest development in America. In large sections of Europe and the rest of the world, where individuation hasn't progressed so far, marriages are still contracted largely or exclusively at the initiative of the parents, economic, family and other factors outweighing purely romantic considerations between the young couple.

"We saw in the *Good Earth* that Paul Muni had not even seen the girl who was going to be his wife before the wedding ceremony, and one of the most touching scenes in that picture is when he first sees her and studies her with discreet sidelong glances as she stands demurely near him. He hoped she wouldn't be pock-marked. Now, romantic love is an excellent thing, but successful and enduring marriage requires a more tender and at the same time a more realistic type of love.

"Actors, furthermore, are extremely sensitive people, and will flare up at the slightest provocation. Things that wouldn't bother more stolid temperaments will make them miserable. Of course, they couldn't be actors without a delicate nervous mechanism, but such hypersensitivity is likely to work havoc in married life if not counterbalanced by other qualities, qualities that are characteristic of a mature mind. Many actors never grow up and remain hopelessly juvenile and infantile in their emotional reactions."

I ASKED Dr. Popenoe if the combination of extreme youth and too much money isn't a fruitful cause of marital disharmony, mistakes and general restlessness. The average young man just out of college has to work about ten years before he can support a wife as a doctor or lawyer. But in the movies a young man can become economically independent almost overnight.

"Yes, youth and money is a dangerous combination in Hollywood," he said. "The screen demands the attractions of youth. When a new star rises on the cinematic horizon, he or she is invariably a young person. Robert Taylor became a leading male star at 24. Jean Harlow was a sensational box office draw at 20. With the exception of character actors, all stars are young people. Now, biologically, it is desirable that people marry young, shortly after they attain puberty. Physiologically speaking a girl is ready for marriage at 16, a boy at 18, or even younger. But at such an early age personalities are still unformed, and a girl who marries at 19 may find the qualities of her partner which attracted her at first, have the opposite effect ten years later.

"There is ample statistical evidence to prove that marriages under the age of 21 are more likely to end in divorce than between the ages of 21 and 30. And I have observed since the depression that hard times often make happier homes.

"Youth is hasty in judgment. Engagements give the partners an opportunity to test the character of each other's devotion and to find out whether they will be able to live together in mutually-satisfying emotional relationship. There are periods of pre-marital preparation, and greatly reduce the element of gamble in marriage. If I am not mistaken Fred MacMurray and Lillian Lamont were engaged three years before they married. Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond also went through a rather lengthy period of engagement before they wedded. These two marriages are far more likely to endure than those typically Hollywood wedlocks that begin with a sudden elopement to Yuma in an airplane, in order to avoid the California law that requires the lapse of three days after a notice of intention has been filed before the couple can become legally man and wife.

"THE importance of this pre-marital preparation can hardly be overemphasized. The Department of Health in Vienna established in 1922 a clinic for advice on marriage. This proved so successful that there are now hundreds of such clinics on the continent, nearly all of them official in character and supported from tax funds. The first American institution of the same kind was founded in Los Angeles, in 1930, as a non-profit philanthropic foundation incorporated under the name of the Institute of Family Relations. It has been a success from the start.

"We have worked out in detail a pre-marital conference with a physical examination and a course of instruction and reading. We encourage preparation for marriage before marriage actually occurs, in order that difficulties may be avoided instead of having to be straightened out after they arise and have already done harm. But so far the greatest demand of help has come from those already married. We have had to deal with every conceivable phase of married life and sexual problems.

"The pre-marital service we offer our clients consists of a study of the personal and family history of the partners in order to find the factors that may effect the success of their marriage. Study of the personality, temperament and emotional attitudes that are important in marital adjustment. Physical examination by one of the Institute's medical staff, and such additional information and instruction as may be necessary.

"Of course, even under the best circumstances marriage is a gamble. But many people do not know how much science has found in recent years about the why and wherefores of matrimonial failure, juvenile delinquency, the physiology and psychology of sex, and similar problems. A definite body of scientific information has been accumulated in recent years to help young people prepare for successful marriage and married couples solve their difficulties which could not be had before.

"A COMMON mistake in Hollywood," Dr. Popenoe added, "is to marry within the profession. The average actress would be far better off if she married a hard-boiled business man. Marrying within the profession confines one's intellectual and social world within the limited bonds of that profession, while marrying somebody working in an entirely different field of activity doubles one's intellectual and social world. And yet, something can be said in favor of an actor marrying an actress. They are likely to understand each other's problems better and marriage may become more compatible by a community of interests.

"But it often happens that after a few years one partner becomes more popular and successful while the other slips and stagnates. Unless they are fortified against this possibility by an undiminished love, good sportsmanship and lack of jealousy, they will inevitably drift apart. We witnessed this in *A Star is Born*. Fredric March, once the idol of the movie-going public, lost his popularity, while Janet Gaynor, who was a simple country girl when he married her, rose rapidly to win the Academy award. He took to drinking and finally committed suicide by drowning himself in a poignantly beautiful scene.

"Propinquity of course is responsible for movie folk marrying within the profession and greatly contributes to the divorce rate. The stars work together and live within a social world of their own, go to the same night-clubs, enjoy the same expensive diversions. Propinquity is the most important factor in determining the choice of marriage partners in all occupations and classes. After an actor marries an actress, his work requires him to make love to other women before the cameras, all of whom are physically attractive, have charm, dash, and so on. If you had a star who was ineffective emotionally and sexually he couldn't put his scenes over.

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"I'll Do It If It Kills Me!"

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long to tell you about my stage plans, because at the moment, dreams is a better word for them. I have no play, I have no producer, I have nothing but an intense desire to go to the theatre. I always did have. But for a long time I didn't dare think of it, because the stage looked down so on us motion picture people. And whether I accepted the stage's appraisal or not, I certainly hadn't the nerve to fight it.

"Then, gradually the scales turned. The stage lost its prosperity, and seemed somehow less scornful and superior. And I married Franchot and had theatre talked into my ears day and night. So I took heart. I'm still afraid, probably always will be. I'm likely to get to opening night and start moaning: 'I can't go on,' till they have to push me out. And there I'll stand, with palsy of the knee and paralysis of the vocal chords, wondering what form of insanity got me there—"

She laughed, shaking the nightmare off. "Just the same, I'm going to do it. The play's the problem. I've read till I'm silly, and can't find the right one. Three years ago, when I signed my three-year contract, Lynn Fontanne said to me: 'That's fine. That'll give you time to look for a play—'

"'You're crazy', I said. 'In three years I'll find a million.' Well, the three years are up and I'm still on the hunt."

The bell for silence rang. They were taking a shot of Tracy, who entered at one door, stalked purposefully across a room, and disappeared through a second door.

Joan started clapping. "Brava!" she cried. "More, more!" The crew, ever ready for a rib, picked it up and greeted his return with a salvo of cheers and applause. Joan clasped her hands and gazed soulfully up at him. "Spence, you were wo-o-onderful."

There was menace in his eye as he strode toward her. She grabbed her bag. "Sorry I can't wait," she laughed up at him. "Got a fitting," and ran for her dressing-room.

Hannah, Adrian's right hand, was waiting with a coat that had to be tried on. Joan divided her attention efficiently between us. At a small piano outside, an extra was playing, while another sang.

"WHEN I watch people like the Lunts and Helen Hayes, I get panicky all over again. Yet I know it's silly. Three parts cowardice and one part vanity, and I've got to fight them both—(it pulls a little there, Hannah).

"You know, we have a little theatre at home. We were going to do wonders with it, and we've never had time to do anything but rehearse scripts—(yes, that feels much better). Well, Helen Hayes said she'd like to do *Mary of Scotland* in our little theatre, if she comes to the coast this winter. 'I want to play *Elizabeth* for a change, Joan, and you'll play *Mary*, and we'll just have eight or ten people over and we'll have fun'. Can you imagine me playing *Mary* to her *Elizabeth?* She'd give me one look, and I'd say 'yes ma'am'—(I'm afraid the collar's too wide, Hannah. I've got to go heavy-dramatic in this thing).

"Still, I'll do it if it kills me. I know I couldn't go to any better school than Helen Hayes. And I'm more hopeful now than I was two months ago about finding a play. What made it so difficult was that Franchot and I wanted to do one together, and two starring parts are hard to find unless they're specially written for you. So we finally decided we'd do separate plays if we could get them—

"No, I wouldn't ask any one to write a play for me. First, I don't think it's fair to presume that much on friendship. Second—and this is probably the more honest reason—I'd expect to be turned down. I can hear myself quavering to Noel Coward: 'Will you write me a play, Noel?' He'd probably give me a benevolent pat on the shoulder and say: 'Look, Toots, you stick to pictures—'"

Someone knocked at the door. "Singing bother you, Miss Crawford?"

"No," she replied, slipping out of the coat. "Good practice for him. He probably can't afford to hire a pianist."

A final word with Hannah, who departs with the coat. Then Joan picks up a piece of needlepoint, and settles down on the couch with it. "Just the same," she says with resolution, "I'm going on the stage. If not this year, then next. If not next, then the year after. There's no burning rush—"

A SHADOW darkens the doorway. We look up to find Tracy standing in it.

"Don't you ever relax?" he inquires of Joan.

"Just what I am doing."

"What else do you call it, besides relaxing?"

"Bag for Billie Burke."

He turns to me. "Look—so the boys can have Saturday afternoon off for the football games, she works from 8:30 to 6:30—"

"You don't, I suppose—"

"I'm a boy. That's different. Lunch hour she looks at rushes; in between she gives interviews—begging your pardon—and tries on clothes. Now she relaxes—"

"Quiet, Spence. This has all the earmarks of a plant—"

"Yeah? Well, you can do the same for me some day." He turns to me again, his eyes clear of mockery for a moment. "She's a nice girl. Honest—"

The assistant director appears. "They're ready for you, Joan." A still photographer appears at the same instant. "Miss Crawford, if you're too busy, never mind, but I said I'd ask you. This guy at the piano wrote a piece. He'd like to play it for you—"

"Right after this scene," she promises.

In this scene it's Joan who walks across the stage, and Tracy takes his chance to get even. He tips off the others, and her reappearance, after the scene has been shot, is greeted by a blank, unnatural silence. Nobody stirs, nobody says a word, all eyes are fastened on her in grave reproach.

"I don't seem very popular around here," Joan decides and starts off.

Seeing his prey slip through his fingers, Tracy calls after her: "That walk wasn't so hot, Miss Crawford."

"Take it out of my paycheck, Mr. Tracy," she retorts, and the last laugh is hers.

NOW she's at the piano, an attentive audience of one, listening to the "piece" composed by one extra and sung by another. Then, at the still man's request, she poses for a photograph with them.

"Won't *you* sing for us, Miss Crawford?" the pianist asks.

You can see she'd rather not. But the request is made with such sincerity that she finds it hard to refuse. "Do you know this duet from *Traviata*?" She hums it.

"Not without the music."

"Well, I'll put it on the console and sing with that."

She vanishes into the shadows where the console stands. Presently her voice rises, sweet and true and strong. As a tawdry night-club entertainer, Joan sings in *The Bride Wore Red*. She sings in character—a weary, bitter woman, careless of what impression she makes. The professional pouncers pounced. "Joan can't put a song over." Joan wasn't trying to put a song over. She was trying not to. Had they heard her this afternoon, even the pouncers would have recognized that her voice needs no apologist. A little group gathered, drawn by the lovely sound.

"Who's singing?" someone asked.

"The console," someone else answered.

They listened quietly and, when the song was ended, drifted quietly away. Only then did Joan emerge from the shadows and slip back into her dressing-room.

"It's hard to know what to do when they ask you to sing. You hate to be coy, and you don't much care about being labeled a showoff. So you play your hunches and take your chance." Her needle was flying through the canvas again.

A sweetfaced girl, with the clear eyes of a child, appeared at the door. "Come in, Kasha." Kasha Le Sueur used to be married to Joan's brother. When they found that their marriage had been a mistake, it made no difference in the relationship between the two girls. Kasha is still Joan's stand-in. Joan is still Kasha's staunch friend. Kasha's baby remains the darling of her aunt's heart.

"Is she coming?" asked Joan eagerly.

"She's here," Kasha reported.

In one swift movement Joan was off the couch and kneeling on the floor, arms wide. "How much do you love me?" This is evidently a cherished and familiar rite. Little Joan's smile deepens, as she puts both arms around her aunt's neck and squeezes tight.

"Hello, Baby," she says.

WHY big Joan is Baby to her niece, nobody knows. At the age of two or thereabouts, she recognized her photograph on a magazine cover. "Baby," she told her mother, pointing. "Pretty baby." Since then she has refused to call big Joan anything else.

Hand in hand, they go to greet their friends, who come running at news of the guest's arrival. She's no stranger here. In fact, she's a co-worker, having played her part in a mob scene in *The Bride Wore Red*.

Coming toward her, she spies a grip to whom she gave her heart a week ago.

"I love Johnny," she announces simply. "Will you tell Johnny I love him?"

"I'll tell him," Joan promises.

The wide smile breaks through. "He'll be so tickled," she chuckles.

Later, tea is served in the dressing-room. Little Joan's not interested in tea, but cake is another story. Perched in her aunt's lap, she takes bites from a large hunk in her left hand. Suddenly she slides to her knees, and flings her arms wide. "How much do you love me?"

Joan's arms close round her. She smiles over the small head. The smile, all tenderness, was for the baby. The words were a parting salute to me . . .

"Better than screen and stage," she said.

Chaplin to Quit Famed Dumb Role

[*Continued from page 32*]

brunette; two nice-looking boys; a white-haired man, with a handkerchief across the lower part of his face, like a bandit's mask, to protect an already sunburned pair of lips and chin.

The girl and the two boys step inside the place, to buy some chocolate sodas. The little white-haired man shakes his head when they ask him if he's coming in, too. He steps over to a corner, leans on the railing, waits for them. Nobody pays the slightest bit of attention to him. It isn't because they don't know he's Charlie Chaplin. It's because they don't very much care.

But now Sally Eilers comes bouncing onto the porch, makes for the refreshment bar. At once, hubbub pops. The whole porchful of young people surge toward Sally. From a score of young heroworshipping throats goes the cry: "Gee! There's Sally Eilers. There's a moom pitcha star! Hey, Sally, willya give us your autograph, huh?" And a football rush surrounds Sally.

OVER in the corner, Charlie is shoved unceremoniously out of the way by a young couple who want to get to Sally Eilers. Charlie looks away in another direction. And over at another side, two Hollywood old-timers, years-old in the "inside" of moviedom, unexcited about Sally, look at each other as they regard white-haired, brooding Chaplin.

"Ex-Genius," murmurs one to the other. He doesn't care whether or not Charlie Chaplin overhears. He knows, as does all Hollywood, that Chaplin has too often heard himself called "ex-genius" out loud.

Okeh. That's one scene. Now come and see Charlie, and the brunette—that's Paulette Goddard, and she and Charlie still think it's none of anybody's business whether they're married or not!—and the two boys—they're Charlie's two sons by Lita Grey Chaplin, his most recent divorcee wife—leave the cafe and return to their boat.

It's a little boat, Charlie's. Not a grand, big, come-all-ye-and-make-merry-with-me boat, like movie stars' yachts. It's a little boat. It's deliberately little. Charlie bought a little one because that was his best excuse for not inviting crowds out on it.

But it's the name of the boat I want you to see. And consider. Its name is *Panacea.*

And if that doesn't tell a world of secrets, I'll eat the next hundred-thousand feet of film Charlie turns out, talkie or silent!

"PANACEA!" Panacea for the pangs of being the loneliest man in Hollywood, for that's what Charlie Chaplin is. Not Hollywood's Forgotten Man, as some who regard a turn of phrase more highly than fact, would have it. For Charlie's NOT forgotten. He's remembered. But the trouble is, he's remembered as "that guy who used to be." And that, in Hollywood, is worse than oblivion.

You see, Charlie has everything but what he wants. He wants the limelight again, and he can howl his denials to high heaven if he wants to. He has money—too much money. He has a fine big house and his yacht and his servants and his cars and his sons and his Paulette. But they're all material things. He can't see them or enjoy them for the ache that's in him, the ache that keeps him searching always for the panacea.

Come with me now into that big house of his, up there on the hilltop. Come at dusk, or after nightfall. Don't expect a burst of lights, excitement, people, party. Because what you'll find is a big dark room, with no lights save a dull glow down at one end, where there's an organ console. It looks like a Max Reinhardt setting for another miracle play.

Down in that glow is the little lonely white-haired man. He's playing the organ—not from any written music before him, but from his own soul. It's music that wrenches and tears and claws at you. It sobs in minor keys. It crashes now and then to heroic heights—and then, always, it dies again, into those sad minor notes. Sometimes it's not the organ Charlie plays. Sometimes he can make his heart sob the better by drawing the bow across that 'cello of his. It's more human, somehow, the audible pain that comes from its strings.

NO LONGER, on those rare occasions when he goes to a party, is it "the life" for Charlie. No more does he go into those one-man bull fights, which he plays the toreador, the matador, the audience, the picador, the picador's horse and the bull itself. No longer does he swing into those amazing dances that his nimble brain conjures up. No longer does he flash an incessant stream of witticisms into the crowd. He sits alone and silent and watches others enjoy themselves. And in his eyes is something that makes other guests prefer not to look at him, because they'd rather have fun.

He's lonely, and no number of people can snap him out of it. He's lonely, you see, NOT for people, but for something else he has had and lost—fame, eminence, the peak of Hollywood position, the limelight. He can kid himself from here to Timbuctoo that he wants something else, or even that he doesn't know what he wants. But it's not so. He knows darn well that he wants stardom back again.

Just recently, he's tried to kid himself again by once more financing Hollywood's famous actor-restaurateur, Henry, in the opening of a swank eat-spot. This time, it's on LaCienga Boulevard, Hollywood's ascending nite-life zone, instead of down on old Hollywood Boulevard, where Henry used to have a rococo food palace. In the old days, when his hair was just graying, instead of white, Charlie used to sit there in old Henry's, and enjoy the stares of the diners. Then Henry's closed its doors, and Charlie had no place to sit and be looked at.

Now, once again, Charlie sits at Henry's. Sometimes by the hour. His white head can be easily picked out in a room that offers no pillars, no walls to obstruct the eye. Innumerable cups of Henry's coffee pass before Charlie. The waitress keeps the cup full and hot before him. Henry sits and talks with him. Sometimes others do. But it's not like the old days. The diners who come to Henry's look at Charlie, sometimes recognize him in a half-hearted sort of way, more often don't recognize him as they ask the headwaiter for a place near the door, where "we can see the stars come and go." No; Henry's new place isn't the panacea Charlie hoped for.

AND so, we come back to the first question in this story: "Is it true that Charlie's going to abandon that little fellow with the ungodly clothes, the battered derby, the swishy cane, the amazing shoes, the moustache that has been hitlerized into obloquy, and the tear-dampened smile that breaks your heart while you're laughing?

The answer to "is it true?" is: PROBABLY. I believe, now, that Charlie is going to make the biggest gamble of his career, in one wild effort to recoup his losses. Not financial losses, you understand but loss of that indefinable, intangible something without which Charlie can't ever be happy. He wants to erase the "EX" from in front of the term "GENIUS" when they apply it to him. And he's coming 'round to the belief that he can't do it with another picture in his old role. *City Lights* grossed nearly $6,000,000 . . . ! ! ! ! ! But while it fattened his bank account, it nearly broke Charlie's heart, because all they really said of it was: "Oh, just another same old Chaplin thing."

And so he believes that not with the old stuff can he re-scale the glittering heights, but with something so daringly, world-challengingly, dangerously new that it'll shock the cinema universe into once again admitting he's a genius. For Charlie knows that only a genius can discard a character as loved, as famous, as dear as his little heart-breaking tramp—and substitute something entirely different *and get away with it.*

That one clause—"and get away with it"—is the item that gnaws at Charlie now. He believes what they've said in the old days, that he's a genius. But even in his own heart, there's a carping wonderment as to whether he's still genius enough. He remembers that ZaSu Pitts was laughed off the screen when she once tried a tragic role, and suffers when he thinks the same might happen to him.

He plays with the idea of talking from the screen—and cringes when he remembers how people laughed the first time they heard his tiny, somewhat squeaky voice over the microphone. He realizes that they've done wonders with sound-and-voice control, these sound engineers in their mixing booths. He knows that they can make him sound pretty full-voiced and forthright, because he's certainly experimented enough.

BUT all these, and other thoughts, are mere details. The one thought that eats at him is: "Can I get away with it?" A friend of mine, who knows his Hollywood, and knows his speech-picturesqueness, puts it nicely by comparing Charlie with ex-King Alfonso. "Alfonso," he says, "sits in Paris today, sipping his cocktail and his wine, and watching the world go by. He's safe, he's rich, he should be happy. But he isn't. He can't forget that he COULD go back to Spain today—and take either the throne again . . . or a bullet. He can't decide whether or not to take the gamble."

Charlie could go back to the screen in a brilliant new character, if he's got the genius, and re-achieve everything he once had. Or he can become the laughing stock of the world if he flops.

He can't decide whether or not to take the gamble.

But personally—my piddling opinion is yours for what it's worth—I believe he will. *IF* he ever makes another picture himself.

I do know this. I know that the other day, after watching himself in a talkie test strip, he said, half to himself, half to a handful of cinema biggies who saw it with him:

"I want to make one more picture. I want to talk. And sing. And I want that to be my swan song. . . ."

Punch and Judy

[*Continued from page* 36]

Her hobby is collecting records and they include everything from swing music to the *Nutcracker Suite* and *The Afternoon of a Faun.* She adores DeBussy.

She is a husky, hearty little girl with a huge appetite, an active body and an active mind. And she speaks her mind freely and frankly, without self-conscious fear of "what people will think." She doesn't want to grow up. She wears short skirts, no make-up off the set. Her mother says that she forgets she is a picture actress immediately she leaves the studio. She becomes, at once, "just a little girl," roller-skating, making fudge, playing with dolls.

Judy is by no means one of those pathetic cases of all-work-and-no-play. If she were, her mother would see to it that No Work would be the verdict. She says: "If I study my script I get too stiff. I just sort of look at the lines. I never pose or make faces at myself in front of my mirror." She says, too: "I used to play house all the time. Well, that's acting, same thing."

SHE thinks that Hollywood is just the little old home town where she has lived, between vaudeville tours, since she was three years old. It makes her "mad as a hornet" when people suggest that the little old home town is mad and bad. She says: "That's crazy talk. I've been in lots of small towns and medium-sized towns and big towns when my sisters and I were a singing trio and Hollywood is just like any other small town, only better because it's more comfortable. You can go around wearing anything.

"People aren't stuck-up. People talk about other people but they do that everywhere. And they're not two-faced in Hollywood. One thing I can't stand is two-faced people—also onions and raisins and fruit cake. It also makes me sick about people with careers, even people in the movies, the way they say: 'I've sacrificed everything for my career.' That *does* make me sick. You don't sacrifice things, you *trade* things. Like me, I can't skate and play ping-pong and read as much as I'd like to but then I meet Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy and Jimmy Stewart and if that isn't a fair trade, what is?

"And Hollywood gives everybody a chance. Which is more than you can say for lots of other places. That's how I see Hollywood—as the place that gives everybody a chance. Hollywood gave me a chance. Which is really remarkable because, before Deanna Durbin made *Three Smart Girls,* fourteen-year-old girls didn't have a chance at all, in movies or on the stage. You might have thought, the way they acted, that there were no such things as fourteen-year-old girls. All fourteen-year-old girls were put away in moth balls and just not mentioned at all, except now and then by their families. Which is ridiculous as has been proven. Because fourteen-year-old girls are really very interesting people when you get to know them and they are also very interested people, which is a Point. They are the fans. They are the ones who fall in love with Clark Gable (like I did) and write most of the fan letters and fill up the theatres.

"IT WAS very funny, the way I got my chance. As you may or may not have heard, Miss Hall, my sisters Suzanne (Suzanne is married now and Virginia, we call her 'Jimmy,' is at home), Virginia and I were a singing trio. Mummie always played for us. We sang and everything at the World's Fair in Chicago and lots of other places. I was born in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, if you think anyone is interested. Well, our real name is Gumm, our parents being Frank A. and Ethel Gumm, professional people, being vaudeville people and "legit" actors and also musicians. And my father was a theatre-owner, which all makes it possible for me to say that 'the theatre is in my blood.'

"Well, George Jessel changed my name. It was when we were touring and he named us The Garland Sisters. I guess the name of Gumm just didn't appeal to him, even though it was so well-known. Now, Mummie has changed her name to Garland, too. Because people kept calling her 'Mrs. Garland' so she became Mrs. Garland to save explanations. Then Suzanne got married, and as I say, that broke up our act.

"Then we were in Hollywood and a Hollywood agent saw me and heard me sing and said, very kindly, that he wanted to manage me. He took me around to lots of the studios and no one would look at me. That is, they'd take one look and then say, more loudly than was necessary: 'I can't use her—get her away from here!'

"Then one day, after this had been going on for some time, my agent called me and said he wanted to take me to the M-G-M studio. For once, for the only time in my life, my mother wasn't home to go with me. My father went with us. Well, I just thought, oh, another old studio! I had on a pair of old slacks and an old polo shirt and I just went the way I was.

"Well, we got to M-G-M and I sang a song for Roger Edens, the musical director. I sang *Zing Went the Strings of My Heart.* My first surprise, not to say shock, was when he didn't sort of sink back like he felt sick and sort of groan: 'Get her away from here.' No, he called Mrs. Koverman who is a Very Important Person (put that in capitals, please) in this studio. I sang *Dinah* for her. And she didn't say 'get her away from here.' No, she called Mr. Mayer and asked him to come and hear me. Well then, Mr. Mayer, Mr. *Louis B.* Mayer, came in. He was in a Dark Mood and had a 'get her away from here' look on his face. So then I sang *Eli, Eli* for Mr. Mayer. He didn't seem to be looking at me. I couldn't tell whether he was listening or not. It was just like a big lull flew in. I thought, so what? Now I can go home and roller skate some more. The next day I got my contract. *The very next day.*

"THAT'S how I see Hollywood, too, as a place where Anything Can Happen, one big Surprise Package.

"So that was one of the Big Thrills (all the Thrills should be written capitals, I think, Miss Hall). But then, after that, nothing happened. They had Deanna Durbin under contract—at the time. Then after awhile she wasn't there any more. It looked like the fourteen-year-old girls were going back to the moth balls. I was doing radio broadcasts and things and I got so discouraged. I never get too discouraged, though, because I'm not the discouragable kind. I never mope or have Moods or interesting things like tantrums and all." Judy's mother says that the child has such a good disposition that she doesn't really remember her as a small child because she never Made Scenes. "Anyway," Judy added, "I did get kind of discouraged about my Career. I'd think, when I was on the stage I used to *accomplish* something.

"Then Mummie and I went to New York for a holiday and also because I'd never been to New York. There I had another Big Thrill. We went to Coney Island and it was wonderful. But while I was in New York M-G-M sent for me to come back. Which is one of Hollywood's peculiar characteristics, as I see it. When you are right here they don't seem to want you and the minute you go away, they do want you. I thought, At Last! But when I got back I found that they wanted me to make a *short,* a short with Deanna Durbin called *Every Sunday.*

"DEANNA and I saw quite a lot of each other then but we haven't seen each other much lately. She is always busy. I guess she works harder than I do.

"Then I got loaned out to 20th Century-Fox and played in *Pigskin Parade.* I hated myself in that. They wouldn't let me see the rushes which was too bad because if I had seen them I could have improved myself. I didn't wear any make-up and I sure looked it. I was afraid my freckles would show. Of course they didn't but I was conscious of them. But I have now got over my freckle-fear since I have observed that Myrna Loy and Katharine Hepburn and Joan Crawford also have freckles.

"Well, after awhile Deanna made *Three Smart Girls* and then the motion picture industry rubbed its eyes and awoke to the fact that there are such things as fourteen-year-old girls and that they can be very smart girls, too, and what is known as Box Office. In the meantime, though, I went to Junior High School for a year, to public school which I had never been to before because I had always had tutors or gone to school on the M-G-M lot. But I wanted to go to public school so badly that Mummie asked the studio and they let me go. I graduated from Junior High and that was the Best Year of My Life. I loved it.

"So then I was taken right out of the movie moth balls and given a chance in *Broadway Melody of 1938.* And I like myself pretty well in that. The only thing I didn't like about me was the first line I had to speak. It was so precocious. I hate anything precocious. I am not precocious at all. I think like a grown-up and I like to be with older people and talk to older people but I am not a grown-up and I don't want to be. So, I didn't like the first line but after that it was all right and I think the song about Clark Gable (which I meant) sort of evened things up. Now I am playing in *Thoroughbreds Don't Cry* with Sophie Tucker and Mickey Rooney and after that I am to play in *The Ugly Duckling* with Allan Jones."

JUDY doesn't want to be a singer. She doesn't want to place emphasis on the mezzo-soprano voice, which is a natural (she never studied voice). She says, "I want to *act.* I want to be a dramatic actress like Bette Davis and Margaret Sullavan and Norma Shearer, who are my favorites."

Judy, by the way, is one of the very, very few screen players ever to obtain a contract without having to undergo the formality of a screen test. The only others on record are Ramon Novarro and Janet Gaynor. And they were of the silent era. Since talkies came in Judy is the only "testless" player to be given a contract.

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A New Robin Hood—in Color!

[*Continued from page* 43]

OFFHAND, you might think every producer in Hollywood would part with his right arm for the chance to film the story of *Robin Hood*. The picture would have a ready-made audience of millions. There isn't a man, woman or child-over-ten in the civilized world who hasn't thrilled to the story, at one time or another. It has everything. Blithe adventure, moonlit romance, high comedy, suspense. With a hero who doesn't get fair play himself, but dares to see that others get it.

If the original movie version of the story hadn't taken rank as a screen classic, and if Douglas Fairbanks hadn't become one of the screen immortals in the title role, you probably would have seen another version before this. But producers shied away from competition with such a vivid memory. Particularly one so expensive. The picture could not be made for less than a million, if it was to begin to compare with Fairbanks'; it would probably cost much more. And any picture that cost a million would be a gamble, unless you were pretty sure you could improve on the original. And—unless you were pretty sure you had Fairbanks' equal as *Robin Hood*.

Improvement wasn't possible until the talkies arrived, ten years ago. Since then, another source of improvement has arisen: color. But it has taken all this time for any studio to find an actor who fitted the part, both physically and temperamentally.

The reason why Warners, and not any other studio, has summoned up the courage to film the story is Errol Flynn.

He isn't another Fairbanks, as producers once thought *Robin Hood* would almost have to be. Except for a mustache and a chin-dab there isn't even the slightest resemblance between the two. Flynn is younger, much younger, than Fairbanks was, fifteen years ago. He is taller. He has a different kind of agile poise, a different brand of mirthful daring, a different personality altogether, a different accent.

But read the story of *Robin Hood* again and it is surprisingly easy to picture Errol as that disciple of derring-do. *Robin was* a tall man, and a Briton, handsome, romantic, athletic, facetious and adventurous. All of which Errol is.

Once they had their Robin Hood, it was easy enough to assemble the surrounding cast. Not that Warners ran a finger down their contract list and popped this actor into this role, and that actor into that. They made no attempt to find roles to fit players, but, rather, to find players to fit roles. When they had to go off the lot to find the right player for the right role, they went off the lot. I cite you some of the casting:

Olivia de Havilland as *Maid Marian*, who dares, for love, to become an outlaw's wife. Ian Hunter as *King Richard*, who looks like a king even in the guise of a friar wandering in *Sherwood Forest*. Claude Rains as the scheming *Prince John*. Basil Rathbone as the right haughty and right villainous *Sir Guy of Gisbourne*. Patric Knowles as the tall dandy, *Will Scarlet*, whose feats of strength no one can equal. Alan Hale—the only member of the cast of the original *Robin Hood* to be giving a repeat performance now—as "that huge yokel," *Little John*, the only man who ever bests *Robin* in a bout with quarter-staves.

Eugene Pallette as rotund, comic *Friar Tuck*, who marries *Robin* and *Maid Marian* in "the great arching cathedral of the wildwood." Herbert Mundin as slow-witted *Much the Miller's Son*. Melville Cooper, the screen's new expert of ridiculous pomposity, the *High Sheriff of Nottingham*, both an enemy and a joke to *Robin*. There are others, numerous others. Every speaking part, no matter how small, has a "name" player.

MOST of the action takes place outdoors, most of it in *Sherwood Forest*. The last time *Robin Hood's* adventures were picturized, the location site was the one large grove of oak trees near Hollywood—a grove which, since that time, has been known as "Sherwood Forest" and has been the site of countless outdoor locations. For that reason, Director William (*The Prince and the Pauper*) Keighley rejected it for *The Adventures of Robin Hood*. He wanted an "unspoiled, unfamiliar wildwood."

Last summer, he went touring in Northern California, which, in contrast to Southern California, abounds in greenery. He said he was vacationing. Actually, he was location-hunting. And he found what he wanted within the city limits of a little Northern California town named Chico, one hundred miles north of Sacramento.

It is General Bidwell State Park—which, to Keighley's amazement and the amazement of everyone who has seen it, has never been photographed in films before. Like *Sherwood Forest*, the Park has a history. General John Bidwell, leading a foraging expedition out of Sutter's Fort in 1850, discovered the spot—a canyon filled with giant oaks and sycamores, through which ran a creek. The creek gave him the gold to buy all the land from the mouth of the canyon to a point nine miles upstream. When he died in 1905, he gave the land to the public on condition that it should be preserved in its natural state, that it should be free to the public forever, and that nothing should ever be sold within its limits. It is one of the few "unspoiled" places left in the civilized world, and particularly beautiful in Autumn. As you will see—in Technicolor—in *The Adventures of Robin Hood*. That is, if you can forget that it isn't actually *Sherwood Forest*.

THE mere fact that Warners sent an entire company five hundred miles for a month of location work is another sample of their intention to make this a picture not-to-be-forgotten for fifteen more years. On a location trip of this distance, with a company this large, the total expense is approximately $25,000 per day. Yes, per day.

Ten carloads of props, costumes and equipment preceded the company to the location, followed by fifty horses for use of the knights and soldiers. It required a special ten-car train to transport the company to Chico. Nearly two hundred were aboard. Fifty of them were husky athletes chosen for fine physiques, who will look, in the picture, like *Robin Hood's* "sevenscore merry men." Before the picture ever started, they were in training for seven weeks, learning how to handle broadswords, quarter-staves, bows and arrows, and other he-man weapons of the 12th Century.

They worked only seven weeks, preparing for the picture. The studio worked nearly a year. The research work alone took months. The making of costumes, more months. And if you don't think a costume designer like Milo Anderson has his headaches, consider his problem with armor alone: After chain mesh armor was made for various knights and soldiers, the sound department discovered that the noise of the chain mesh in action was like that of a navy raising anchor. Anderson finally devised a realistic-looking substitute out of woven string, sprayed with metal paint.

The Park provision that the public must have free access to the Park at all times created another headache for Keighley. "*Robin Hood's* Camp" was five miles from the village of Chico, but even so, half of the population was on hand for every "take." He had a problem, keeping the 20th Century (as represented by curious small boys) out of his 12th Century scenery.

The principal item of that scenery—you can't miss it—is a huge oak, center of *Robin Hood's* camp. Be assured that it's real, and not another mammoth Hollywood creation.

IN THESE days of stand-ins and doubles and perspiration-out-of-an-atomizer, it's a rare star who works himself into a sweat even in the most strenuous scenes. Errol Flynn is a rare star. He doesn't use a double. He takes the punishment in person. It helps him get rid of some of that restless energy. Synthetic adventure is better than none in the life of this real-life adventurer.

For example, the setting of his first meeting with *Little John* is a fallen log that bridges a stream. (A stream, by the way, fed by ice-cold mountain springs.) On that narrow, rounded, insecure platform, Flynn and Hale have a strenuous jousting bout, climaxed by Flynn's slipping, falling into the water. And the man you see jousting, and the man you see taking the fall, are not doubles for each other. They're both Flynn.

In his first meeting with *Friar Tuck*, the two have a brisk, whacking session with broadswords—a comedy duel. Giving and taking blows with a 12th Century broadsword (which weighs several pounds), and looking amused by it, is another Flynn accomplishment. Like hitting a feather stuck in the ground with an arrow twanged from a bow ten yards distant. He has been toying with archery for years, but never thought it would pay him dividends. Far from being a show-off, however, he takes instruction from the same archery expert who teaches the bit players how to handle bows and quarter-bows. A later scene (a tournament at *Nottingham*) calls for him to splinter the center of a bull's-eye with an arrow. He's practicing to do the trick in person. Maybe he won't be able to do it. But, at least, he'll have the fun of trying.

Read the script and you have an impression of one difficult stunt after another for him to perform. (It's his picture, and no mistake.) Yet ask him what he considers the most difficult scene, and you will get a surprise answer. It's the scene in which he has to carry Eugene Pallette on his back across a creek. Eugene, he explains, weighs 250 pounds.

There is a rumor around Hollywood that Errol is temperamental. The rumor didn't start on a movie set. He never yet has disagreed with a director's instructions.

He isn't quarreling these days even with Lili Damita. She is with him on location. Moreover, they look happy together.

There is just a chance that they, too, will remember the picture, *The Adventures of Robin Hood*, fifteen years from now. It's almost a cinch that you and I will.

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the Active "Skin-Vitamin"

Puts into skin the substance that helps to make it beautiful

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(left) Mrs. Bailey skeet shooting at her home in Tuxedo Park. (center) Leaving the Plaza after luncheon.

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The Most-Kissed Girl Makes Good

[*Continued from page* 49]

glowing warmth of her personality, and it is especially to that quality of hers that we'd like to pay tribute.

FIRST of all we were curious to know if the story that she was kissed 478 times by three different men before she was given her initial role in *Come and Get It* was a publicity gag.

"No, it's true," she stated. "It was an awful experience! My chin got raw from being kissed so many times by three tough-bearded fellows. They were having difficulty with a love scene, and tested three boys for the part of *Tony*, finally choosing Frank Shields. And then they cut out that love scene entirely." Which is the way Hollywood sometimes works.

We watched her pose for some publicity stills with Kenny Baker, in highly romantic postures. Meanwhile, in another part of the stage Zorina of the American Ballet was dancing as a nymph in a blue pond, as rich orchestral music poured forth from a loud speaker. Talking with George Balanchine, creator and head of the American Ballet, we learned that he is a Georgian from the Caucasus, and gained a reputation as ballet-master in Paris before he came to America. The Caucasians are great dancers. For the first time in the history of the screen a picture will have real ballet dancing, which is another reason why we respect Sam Goldwyn as a producer. The latest edition of his *Follies* draws from every field of entertainment, but stresses quality rather than sheer physical magnitude, the fault of so many musicals.

Later, in her dressing-room, Andrea told us her unusual story. Her father, Charles Edward Leeds, was born in Nottingham, England, and counts Lord Nelson among his ancestors. Her mother is part French, part Italian, while she herself was born in Butte, Montana, and passed most of her girlhood in Mexico, where her father is connected with a French mining company as stockholder and engineer. Her real name is Antoinette Leeds. An only child, she grew up in a camp of tough hombres where there was only one other woman besides her mother. Bandits and cutthroats infested the surrounding country. There were no other children she could play with.

"I was a dreamy child," she said. "My parents brought me up in the old-fashioned manner, to be seen, and not heard. I've learned that in Hollywood you have to be seen as well as heard if you want to get anywhere. I was offered the heavy in *Woman Chases Man*, but I refused. When I heard that *Stage Door* was going to be filmed I went to the director, Gregory La Cava, and convinced him I was the girl to play *Kay*.

"I WANT to take this opportunity to express my gratitude not only to Mr. La Cava, but to four other men who shaped my career. Mr. Goldwyn gave me the biggest thrill in my life when he put me in *Come and Get It*, sight unseen, and then signed me up to a long term contract. Director Howard Hawks saw me in a 16 millimeter film we made at U.C.L.A., in which I had the feminine lead, and put me under his personal contract. He wrote to Mr. Goldwyn about me when the latter was in a hospital in New York, and sold me to him.

"James Ryan, a good friend, and William K. Howard, whom I met through mutual friends, encouraged me in various ways when I was trying to get a writing job in Hollywood, and later when I got an acting job instead. Mr. La Cava made me overcome my little inhibitions, and gave me the right slant on life and my career in pictures. There were so many little yet vital things I didn't know. He told me I had a quality of warmth which if I let out on the screen I could do anything I wanted. I was too reserved and repressed, couldn't let myself go."

Albert Colfs, portrait painter to the Belgian Court, says Andrea is the most spiritually beautiful brunette in Hollywood, although we found the greatest dramatic find of the season more of a blonde than a brunette. "They bleached my hair for this picture," she explained. "The real color of my hair is dark reddish-brown." We believe Andrea possesses the biggest and loveliest brown eyes in Hollywood. They look at you like a child's.

Her parents wanted her to be a pianist, and for a while she attended the Chicago Conservatory of Music. But she has always wanted to be a writer, and even when Sam Goldwyn offered her a contract she tried to sell him the idea that he should hire her as a writer. At U.C.L.A. she majored, of all things, in philosophy. Meanwhile she wrote love poems and took an active part in college dramatics. "But I was interested in plays and motion pictures from the standpoint of writing, with no thought of becoming an actress," she asserted. "After I got my A.B. in philosophy I went back to Mexico, and stayed there eight months, before I returned to Los Angeles again. My father was afraid to keep me there because of kidnaping threats. Some day I'm going to write exciting stories about Mexican bandits."

ANDREA'S father is an affluent man, and she is the apple of his eye. But after graduation from college, she wanted to be absolutely independent. "When I came back from Mexico I went around looking for a writing job. I was turned back from every newspaper and magazine office in Hollywood and Los Angeles, except one, *Saturday Night*, which published a series of articles by me on Mexico." This publication caters to society and arty crowd of Southern California, and our young authoress received the magnificent sum of $3.50 per article.

You can't "get by" at U.C.L.A. It's an institution of high scholastic standards. Andrea, no doubt, had to burn the midnight oil studying the austere profundities of Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*. The idea of this prize package of dainty femininity bothering her pretty head over such philosophic abracadabra seems incongruous, yet Gloria Stuart also majored in philosophy at U.C.L.A.

Andrea's learning rests lightly over her shoulders. There is nothing scholarly or bookish about her. She has succeeded in remaining feminine—but not the cloying, clinging type. This cultural background should prove a definite asset to her in interpreting high emotional roles. The era of the beautiful dumbells in the movies is past. More and more the screen is approaching the emotional and intellectual level of the theatre, and might well surpass it.

We'll treasure in our reportorial memory the vision of this young cinema actress reciting original poems in her dressing-room at her first magazine interview, as she reclined on a luxurious couch in a sort of dreamy tranquility (she is the quietest girl we've met in Hollywood), smoking a cigarette inserted in a delicate ivory-white holder. We asked her to send us a batch of her poems, and here are two samples:

Night is my lover
And faithful is he.
Turns his back on the sea,
I hear a low whistle
As soft as can be.
Foolish folks say
'Tis the wind in the tree.

Foolish folks say
'Tis the wind in the tree.
Poor foolish folks
For they little can see
'Tis my love in the garden
Who's calling to me.

Do you remember, love, last night?
We sat, down near the sand all silver white
And watched the moon trace ripples in the sea,
I can remember how your eyes had looked at me.

I had forgotten that the moon was gone
Until the all too soon awakening dawn
Had splashed its red across the paling sky
And you had kissed your hand to me and waved goodbye.

IN THE *Goldwyn Follies* Andrea has an entirely different type of role from *Stage Door*. For her part in the latter picture, which she almost stole from Ginger Rogers and Katharine Hepburn, she spent much time in psychopathic wards studying the behavior of insane people. She talked to them, studied the look in their eyes. For just before she committed suicide as the highly emotional *Kay*, her brain snapped, she went completely insane.

In the *Goldwyn Follies* she is a wholesome, unsophisticated country girl of 18, but one who is given to speaking her mind, which movie producer Adolphe Menjou finds invaluable. She comes to Hollywood to tell producers how to make pictures, meets Kenny Baker in a hamburger wagon, and falls in love with him. This should test the range of her acting powers.

She is fully aware of the dangers and pitfalls that lie ahead of her. One serious mistake, one bad performance, might stop her rise to stardom. "I realize the career of an actress is short, and when she is no longer young, she will not be in demand, unless she develops into a character actress. But the only thing that I'm really afraid of is to lose my balance and poise. On every set petty quarrels arise from time to time that rub you the wrong way. It's the little things that bother you most.

"I want to guard against the possibility of getting temperamental on the set, saying things I shouldn't say. The long hours, the nervous tension, the hot lights that burn your eyes, make you irritable, over-sensitive, impatient. My parents have drilled in me the importance of being tolerant and considerate of other people. If I can't say a nice thing about somebody, I'd better not say anything at all. There is so much gossip in Hollywood. In contacting people I've learned that everybody has his own life to live and it's

[*Continued on page* 80]

Mlle. Chic's Hollywood Fashion Tips

Darlin':

HERE I am—just back from hitting the high (and some of the low) spots of Paris and London. I peered in all the shop windows, craned my neck at all the gals in the nighteries—just to get an eyeful of what they wore when. But nowhere did I see the elegant, extravagant evening clothes, or the simple daytime clothes, that the Hollywood women are wearing this season. . . It took a good old Hollywood premiere at Grauman's Chinese theatre to show me the most gorgeously dressed women I've seen for ages . . . Dolores Del Rio was one of the first lovelies to arrive—and as usual she was dressed in white. Dolores never *wears* clothes—she always seems to be part of them, and when she walked across the foyer in her white crepe dress molded on Grecian lines, with scarves of emerald green crepe draped from either shoulder, I just stared. . . Gale Sondergaard and Dorothea Kent came over to talk to us—Gale was wearing a cherry velvet gown—long and clinging—topped by a bolero jacket of monkey fur . . . And that's something to remember—*FUR* this season. I'll tell you more about daytime-fur later.) . . . Dorothea Kent was completely covered by her ermine evening wrap. Cut on redingote lines, with wide revers, the coat fastens at the high waist line with a jeweled clip. The skirt is extremely full and falls to a short train in back . . . A sound like sleigh bells made us all turn to the door, where Wendy Barrie was just entering wearing a black crepe gown with short bolero jacket. The jacket was entirely covered with—of *all* things—tiny gold *bells!*

I HADN'T seen anything like that all the time in Paris—even after all that champagne—so I decided to take myself to Vendome for lunch next day to see what the gals were doing for daytime wear . . . And it's there I saw the fur I promised to tell you about. Jeanette MacDonald was lunching with hubby Gene Raymond (of all people)—wearing a brand new fall suit. Beige wool skirt and three-quarter length coat topped by a felt hat of the same shade. The full length revers of the coat were of natural lynx and the hat was trimmed with two of the pertest fur pompons ever . . . The cinnamon brown wool dress that Rosalind Russell wore—and she told me that she designed it herself—had her initials "R. R." on the left side of the blouse. The initials were cut from black Persian lamb . . . Rosalind knows smart clothes, so she called Gloria Stuart over to our table so I could see the green wool ensemble she was wearing. The smart note to Gloria's costume was the short bolero of leopard skin, with a matching muff and beret-type hat . . . These berets, calots, turbans—or whatever the name-of-the-moment is—are the most adaptable hats that have ever been used.

MYRNA LOY—who had just come from her dressmaker's to lunch—told me that she had just ordered a whole flock of these small hats. Most of them are of the pancake, beret type—and all of them are to be made of *suede* in colors to match her costumes . . . Myrna insists that suede is going to be better than ever this year—and showed us the trick to the hunter's-green suede cape she was wearing over her brown wool sport dress. The cape is lined with brown tweed—and being reversible, can be used with a number of plain dresses.

BARBARA READ was lunching with a bunch of the younger movie gals, and her costume proved that she is still one of the "Three Smart Girls" as far as fashion is concerned. Her light oxford grey wool dress was embroidered with large brown polka dots—and closed with a brown zipper from the neck to the top of the pleat in the front of the skirt. Barbara was wearing one of the newest fur sports coats over this. (And I don't know how we're going to make last year's fur coats hold out—they are all cut so extreme this season!) Barbara's brown beaver coat is the double-breasted box type of three-quarters length. The wide collar and revers are strictly tailored . . . I finally finished my lunch and was positively reeling out the door with fashion ideas—vowing that Paris was never like this—when I bumped right into Joan Crawford. As usual, wearing the *very* latest in dress suits . . . Joan's black wool suit had a medium-length, straight skirt with inverted pleats at the side seams. These side pleats give fullness at the same time they give the "pencil-slim" appearance which Adrian, who designed the suit, says is the new fall silhouette. The matching coat featured rather wide revers that fairly glittered with fine, silver thread embroidery. With it Joan was wearing a silver lame blouse, black hat and accessories.

FITTED coats—both short and long—have practically done away with the swagger type of top coat. Myrna Loy was looking positively pre-war in her fitted, cutaway tailored suit. (Except that they never had figures like *that* in those days!) Her skirt was perfectly straight, pencil-slim, of black wool crepe. Her jacket was cinnamon brown—and don't forget that new combination, black and brown—and made along the same lines as grandpa's cutaway, short in front and long in back. Fitting tight at the waistline, it was held together by two large black buttons with connecting loop. The wide revers (no collar) were bound in black braid.

BUT now I'm going to crawl in a hole someplace till I recuperate from this deluge of gorgeousness. But here's a couple of ideas to keep you busy till next month . . . It was no less a person than Wally Westmore, the make-up expert, who told me that the thin, highly-arched, nose-to-temple eyebrows are *OUT!* From now on it's going to be *natural* eyebrows above the best dressed eyes! . . . And it's not platinum or brownette hair that is tops right now—but what William Anthony Maguire calls *satin* hair. He's directing *Rosalie,* a picture that is chockful of gorgeous girls—and he picks them all for that satin hair. It isn't any special color—just the property your hair may or may not have to take on a special sheen or luster when you are wearing a satin gown. (And my hairdresser told me that vigorous *brushing* will go a long way toward developing this.) . . . So while you're trying to grow eyebrows, and are brushing your hair fifty times each night—I'm going to snoop through the Hollywoods and see what I can dig out for you next month.

Mlle. Chic.





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True Confessions

Goody, Goody, Here Comes Cookie

[*Continued from page* 16]

vary the flavor, making part of the dough white, another part chocolate, etc. Or, by cutting even the same mixture into different shapes—stars, crescents, small trees, cookies with holes in the center to be strung as tree decorations, etc.—you get a pleasing variety. Nutmeats and thin bits of candied fruit peel or candied cherry, may be pressed into the top before baking. And cookies may be sprinkled with bright red, pink or green granulated sugars. Make drop mixtures, rolled or refrigerator cookies, and be sure they are cool and firm before you pack them.

Here are two cookie recipes so delicious that you will make plenty for home eating as well as for giving away:

ROLLED HOLIDAY COOKIES

2 cups flour
½ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon cream of tartar
⅔ cup sweetened condensed milk
⅓ cup melted butter
1 teaspoon vanilla
Colored sugars
Nutmeats; candied fruit peels

Sift flour and measure. Add soda and tartar and sift again. Add milk, butter and vanilla, and blend thoroughly. Roll on well floured board. Cut out with fancy cutters into different shapes. Press nutmeats or fruit peels into cookies, or sprinkle with colored sugars. Bake 15 minutes, moderate oven (350°F) or until lightly browned. Remove carefully. (Makes 18 cookies)

HONEY DROP CAKES

¾ cup strained honey
¼ cup butter
½ teaspoon cinnamon
⅛ teaspoon cloves
1 egg, well beaten
2 tablespoons water
1½-2 cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon soda
1 cup raisins, cut fine

Warm butter and honey together until butter is melted. Stir in spices. Cool. Add beaten egg, water and part of flour sifted with soda and raisins. Add just enough flour to make stiff batter that will hold its shape. Drop by spoonfuls on to greased baking sheet, and bake 10-15 minutes, moderate oven (350°F). Remove carefully.

CANDIES from the home kitchen may look quite professional and be fresh and luscious besides, if care and attention are given to their making. Both evaporated and sweetened condensed milk produce fine-textured candies of the "cream" or fondant variety. Corn syrup added to the mixture will increase the chewy deliciousness of the taffy type candies. For dipping chocolate, use the special sweet dipping chocolate which is most easy to work with. A packet of small bottles of assorted food coloring costs little and does much to color candies after the manner of the confectioner. Make up several batches of different types of candies, such as fudge, toffee, fruitfilled tidbits, and you will have an interesting assortment with which to fill several boxes or gift dishes.

Pralines are a type of confection very simple to make and yet extremely popular. After allowing them to cool and harden, wrap each one in colored Cellophane, and pack in sets of six or twelve, set side by side in a gift box. Or, wrap them in blue and silver paper, topping the box with a silver bell or silvered spray. Here is a good recipe for them:

MAPLE PRALINES

1 cup pecans, coarsely chopped
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup granulated sugar
1 cup evaporated milk
1 tablespoon butter
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon maple syrup

Dissolve sugars in milk, over low flame. Cook, stirring frequently over moderate heat until syrup registers 224°F. Add butter, salt and pecans, and cook to 234°F. Chill to lukewarm in pan of cold water. Stir in maple syrup and beat until thick and shiny. Drop in large spoonfuls on buttered surface to flatten. Cool to harden.

There are so many additional delicacies to make and give, that we hope you will surely send for the special leaflet containing them—particularly because you will just love the one for Bittersweet Balls.

TWO other important food gifts are fruit cake and shortbread. It's no trick at all to make fruit cake these days when you can buy shelled nutmeats, and convenient packets of orange, lemon and citron peel shaved to razor thinness. A small loaf of fruit cake, fragrant with spices and holiday wrapped, expresses Christmas greetings as do few other gifts. Shortbread is that rich crumbly flat cake traditional in England at the holiday season. There the guest or casual visitor is always offered a bit of shortbread and a glass of wine. This custom is being accepted here too, especially among movie studio folk who serve more English foods now that there is a large English colony in Hollywood.

You will like these Shortbread Crescents, and if we are not mistaken you will have to hide them carefully before Christmas day. Shortbread also improves with keeping. After baking, store in tin boxes, and if you pack them place thin sheets of waxed paper between to keep their shape and absorb their oil.

CASHEW SHORTBREAD CRESCENTS

1 cup (½ pound) butter
½ cup (¼ pound) confectioner's sugar
¼ teaspoon almond extract
1 egg
2 cups (½ pound) cake flour
½ teaspoon baking powder
1 cup salted cashews, chopped
Orange peel

Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar, and beat together. Add almond extract and egg, and mix together well, kneading with hands. Into this, work the flour twice sifted with baking powder. Add nuts (pecans or Brazils may be substituted for cashews, if desired). Roll out dough, a small amount at a time, on slightly floured board.

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!

Shape with crescent cutter, or mold into flat thin cakes. Prick edges with fork, and decorate tops with bits of orange peel. Place on ungreased baking sheet, and bake about 15 minutes, moderate oven, until evenly browned. Cool and remove carefully.

FOR those who prefer to give jellies or jams, there are many delicious fruit marmalades and conserves with which to fill the gift glasses or jars. A trip to a gift or housewares store will prove profitable before packing such sweets, for much depends on the charm and novelty of the container. Here is a delicious recipe for one such mixture:

AMBER MARMALADE

2 large sweet oranges
2 lemons
2 grapefruit
Sugar

Scrub fruits, and slice or shred wafer-thin, removing all seeds. To each cup of fruit add 3 cups cold water and allow to stand overnight. Next morning, boil about 30 minutes until tender. Add 1 cup sugar to each cup fruit, and boil rapidly 45 minutes. When mixture *sheets* from edge of spoon, remove from heat, and pour into sterilized jars. Seal with paraffin, when cold. (When 1 cup chopped nuts are added, this is called a "conserve.")

So cookies, cake, candy or conserve, take your choice, but whatever it is, it will carry Christmas greetings to all.

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Prize Letters

[*Continued from page* 18]

ancient that one story will bear three versions. I read now that they are considering the remaking of *Her Cardboard Lover* with Janet Gaynor. Why not, instead, screen Dickens' *Little Dorrit?* I know it would prove as great a success as that masterpiece *David Copperfield* and it is the type of role which suits Janet best and in which we would all love to see her. So please, Hollywood, leave us our memories of movies we enjoyed a lot the first time and dig into some of the unused material which is screaming to be screened.—*Edith Zittler, 548 N. Homan Ave., Chicago, Ill.*

Speedy! Easy! Grand!



EAGLE BRAND COCONUT MACAROONS

½ cup Eagle Brand Magic Milk
2 cups shredded coconut

Mix Eagle Brand Magic Milk and shredded coconut together. Drop by spoonfuls on buttered baking sheet, about one inch apart. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 10 minutes or until a delicate brown. Remove from pan at once. Makes 24.

• Only 2 ingredients! A child could mix them! Yet these cookies are crispy, crunchy, coconutty marvels. Men love them! • But *remember*—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Ask for *Eagle Brand Magic Milk*.

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IF YOU'RE nursing a cold—*see a doctor!* Curing a cold is the doctor's business. But the doctor himself will tell you that a regular movement of the bowels will help to shorten the duration of a cold. Remember, also, that it will do much to make you *less susceptible* to colds.

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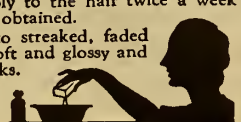
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Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.





MEN behind the STARS



ROY DEL RUTH
Director of "Rosalie"

ROY DEL RUTH probably spends more studio gold in the course of a year than any other motion picture director, yet producers actually battle for the privilege of opening their check books to him. In fact, it was less than a month ago that one of the industry's super-colossal moguls timidly approached the ace megaphonist's bosses with an offer of a bonus of $100,000 over and above Roy's hefty salary for the loan of his services for a mere ten weeks.

The reason: Del Ruth productions always garner enormous profits at the box-offices throughout the world!

Despite the fact that he is only 42 years old, Del Ruth has been identified with the picture business for more than two decades, having made his start as a scenarist for Mack Sennett in 1915, graduating to directorship three years later.

Born in Philadelphia, October 18th, 1895, Del Ruth was educated in the schools of that city, Williamsport, Pa., and Brooklyn. When he was fifteen he went to England, where he remained two years, returning to take a job as a sketch artist on the *Saturday Evening Post* at $8 a week. When the Philadelphia *North American* offered him $2 more as a combination cartoonist-reporter, he jumped at the chance.

IT WAS when Del Ruth came to California on a vacation, and devoted it to penning a comedy, *She Loved a Sailor*, that Sennett grabbed him, and assigned him to script his own opus as a vehicle for Gloria Swanson, Wallace Beery, Juanita Hansen and Mary Thurman. Remember beauteous Mary?

In 1918, he deserted the home lot of the bathing beauties and the Keystone Kops for a writer-director berth with Fox Films, but later returned to Sennett in the same dual capacity, where he discovered and developed Harry Langdon into stardom.

In 1925, he joined Warner Brothers as a director of features, and remained with that organization until Darryl Zanuck resigned to organize 20th Century, now 20th Century-Fox, which is still his home base.



Roy Del Ruth directed Eleanor Powell and Robert Taylor in *Broadway Melody of 1938* and is now directing Eleanor and Nelson Eddy in *Rosalie*

During his pre-Warner days, Del Ruth directed more than 150 two-reelers. Since turning to the longer subjects, he has filmed more than 40 features, every one of them a profit-bagger. *Gold Diggers of Broadway, Blessed Event, Kid Millions, Thanks A Million, Born To Dance, On The Avenue, Broadway Melody of 1936,* and *Broadway Melody of 1938* are only a few of his hit films of recent years. He is currently at M-G-M guiding a long list of stellar personalities, including Eleanor Powell and Nelson Eddy, through the elaborate production of *Rosalie.*

To his colleagues in the film colony, Del Ruth is an anomaly. He never takes a vacation, finding relaxation in his work. He is practically an unknown to headwaiters and patrons of the night spots, for when he finishes his day's toil at the studio, which is far beyond the usual quitting hour, he hies himself home to mull over his script in preparation for the next morning's scenes.

SINCE last January 1st, he has completed three lavish productions, each of them running beyond the million-dollar cost mark. On *Rosalie* he will have charge of an expenditure approaching two million dollars. There is no waste in his budget, however, for always his outlays return huge dividends to his employers.

Del Ruth's three hobbies are golf, art and music. Nowadays he finds little leisure for the former. The latter may offer a key to part of the secret of his success as a maker of tune-dance films.

Del Ruth has never developed what critics could call a "Del Ruth touch." He is equally at ease with a giant musical or a sombre mystery drama. He has no quirks of finesse which identify his pictures. The only manner in which any of his productions are alike is that each can be found at the top of computations of the season's biggest grossers.

Despite all this, Del Ruth seldom—if ever—talks for publication. He is one of the very few Hollywoodians not given to "tooting his own horn." He will tell you:

"It's results, not words, that count!"

Punch and Judy

[*Continued from page* 59]

"As I say," Judy was saying, "my favorite movie actresses are Bette Davis, Margaret Sullavan and Norma Shearer. When I grow up I want to be a little like all three of them. My favorite movie actors are Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, Robert Donat and Charles Boyer. If I ever get married, which I do not intend to do until I am thirty because when I marry I intend to give up my career, I would like my husband to be a mixture of these four men.

"I love to go to the movies. I go almost every night of my life. I go with Mummie, with my sister Jimmy, who is twenty and my very best friend. Jimmy, by the way, takes a doll to bed with her every night, too. I hope you won't think we're all imbeciles. It's just being companionable, I guess. Anyway, I also go with Betty Jane Graham, my very best friend outside the family. Betty Jane and I play ping-pong, too, and ride and roller-skate and swim. Sometimes Mummie takes us to lunch at the Pig n' Whistle. Then we go to a show afterwards and Betty Jane comes up with me and spends the night. Betty Jane has done things in pictures, too, and is a Very Fine Actress.

"WELL, people have asked me about the Biggest Thrills I've had since I became a motion picture actress myself. Of course, as I've said, the first Big Thrill was when Mr. Mayer, whom I've come to love very much in Any Mood, sent me my contract the very day after I sang for him. Then there was the Coney Island thrill. Then the next one was meeting Benny Goodman. I got goose-flesh over that because I admire Benny Goodman beyond most men.

"The first picture star I ever met after I came to M-G-M was Jimmy Stewart. If anyone should ask me what I thought about him then I would answer: 'Just what I think about him now—he is wonderful.' He has a lot of fun with me, I guess. He keeps asking me when I'm going to marry him and I say that I am too young and he says that pretty soon he will be too old. Which is ridiculous because of course he's very young and is the type who will never be old.

"But speaking of the first movie star I ever met in my life—well, it was when I was three years old and we first came to Hollywood. My father being a theatre-owner and all we visited most of the studios. One day we came to this studio, to M-G-M. After our visit during which we saw Frances Marion and her husband, Fred Thompson, who were awfully nice and jolly to us, we went to a little restaurant across the street to have lunch. As we went in I saw an earring lying on the sidewalk, quite an Oriental earring. I picked it up and took it to a waitress and she said: 'Oh, yes. I know who that belongs to. It belongs to that girl over at the counter having her lunch.' Well, I gave the earring back to the girl having lunch at the counter. And it was *Myrna Loy!*

"THEN, another very Big Thrill was the night I was invited to Norma Shearer's for dinner. I got all dressed up for that. I met Carole Lombard there and also Charles Boyer and his wife and Basil Rathbone and his wife. The next day Miss Shearer sent me a beautiful make-up kit with my name on it. Which certainly goes to show you how big stars are in Hollywood.

"Another B. T. was when Clark Gable gave me a charm bracelet. One of the charms is a little sort of book with Clark's picture in it. I suppose he sent it to me on account of the song in *Broadway Melody*. I have also sung that song for him here in the commissary and on the sets and places. He always gets very red in the face when I sing it but I think he likes it.

"Then there was the time when I had my picture on the cover of a fan magazine. I let out a shriek when I saw that.

"The preview of *Broadway Melody* was a very Big Thrill. I got dressed about five hours before it was time to go. I always do that, get dressed five hours before it's time to go anywhere and then when it is time I'm all mussed up.

"I don't care very much for society, though. And I *hate* dances. I simply hate them. You dance and dance and no sooner do you stop dancing then someone grabs you and says: 'Come on, let's dance.' And you're off again. I went to a dance with Jackie Searl a few weeks ago. He and another boy took my friend, Betty, and me. They sent us corsages and everything. It was their School Dance. Mummie waited up for me at Mrs. Searl's house. They sat up for us together, Mummie and Mrs. Searl. Well, we got home about twelve-thirty and I just kicked my shoes off then and there and thought, though I didn't say it on account of Jackie being so nice and polite and all, 'No More Dances For Me'!"

JUDY had, I knew, "gone out" quite frequently with Jackie Cooper. They had been seen lunching at the Brown Derby, coming out of movie matinees, swimming and playing tennis together. I asked Judy about Jackie. She said affably, "Oh, I don't see him any more. He's got another girl."

I said then: "Is there—I mean, are you interested in anyone else?"

Judy looked, for the first time, slightly embarrassed. She said to her mother, "Do you—do you think I ought to mention it? Do you think I ought to mention—*him?*"

And Judy's mother said, "Why not, dear? You like him and admire him and there's no harm in saying so."

"Well," laughed Judy, a little constrainedly, "for one thing, he's a—younger man, you see. That makes it rather awkward. But it is Freddie Bartholomew."

There was a slight pause during which I thought, sentimentally, that I could hear young Judy's warm heart beat a little faster. I felt, too, a little ashamed that I had asked her. You could tell that it was, with Judy, Kind of Sacred.

Then she said, changing the subject with great finesse: "Another Thrill will be the house we're going to build. It's being built from my plans, plans I drew up all by myself. And I have my room all planned out. The walls will be a sort of pale wood and there will be a beige rug and a big bed, the studio couch kind, done in brown corduroy and the hangings will be pale green.

SHE still plays dolls. Sophie Tucker calls her, "the next red hot mama." She *is* standing, though with eager, not reluctant feet, where the brook and river meet. She is a wise child, but a *child*. And she is bursting with "promise," all kinds and sorts of promises. She "sees" Hollywood as a Surprise Package. It is. And one of its most continuous "surprises" is going to be, I make bold to prophesy, this same Judy Garland.

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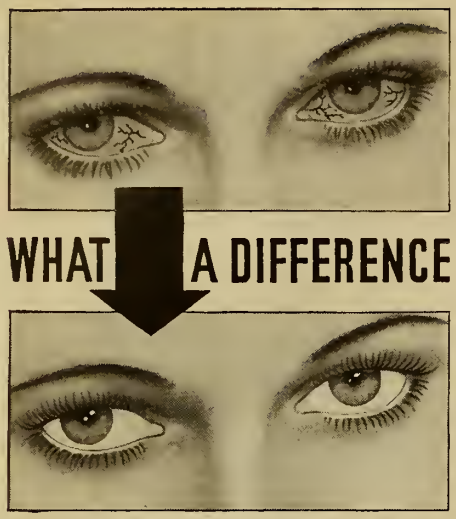
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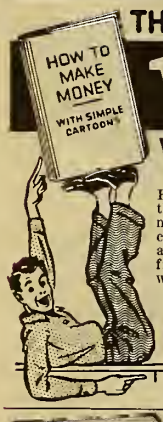
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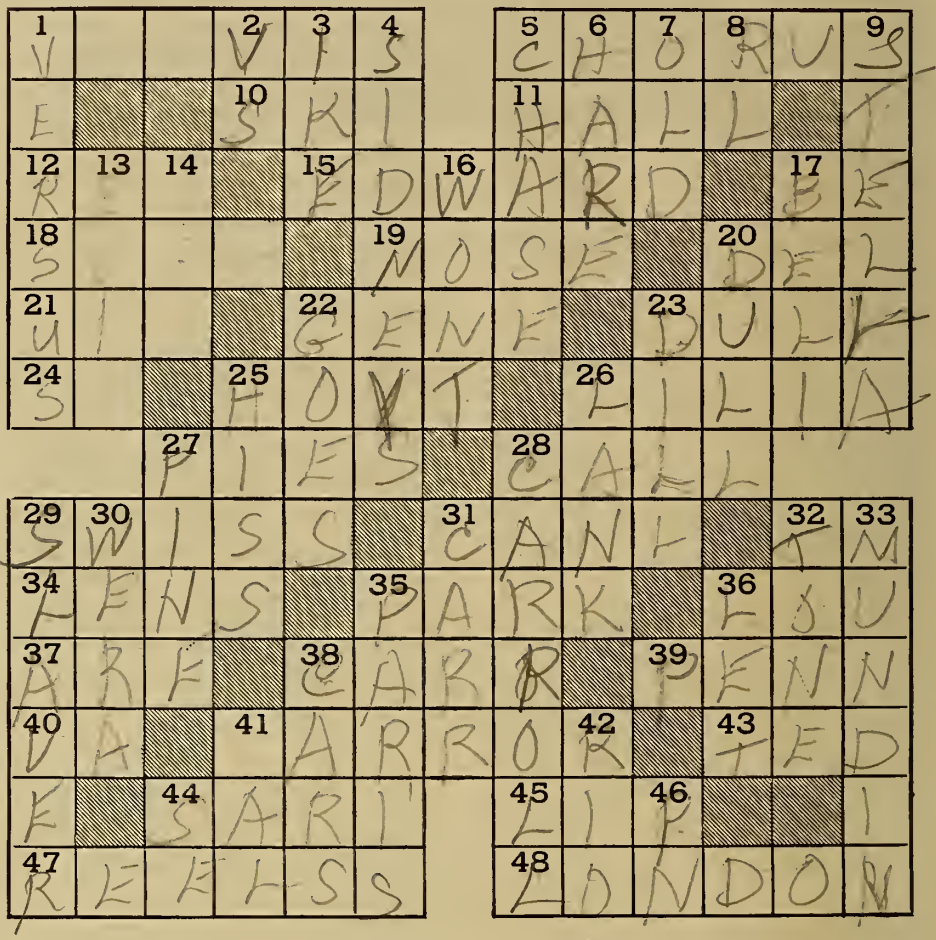


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You Know Your Movies?

Puzzle This One Out!



ACROSS

1. The girl in *Don't Pull Your Punches*
5. *The King and the* ——— *Girl*
10. Sonja Henie can skate and also do this
11. He directed *Exclusive*
12. Male lead in *Back in Circulation*
15. First name of a star of *Easy Living*
17. *Can This* —— *Dixie?*
18. What author supplies for a motion picture
19. Durante's famous asset
20. Dolores —— Rio
21. *She Had to* ——
22. Hero of *There Goes My Girl*
23. Descriptive of Colman's role in *Prisoner of Zenda*
24. Initials of star of *The Sheik Steps Out*
25. *Dabney* in *It's All Yours*
26. First name of Miss Lind
27. Comedians dodged them in slapstick comedies
28. ——— *it a Day*
29. Sonja's screen nationality in *Thin Ice*
31. First name of "Alfalfa" Switzer
32. Initials of Tom Mix
34. Part of a movie camera
35. ——— *Avenue Logger*
36. Mary ——— Treen
37. *Men* ——— *Not Gods*
38. *Peanuts* in *Girls Can Play*
39. *Tony Woolcott* in *Between Two Women*
40. Jack Holt's native state (abbr.)
41. Edward Everett Horton was *The Man in the* ——
43. His last name is Healy
44. First name of Miss Maritza
45. Elisabeth Bergner starred in *Dreaming* —— (sing.)
47. Divisions of a motion picture
48. ———*by Night*

DOWN

1. Roland Young had title role in this
2. *Wife* ——— *Secretary*
3. Cliff Edwards is also known as "Ukulele ———"
4. A star of *Dead End* (poss.)
5. You've often seen him in comedies
6. *M. Richards* in *Life of Emile Zola*
7. *The* ——— *Corral* was a Gene Autry film
8. Initials of Robert Livingston
9. ——— *Dallas*
13. He was teamed with Anne Shirley in *Meet the Missus*
14. Kitty Clancy is one
16. *They* ——— *Forget*
17. *Keith Whitney* in *Border Cafe*
20. Descriptive of a motion picture rated less than one "A" by critics
22. *Sophie Lang* ——— *West*
23. Her first name is Claudia
25. Applause for the villain
26. Descriptive of Cary Grant
27. *Trail of the Lonesome* ———
28. Feminine lead in *Prisoner of Zenda*
29. Cargo of *Slave Ship*
30. Her last name is Engels
31. Remember Mary ——— in mother roles?
32. He plays opposite Joan Crawford in *The Bride Wore Red*
33. That comical cockney
35. *I Met Him in* ———
36. ——— *Them Live*
38. *Love Under* ———
41. *The* ——— *Who Cried Wolf*
42. Tex Ritter starred in *Headin' for the* ——— *Grande*
44. Initials of Mrs. Harry Joe Brown
46. Pola Negri's initials

Last Month's Solution

S	A	R	A	T	O	G	A		T	H	I	S		
H		A	R	K		A		T	O	O		T		
E	R	I	C		H	I	M		P	O	L	A		
S	U	N		H	A	L	E	Y		T	E	N		
	N	E	W		L		N		M		E	W		
P		R	E	D		T		L	A	R	R	Y		
I	M		L	E	D	E	R	E	R		S	C		
C	A	R	L	E		X		E	L	S		K		
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F	O	R		M	A	R	C	H		E	A	R		
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R		N	A	N		A		L	E	T		F		
D	O	D	D		F	R	A	N	C	H	O	T		

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 8]



When toe dancers (ballerinas to you) relax between scenes of ***The Goldwyn Follies*** they elevate their feet to restore circulation. But one girl forgot to remember

the after-cocktail hours with Virginia Field now and then, and with Virginia Walker some other times. Meanwhile, June Lang matches ex-hubby, date for date. Top trio in her nights out are Los Angeles lawyer Gregory Bautzer, Texas millionaire Abbey Dreyfus, and polo player Morris Morrison, with an occasional dance-date with Glen Austin, for variety. And even, at times, A. C. Blumenthal, one of whose claims to Hollywood fame is that he's Peggy Fears' ex-husband.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Walter Kane and Kay Sutton—
Cupid cracked 'em, right on the button!

■

AW, LET'S skip the youngsters for a while, and see how the staid old married folks are making out—

For instance, Mr. and Mrs. Gene Raymond. She used to be Jeanette MacDonald, you know. Or am I wrong? — is it Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald—he who used to be Gene Raymond? Well, skip that. What I meant to report was that marriage is just too, too ducky. It's so swell that do you know what? Of course you don't, so I'll tell you:

They can't wait a year to celebrate their wedding anniversary, so they have a wedding celebration every week! They were married on a Wednesday night, you recall—so now every Wednesday night is their wedding anniversary. And Gene gives her a wedding present each Wednesday.

My, how exhausting!

TAKE, on the other hand, those veteran married folk, Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller. Believe it or not, they've recently celebrated their FIFTH wedding anniversary. Ol' Man Tattler knows that there wasn't a soul in Hollywood—not even Lupe and Johnny themselves, I'll bet!—who

[*Continued on page* 70]



—*Acme*

Claudette Colbert's beautiful legs come out of hiding. *They* were seen at recent tennis matches which she attended with her husband, Dr. Pressman

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page 69*]

believed five years ago that they'd stay married that long. But they did it—and on their fifth anniversary, Mr. and Mrs. Weissmuller celebrated in a quiet twosome aboard their yacht *Guadalupe*, anchored off Catalina Island.

And throughout the day, in observance of the occasion, Lupe didn't throw a single lamp, vase, dish, chair, bed, or anything—save kisses—at Johnny . . . ! She must be getting old.

■

SADDEST wedding anniversary in Hollywood was Ann Sothern's first anniversary. Trouble was, she didn't have any husband to celebrate it with.



—*Wide World*

The smiling newlyweds are Katherine De Mille and Anthony Quinn—who were married after a three weeks' courtship

Hubby Roger Pryor was part-way across the continent, leading his band, while Ann had to be here in Hollywood, making movies. However, they did the best they could over long-distance telephone at the exact hour on which they were married the year before—and Ann got a diamond bracelet and twelve oh-so-costly orchids from adoring Roger.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Wendy Barrie and Brian Aherne
Seem to be doing a double burn!

■

BRIAN AHERNE popping into this column brings to mind, of course, Merle Oberon. Merle and Brian were reported about to take a flying arm-in-arm leap into matrimony, not long after Merle returned to England months ago.

Forthwith, David Niven, who'd been Merle's right-hand-man (not to mention left-hand—in fact, all fours!) over here, flew into a frenzy or something, and managed himself a London picture engagement so he could, to all public intents and purposes, bust up the Oberon-Aherne conflagration. Evidently he did. But at the same time, he evidently didn't stand in for Aherne. In short, both Messrs. Aherne and Niven seem to be out, as far as Merle is concerned. Now both boys are back in Hollywood—Aherne, as Cupid-coupleted ahead, showering charm on Wendy Barrie, while Niven flutters the hearts of Loretta Young and Virginia Bruce, when those two sex-appealers aren't appealing to some other boy-friend.

Meanwhile, Merle goes her Oberonish way in London, and apparently isn't coming back to Hollywood for several months to come.



The Tony Martins (Alice Faye), recently married, are dancing to the music of Rudy Vallee—Alice's former heart-throb

AND now that we've mentioned Loretta Young, that leads to another Hollywood picture—and nite-club black-out. Latter came when Director Eddie Sutherland was squiring Tilly Losch at the Trocadero the other night. Eddie was having a swell time—until someone took the next table, and he looked around to discover that it was Loretta Young and Joe Mankiewicz, Hollywood's latest cardiac sensation team. Inasmuch as Eddie was head man in Loretta's love life (and vice versa) until a few months ago, it was one of those embarrassing moments. Troc habitues just love these little scenes—they have them every so often.

Same thing happens now and then at the Cocoanut Grove, which was the setting for a particularly gossipy meeting the other night—during the opening of Rudy Vallee and his band. Prominent among the Hollywood ringsiders were Newlyweds Tony

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER



—*Wide World*

Betty Grable tells Jackie Coogan she won't look at another man while he is away. They'll be married any minute

Martin and Alice Faye. You who know your Hollywood amouramifications, know that Alice and Rudy were once the nation's thattest-way couple. Sooooo—all Hollywood waited to see what would happen. This happened: Rudy came down, said hello to Alice, who introduced him to her husband. Rudy assured Tony that he was glad to meet him and Tony assured Rudy that it was a pleasure, my dear fellow, and they bowed and said what nice weather it was—and then after a very little while, Tony and Alice went home. Those who saw them say that Tony and Alice didn't, somehow, seem to enjoy the evening. Wonder what made them go, in the first place?

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
June Travis and Allan Lane
Over each other are cuh-raze-insane!

■

NELSON EDDY is crossing up the efforts to team him romantically with Eleanor Powell, with whom he shares top billing in *Rosalie*. While the press boys peddle tales that their onscreen romance is being paralleled offscreen, Nelson ignores it and continues to be seen about with Ann Franklin, ex-wife of Director Sidney Franklin. Nelson and Ann have been nite-spotting it together for months, now.

■

BABY TALK in HOLLYWOOD—by the time you read this, Allan Jones and Irene Hervey will know whether it's a boy or a girl—or twins. Right now, as Ol' Man Tattler writes these lines, the stork is hovering near, and Allan and Irene are so curiosity-ridden that they're half-seriously thinking of resorting to science, in the form of an X-ray portrait, to find out whether or not they'll have to buy two cribs instead of one . . . ! ! !

. . . also by the time these lines hit print, Ol' Doc Stork will have done his act at the Patric Knowles home.

. . . blessed eventicipations are being had at the Lloyd Bacon domicile. Ditto at the Dan Toppings—she used to be Arline Judge (Mrs. Wesley Ruggles) you recall. And, also at the Claude Rains house. In fact, Ol' Doc Stork is trying to arrange his routing now, so until he definitely decides, nobody knows whether the Topping or the Bacon or the Knowles house will be his first, second or third stop. But it'll be fast work all around for the Big Bird.

. . . the Gary Coopers have finally and definitely decided to name their daughter Maria Veronica.

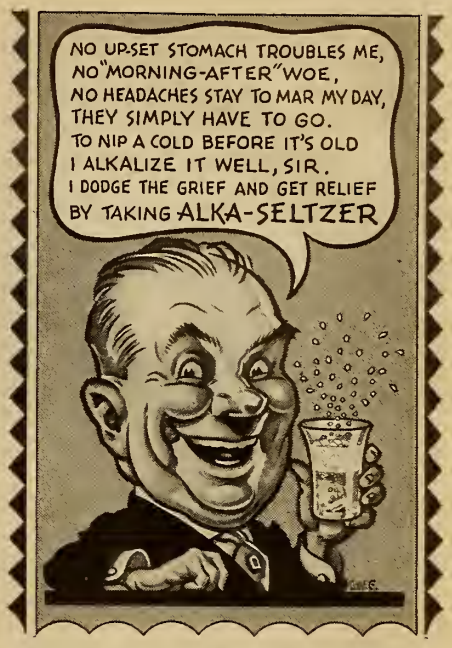
. . . but, as this is being written, Robert Young and his wife can't decide what to name their new daughter. Bob has even offered a $25 dollar prize to the M-G-M studio employe who suggests the name they choose.

. . . meanwhile, while these real mothers and fathers of filmland are having their excitement, the Adolphe Menjous have gone quietly into court and become the legal parents of their adopted son, Peter, whom they took out of a midwestern orphanage more than a year ago. Still violently averse to publicizing Peter, Adolphe had a nurse cover the baby's face with a scarf during its court adoption appearance.

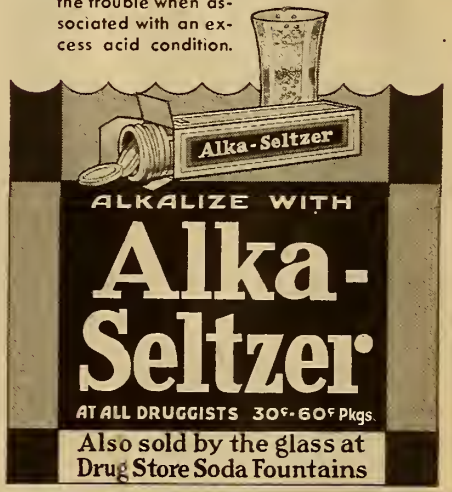
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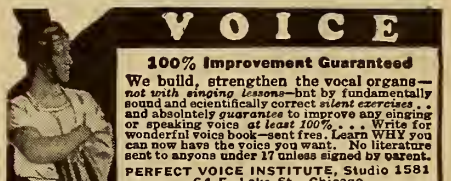
TWO'S NEWS: . . . Margot Grahame (too bad I can't tell you here about that anklet she wears) and Ray Haller are dating . . . Jimmy Stewart seems to be chiseling in on dates with Rita Johnson, which burns up Broderick Crawford no end! . . . Gordon Oliver just can't make up his mind between Kay Stammers, the British tennis star, and Anne Nagel, widow of Ross Alexander . . . Margaret Lindsay and Walter Wunderman set tongues wagging by making it three nights in a row at Clara Bow's new "It" Cafe . . . but Wunderman hasn't a monopoly there, for Margaret also has been dating Alan Marshall, the young handsome Australian who's set a lot of Hollywood gals' hearts ajitter . . . Olivia de Havilland, who just loves her work more than love, nevertheless finds time to smile encouragingly to Tim Holt, Jack's son . . . Lana Turner, luscious lovely, is dividing her time and dates pretty well between Martha Raye's divorced hubby, Buddy Westmore, and Johnny Downs, supposedly Eleanore Whitney's private property . . . but then, Eleanore doesn't take ownership of Johnny very seriously; she goes out with lots of other fellows—four dates in one week while Johnny was on location away from Hollywood! . . . Edgar Bergen doesn't deny that Andrea Leeds is important in his life, and Eddie's dummy, Charlie McCarthy, admits his master shows good judgment . . . meanwhile, Mack Grey (who's to George Raft what McCarthy is to Bergen) seems to be in a flutter about an heiress named Joyce Matthews . . . Lew Ayres, reported to be having secret dates with Ginger Rogers, from whom he's never been divorced, is having public dates with Elaine Shepard, which seems to scotch the Ginger-Lew

[*Continued on page* 82]



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ON THE SETS WITH THE STARS



A set of *In Old Chicago* (Chicago as an 1854 boom town) rises on a former golf course

DISCOVERED!—machine-made "antiseptic fog" to keep movie stars from catching cold in studio fog scenes. It was in Columbia's *I Married an Artist*. Luli Deste and John Boles, already sniffling, had to play scenes in a New York apartment while Hudson river fog rolled in the window. Ordinary fog machines burn charcoal, produce acrid smoke-fog for such scenes. Director Gering, fearful for the Boles-and-Deste throats, called a doctor, worked out a new fog of vaporized pine and cedar oils. It photographs perfectly, actually cured the Boles-Deste sniffles while shooting!

M-G-M's *Bad Man of Brimstone* was one of those personal-casualty films. On location, Virginia Bruce worked up a case of ptomaine from the change in drinking water, forced Wally Beery to drive miles and miles in order to bring her the apples the doctor prescribed as her sole diet. Then, a few days later, at the studio, Wally himself came barging into a scene, six-shooters popping, and shot himself in the leg with a blank cartridge—messy but not dangerous. Laid him up for a row of days. On location, it was Beery who made the news hi-spots—because his big auto trailer was air conditioned, it was used as a cooling-off rendezvous by the company while in 110 and 120-degree temperatures on the desert; and because Wally hunts every year in the Utah region used as locale, the location trip turned into a sort of Grand Reunion trip for Wally and the natives!

THE magnitude of Sam Goldwyn's *Adventures of Marco Polo* is using up all the superlatives in Sam's press-agents' dictionaries. Startling statistics: all records for number of maker-uppers crashed when 62 make-up experts and hairdressers prepared 850 extras for the Tartar battle scenes; in three weeks of location, Sam Goldwyn had to pay out $20,000 for meals alone for the cast and crew—biggest single day saw 2,974 meals served to the crew, principals and more than 1,300 extras! Biggest laugh-to-date of the production was supplied by the little Chinaboy Eugene Hoo, who played a bit wherein he lit a giant firecracker under Gary Cooper and Ernest Truex, as they sleep. Five times Hoo did his stuff, five times the firecracker whammed, but each time, Director Archie Mayo didn't like the way Hoo did it. Finally he exploded. "You can do it better!" he bellowed at the little yellow boy. "Sure," wisecracked the young Americanized Chinese, "but if I do it right the first time, I wouldn't have to do it again, and it's fun!"

M-G-M's *Rosalie* is militarizing Eleanor Powell. She does the manual of arms with an army rifle in one dance sequence. She enjoys it so much that she takes the rifle home every night to practice; had to get a special permit to carry the gun in her car. Incidentally the army routine is swinging Eleanor's fan-mail; now it comes from army men instead of the scores of letters she got from the Navy during *Born to Dance*. M-G-M's running Goldwyn a neck-and-neck race for "biggest set" honors with *Rosalie*. The studio insists the set that represents the mythical town of Romanza, built near the famous *Good Earth* sets up the San Fernando valley far from Hollywood, is the biggest movie set ever built—it covers 60 full acres. For Nelson Eddy, *Rosalie* marks his first chance in a long time to wear his hair cut close—he's been wearing it pretty-long for the costume roles.

ERROL FLYNN'S goatee, which camouflages his Irish mug for *Robin Hood*, is causing heartaches among his femme fans. One of the Warner stenogs actually burst into tears when she saw him wearing it. "It spoils his pretty looks," she wailed. For the film, the Warner technicians had to figure out a way to show arrows piercing Flynn's armor, yet without piercing Flynn! They solved the problem by lining the armor

with a thick coat of balsa wood—easily penetrable but protective to the Flynn body!

THIS, THAT, THESE, and THOSE from various sets: the lookers-onners at Columbia got a beeg threel when Joyce Compton did her first singing of *My Dreams Are Gone With the Wind* for *The Awful Truth*. For effect, Joyce sang while standing over concealed air jets, which were to billow her flimsy dress as she sang. The air-jet manipulator became too ambitious, or Joyce's dress was too flimsy—anyway, halfway through the song, her dress was "gone with the wind." Nope, you won't see it in the finished picture; Mister Hays wouldn't let it! . . . between shots of *The Last Gangster*, Lionel Stander entertains the cast with card tricks on the set . . . a lot of Hollywood wives thought they were being attacked by strange men when Warners' *Gold Is Where You Find It* company returned from up-California location. Every man in the troupe let his beard grow . . . Lily Pons did so much tree-climbing in the jungle scenes of her new film that she was laid up with stiff shoulders and legs a whole day . . . to get his daily exercise while on location on Catalina Isle with *The Buccaneer*, Cecil (yessir) DeMille lived in his yacht 400 yards off-shore, swam to and from location every day . . . as a gag, Director David Butler ordered so many retakes on the scene wherein Doug Dumbrille violently stabs Eddie Cantor (with a fake knife) in *Ali Baba Goes to Town*, that before the "take" was okeh, Eddie was actually black and blue from the pounding! . . . quaintest close-up in pictures will be the one Stanley Fields gets in 20th-Fox's *Wife, Doctor, Nurse*. He plays a truck-driver who delivered an X-ray machine, wants to know what it is, is amazed when the doctor turns it on and shows him his own heart; you'll see it too, in full-screen-size close-up . . . to prevent the stiff, short ballet skirts of 18 ballerinas in Goldwyn's *Follies* from being disturbed between takes, studio carpenters built 18 very narrow high-chairs on which they can sit their tights-clad fundamentals without having to sit through the skirts. Get it? . . . record for non-casualty success in big mob scenes was established by Director Frank Lloyd who sent 2,000 extras into a street brawl in *Wells Fargo* and got only one casualty report—an extra lost his false teeth!

JON HALL had the scare of his life when he had to do the *Hurricane* scene where he is swimming while bullets splash near him. For the shooting, three of Hollywood's famed rifle experts were hired. Because Hall was nervous, even though the three men can shoot perfectly, Director Ford played a gag—he had the three riflemen to show up apparently roaring drunk. In practice shots, they actually hit the dummies they were supposed to miss. Hall nearly fainted—until Ford called off the shot until next morn. Hall's relief was short-lived, for in the morning, they were still gagging—the riflemen appeared so stricken with a nervous hangover that their fingers trembled, their shots again went wild. Not until Hall had almost died of worry did they explain the gag—and the three rifle stars, cool as cucumbers, splashed their bullets within an inch of Hall's splashing body . . . right after losing three pounds from wearing the 35-pound beaded dress in *The Bride Wore Red*, Joan Crawford goes into an even more exacting dress-wearing routine in *Mannequin*. She wears 28 different gowns, which required the services of 16 seamstresses to make, a half dozen to keep in condition during production. And to save confusion in the many changes required, Joan is having each dress identified with a numbered label, sewn where you can't see it . . . the cast and crew of M-G-M's *Live, Love and Learn* are taking up a collection to buy a new sweater for Director George Fitzmaurice to replace the 17-year-old one he insists on wearing on the set . . . the same picture is costing plenty in crockery breakage as 24 dancing girls learn a waitress dance routine—before the dance was shot, the dancers had broken more than 600 pounds of dishes! . . . tough-guy Donald Barry, playing a hard-boiled gangster in *The Last Gangster*, had to quit work a half day because, to look tough he had to smoke a cigarette and it was the first cigarette he'd ever smoked and he got violently seasick . . . to drive a big truck in a scene for *Mightier Than the Sword*, Walter Pidgeon had to get a special truck-drivers' union card—a temporary membership card issued by the chairman of the Studio Transportation Drivers' Union local 399! And a condition was that a regular union driver be hired at full time as Pidgeon's assistant!



C. B. DeMille trains his cameras on a pirate ship representing one of *Jean Lafitte's* schooners in *The Buccaneer*. Fredric March emotes in the colorful role of *Lafitte*



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Boys! Meet Gaal!!

[*Continued from page* 50]

has gone so far before as to say, as he does now, "This girl is a combination of Helen Hayes, the early Mary Pickford, Elisabeth Bergner, and Clara Bow."

As the picture progressed, the skeptics' smiles faded. It began to look as if De Mille really had something. A great actress, certainly. A great sensation, possibly.

Long before *The Buccaneer* was finished, Paramount announced her for another big picture—*Paris Honeymoon,* opposite Bing Crosby. Then a third, entirely different. It became apparent that the studio was completely sold on Franciska Gaal as a star-to-be. When a studio spends big money on a newcomer, that newcomer is no gamble.

So be looking for Franciska Gaal. And when you see her, don't forget to remember that MOTION PICTURE was the first to tell you who she is, what she has done, what she is like. This is her first Hollywood interview.

YOU have never seen another foreign find like her. She is the first of her kind. She is not strikingly beautiful. She is not mysterious, secretive, remote. She is not exotic. She has no glamor-queen ambitions. She does not want to be liked for her foreign accent. She wants to lose that accent entirely.

She is small—five feet three. When she started her career, that seemed a handicap. People were apt to overlook her. Actually, it was an asset. For, in nullifying it, she became an actress.

The press-agents call her "petite." That makes her sound fragile. She isn't. You can't be near her without sensing dynamic energy, driving will power, physical resilience.

Beyond these things, you also sense great natural animation. It sparkles in her tremendous light-brown eyes, shines in her frequent smile, flashes in her quick movements. She loves life. She does not take it for granted. Every expression of her vivid face, every gesture, unconsciously intimate that. And, unconsciously, you respond to it. It is irresistible.

This Franciska—she pronounces her name Fran-*cease*-kah Gahl—was born in Budapest, Hungary, a few more than twenty years ago. Just how few more, perhaps you can figure out after hearing her story.

"I vas—was—the last of thirteen children," she says, her eyes begging forgiveness if she does not yet say the right English words, "and the seventh girl. You can see"—she smiles—"why thirteen is my unlucky number. I am very how-you-say superstectioius. I prove to you."

She jumps up with an "Excuse me," disappears into another room, returns a moment later with a pair of baby socks in her hand. "Mine," she explains. "My first—when I was nine months old. I have always save them. They are my good-luck." One of them contains a crackly paper. "A dollar," she adds. I won it in a bet. I am up at six one morning, and here at the studio by seven, and on the set at nine. I say to the business manager, 'I bet, after all this, I do not work till after lunch.' He laughs and says, 'I bet you one hundred dollair.' I say, 'No, I do not want to take so much mon-ee away from you. I bet one dollair.' I do not work, just as I say, till after lunch. I win one dollair. It is not easy—you know?—to get mon-ee from a business manager. I am proud. I save it, too, for good luck."

SHE takes up her story again.

"I have want to act evair since I was six. I saw my first play then—a performance for children, in Budapest. From that day, I want to be on the stage. No one from my family evair is on the stage. I can-not explain. I just know some day I must be an actress. My sisters? They are married, and have children, and are happy so.

"I do not know where I get this deciding. I get nothing from my family. Only slaps. They do not want me to be an actress. They laugh when I first say it. They think it is a childish—what-you-say? Whim? Whim. They let me act in school plays, at the end of the year. They think that is all I want. But no, I keep on talking, more and more, about going to drama school. That is when the slaps begin.

"At fourteen, I finish school. In Hungary, things are differ-ent from here. First, you go to one school until you are fourteen. Then you go to what is like high school here. I do not want to go there. I want to go to a drama academy. Slap, slap. I am register in high school.

"But my eldest sister—she is married, and has a daughter older than I—loves me, likes me. For years and years, I have told her to help me. She brings me now to a drama academy, to see if they will take me. They do.

"I am supposed to be in high school. Instead, every day, I go to drama school. This happens for two months. Then my mother and father find out—I do not know how. I am a bad girl. They put me in a room and lock the door. I am there three days, with only bread and water. And slaps. Ten times a day, my mother asks, 'Do you want to be an actress?' Ten times a day, I say, 'Yes, yes. I do not want to be anything else.' Ten times a day, I get slaps. The third day, I have not changed my mind. My mother thinks it is no use. She resigns. I can-not eat just bread and water the rest of my life. I can go to drama school.

"After a half-year, they throw me out of the school. I am 'too young, too small'; I have 'no talent.' My mother is very happy. 'Now you will go to high school?' I say, 'No, I must try some more.' My sister helps again. She takes me to theatres to see managers. There is nothing for me. I am too small and too young and have never done anything on the stage. I can-not even get understudy work. Finally, I am despairate. I beg just to sit on a stage at rehearsals and watch. One manager lets me do that.

"Day after day, I am there. I know every line of the play by heart. Then one day happens something you will not believe. Something like in a picture. Two days before the play is to open, one girl falls sick. She has a small part—a Hungarian peasant girl. When I hear, I run into the manager's office. I say, 'Here *I* am. I know every part by heart. And this one is so little. Please, please, let me play it.' He says No. He must have an actress for the part. He 'phones the academy; they have no one who can play it. He tries everywhere. Finally, he does not find anybody. 'All right, you can try it,' he tells me. 'I have no choice.'

"After the opening, he gives me a three-year contract. I am there a year. Then I break it—for a better, bigger contract somewhere else. . . ."

SHE smiles, and throws out her hands in a gesture that says, "Well, there it is. That is the story."

I comment on the fact that she had so little dramatic training, that she must have been an instinctive actress. She does not understand. The word "instinctive" is apparently new to her.

"No, no," she says, perturbed. "Five years I was on the stage—in tragedy, comedy, drama, everything. I made pictures abroad."

My nod tells her that I have known this. I rephrase what I have just said to tell her that she must have been "naturally an actress."

It is now her turn to nod understanding. "If you have talent," she says simply, "you can be natur-el. If you are natur-el, you can be an actress.

"Do you know where I found secrets? I studied from dogs, from cats, from animals. You cannot be affectionated"—she means affected—"if you take lessons from animals. We had a cat and two big dogs. I watched them by the hour. That is how I learned to walk with graceful movements. I studied our cat. From our two dogs, I learned how to say things with my eyes. If a dog is hungry, he can tell you with his eyes. If he is happy. Or sad. If he has hope. If he is disap—yes. that is the word—disappointed. That is why animals are so successful on the screen, so fascinating; why everybody watches them. They do not think, 'Now, is this my good profile I am turning to the camera, or my bad one?' They do not pose. They are real. They are natur-el."

Go to the dogs (*and* the cats), thou neophyte, if you would learn lessons in dramatic naturalness. Franciska Gaal is not joking. Seriously and earnestly, she is preaching a personal gospel.

Since that night in her middle teens when she replaced the sick girl in that Budapest play, Franciska has been casting spells over audiences with *her* naturalness, glowing through the make-believe of the theatre. She first became a name on the cosmopolitan Budapest stage in a dazzling succession of successes, ranging all the way from the Hungarian version of the American musical comedy, *Good News*, to Hungarian translations of Shaw's *Pygmalion* and Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. Her versatility, her convincing emotional changes, her wide range of talents, made her a star years before Hollywood ever heard of her.

ONE night in 1931, she noticed, for the first time, a tall, cultured-looking man in the first row of the audience.

"Night after night," she tells me, smiling across the room at the tall, cultured man sitting in on our interview, "month after month, he was there. He was—what you call it?—an unknown admirer. Until finally he found a friend who also knew me and could do an introduction. We met for the first time at a party the Austrian Ambassador gave. . . . We were married three years ago last July."

He is Dr. Francis Dajkovich (the "Dr." stands for "Doctor of Laws"), member of a wealthy Budapest family of attorneys. Unburdened by any complexes because his wife is famous and he isn't, he is superlatively proud of her. Neither is she burdened by any star-complexes. She would not have come to Hollywood if he had not come with her. Not as a business manager ("she has the experience to make her own decisions," he says), but as her companion in a great adventure.

One night in 1933, another man sat in the audience in Budapest and wanted to meet Franciska Gaal. His name was Joseph Pasternak. He is famous today as the man who produced *Three Smart Girls* and *100 Men and a Girl*. He was then producing pictures in Germany. He was vacationing in his native Hungary when he chanced to see her. He persuaded her to make a picture. To learn German and to make a picture. Eight more followed the first, three of them directed by Henri Koster, famous today as the man who has made Deanna Durbin a star. Franciska had Hollywood offers then. She did not listen to them.

"I thought I would not be able to succeed here. I was not afraid of the language, no. If anything is learnable, I can learn it. But I was not 'glamorous.' I was not 'a great beauty.' I thought beauty ranked over everything in Hollywood."

I ASK her if the Hollywood success of Viennese Luise Rainer had anything to do with her changing her mind; if it has had anything to do with the whole immigration of feminine newcomers from Middle Europe.

"Sure," she says, nodding. "Everybody noticed Luise's success. Everybody began thinking, 'If she can succeed, there is a chance for me.' She was not a star in Europe. Perhaps Europe did not give her opportunity. She is a great actress here. But her success could not help giving ideas.

"Still, I did not think I would come. To have a success in Europe seemed much better than a success here. Stars are happier in Europe. They do not worry so much. Here, they are working and working and working all the time. Do not misunderstand. I love to work. I could not live if I did not work. But in Europe, if you appear in a picture that is bad, people say, 'The picture is bad, but she is all right.' Here, you can be as good as the God Himself, but if the picture is bad, people say, 'She is slipping'." She shakes her head, sadly. "You must be so very, very careful, what pictures you make."

Franciska was finally persuaded into a Hollywood contract, chiefly through Rainer's success, and the coming to Hollywood of Pasternak and Koster.

"I learned German in four months. I thought I could learn English in six. I arrived a year ago October. And you hear how I have such an accent still? I was like a deaf-and-dumb when I arrived. It was so funny. People did not know I did not speak English. They would 'phone me and begin to speak for five minutes. When they finished, I had to say, 'I beg your pardon. What you say?' I knew how to say that and 'Excuse me' and 'Thank you.'

"I do not like to have this accent. I want to lose it. If I live in a country, I should at least learn to speak the language like the other people who live there. I do not like to make advance by being 'foreign' or have people say, 'She's cute, the way she speaks.' I do not want to be cute."

HOLLYWOOD has changed the color of her hair.

"The publeecity department does not like it mentioned, my hair was light red before. But it photographed almost black, so they changed it. It is not such a great change, but I do not like it. It is not natur-el. . . ."

Her family, she says, is happy now about her being an actress.

"But yesterday I had a letter from my mother, in which she say, 'I do not know how to wish to you. If you are a failure, you will come home, but you will be unhappy. If you are a success, you will stay in Hollywood, and I will be unhappy'."

Her mother, I am afraid, is destined to be the unhappy one. For Hollywood doesn't know where to find another Franciska Gaal. . . .



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Keeping Up With the Joneses

[*Continued from page* 51]

ten-gallon hats, chaps, or spurred boots ("my work clothes") when actually not before the cameras.

Buck told me, grinning, "If you're interviewing me because you want me to talk about the 'new vogue for Westerns' in Hollywood, I'll disappoint you. I've been reading, too, about Hollywood's renewed interest in Westerns—that major studios are all going for them.

"It strikes me funny because Westerns aren't bringing in much more money this year than last—or the year before that. They have the steadiest patronage of any type of film being made, so far as box-office returns are concerned. *We can tell within a couple of thousand dollars just how much each of my pictures will gross.*"

Talk pictures to Buck and you realize that his attractive Western drawl talks for a keen business mind. You see immediately why he is one of the few actors in all Hollywood who has the privilege of okaying his own stories, casts and directors. He is the only star who supervises the cutting of all his pictures. No danger here of the star demanding all the close-ups be left in.

"The tried-and-trite plot of the hero rescuing the girl and saving the old homestead—that's out!

"Now we're going in for behind-the-headlines plots, without, of course, sacrificing any of the Western's thrills and split-second action. One of my theatres, *Hollywood Roundup*, is a behind-the-movie-scenes film showing the inside of the making of action pictures. *West of Broadway* exposes racketeering in the produce business. *Ghost Ship* is a thrilling adventure yarn based on the Russian flyers lost in the Arctic."

Buck, who holds a pilot's license and got his first air training flying the flimsy crates of pre-War days, is most eager to make the air picture.

As he talks about the plane, his impressive new ranch, his ocean-going yacht, it's difficult to realize that just a few years ago Buck Jones was flat broke. Not only that, but hounded by creditors to whom he owed a small fortune. He lost $300,000, his life savings, by falling victim to the ambition of every Western star to own and manage his own circus.

He'd already been a top star in Hollywood for years, had raised himself gradually from the status of a "double" who earned $3 a day, who lived in a little cottage that cost just $12.50 a month. He had become a Fox box-office attraction, earning $2,500 each and every week—and then the circus, through mismanagement and the fierce competition of bigger shows, put him right back where he had started.

"It was pretty tough," he says now grimly. "Especially hard on Mrs. Jones and our daughter, Maxine. They knew I didn't have a dollar—or a contract. It was right in the middle of the depression. I went to my creditors and asked them to give me a chance. They promised not to force me into bankruptcy—and I promised to pay back every nickel. Later, slowly but surely, I made good that promise."



Buck's new Spanish-style ranch home is one of the most palatial in the Hollywood country. The estate is complete with swimming-pool, stable for six horses and peach orchards. There'll be a house-warming and barn dance when the job is finished

At Columbia, Buck was given a chance to start in all over again. Instead of merely acting as before, he began to choose his own stories, rewrite them into the formula he had learned the fans wanted.

Sheer necessity for success made him learn about "camera angles," cutting, directing. Today, it's admitted that he knows more about action pictures than many a producer. Exploitation stunts for his films usually evolve in his own keen brain. Studying his fan mail, he avoids smoking or drinking in pictures.

"Too many youngsters think that whatever Jones does, they can do."

HE FEELS awed when he thinks of the adoration of his fans as exemplified by one little boy in New York City. He picked up bottles and junk to sell so he could see Buck's pictures. One day he was

bouncing on the bed, pretending his pillow was a horse. The window beside the bed was open—onto a narrow, dark air chute that went down five stories to a cement floor. He jumped too hard, fell against the window sill—then catapulted screaming down. His little legs were broken, his pelvis smashed.

He didn't cry when doctors operated, and one of them said, "Sonny, kids usually cry when they're hurt as badly as you are."

White-faced and shaking with pain, the boy said, "I'm no sissy. Buck Jones wouldn't cry."

Buck visited the lad—and it was probably the world's sincerest mutual-admiration society of two.

Each year he sends to summer camp some of the pitifully under-privileged city boys in his Rangers club who have never known anything but city streets or had anything beyond barest necessities.

One of the rules by which his Rangers abide is that one can't report a good deed he has done for someone else. If he has helped the sick or the aged—or done any kindness—he must keep it a secret. Someone else, however, may report his charity—but the shining-faced young Ranger doesn't talk about his own virtues.

"There's nothing better for kids than to have a secret—providing it's a good one. There has never been a record of one of these boys being sentenced by juvenile court—and some of them come from tough sections of cities."

BUT Buck's far from being a sober-sided moralist. He has an engaging grin and a penchant for jokes. His daughter accepts him as one of her own generation—which is the ultimate in approbation from a pretty, teen-age daughter with red hair and the spirit that goes with it. Buck thinks she's a good egg, too—and is proud that she paints and designs costumes brilliantly enough to have sold sketches and provided some of the costumes for *Top of the Town* and *The Road Back.*

And his marriage to Odelle is idyllic, according to the Hollywood gossips, who hate to admit the existence of anything they consider so dull as a happy marriage.

They met in a horse-show ring. (Odelle Osborne had run away from her perfectly good home in Philadelphia to join Julia Allen's Wild West Show). She found it vastly more exciting. Three months after their first meeting they were married . . . on horseback in the show arena in Lima, Ohio. Half the town applauded—and the other half scandalized. It was the first wedding of its type in history, they believe.

If they hadn't been genuinely in love, and both possessed with the perfect sense of humor that doesn't diminish as it approaches the ego—they couldn't have taken their alternate days of poverty and prosperity in such perfect grace and unison.

Once they sat up all night playing cards because the room was too cold to sleep in. They were down to their last $10. They ate for over a month on that ten spot, sharing their rations with "The Honorable Patchie," a pet bulldog.

Mrs. Jones doesn't frown or grow jealous of the ladies in the United States, England, Japan and India, principally, who write sighing, romantic letters to Buck, asking him to send them a handkerchief or one of his cowboy scarves. She merely comments that he'd have to operate a clothing factory to supply the demand.

But she does look with disfavor on his rapt delight in fast racing cars. But there isn't a thing she can do about it!

Meanwhile the Jones are all agog over the new manse which is rapidly nearing completion in the Valley. When it is finished they are going to toss a big housewarming—which will include a barn dance in the hay loft. Some of the citified Hollywoodians should get a thrill from this particular form of shindigging.

There's no star getting more out of life than Buck. And most of the movie stars realize that they must have as much on the ball as the Joneses to keep up with them.

Daddy Longlegs

[*Continued from page* 55]

as though they'd never even heard of the Coopers having a baby.

But all the time, Gary, down on the set or in the lunch-room or around the lot will talk gladly and happily about the baby—just as long as he's sure you aren't going to print it. His attitude is worthy of respect, and so there'll be no quotes here from Gary's mouth about the baby.

Gary isn't being allowed to handle Baby Maria an awful lot, much as he'd like to. She may be his own daughter, but he's no less the clumsy, awkward guy every new father is—and babies ARE fragile. So when he is allowed to hold it, you can be sure that Rocky or the nurse are within grabbing distance. And so Gary has to take out his urge to do something about it with his hands in other manners—

He always used to make little things around the house, you know—a dart-game for Rocky, for instance; carved things. Well, he finds little dolls just as easy to carve as anything else. Too, he used to have fun weaving Indian moccasins out of leather scraps and strips he'd pick up at Jim Davis'. He has a houseful of leather scraps. He used to make moccasins for Rocky, and bigger ones for himself. Right now, he's finding out that it's easier to make baby-sized moccasins, and he's getting a kick out of that. He's got a movie camera, and he's a nut about candid-photography. You can bet your last two bits that before a month is past, Gary'll have a photo album record and a 16-mm movie record of Maria Veronica Cooper's life-start.

CURRENTLY, both Gary and Rocky are amazed at the flood of congratulations and gifts that have come to them since the baby's arrival. Of course, Gary's always known he had fans. But the inundation of presents that have arrived from all over the world for his baby has astounded him. There's been things that have touched him and Rocky deeply—things like a pair of hand-knitted mittens from a little girl in the midwest.

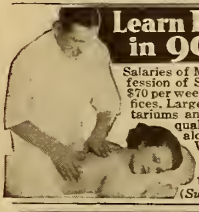
And by the way, I DID say that I wouldn't quote Gary, didn't I? Well, I'll make one exception—because it is so characteristic of the guy. A friend, who hadn't seen the baby yet, hailed him on the lot the other day. "Say, Coop," he asked, during the conversation, "is the baby pretty?"

"Pretty?" Gary cried; "Say—the kid is *beautiful!*" Then, with a sort of guilty grin, he added: "—But, aw well, ALL kids are beautiful. Ain't they? Huh?"



In spite of all that has been written about bad breath, thousands still lose friends through this unpleasant fault. Yet sour stomach with its resultant bad breath is frequently only the result of constipation. Just as loss of appetite, early weakness, nervousness, mental dullness, can all be caused by it.

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The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 47]

with mattress and sheets, and around the walls are photographs of the neighborhood dogs they play with—each autographed by the subject's paw-print.

Mouthings

■ Ps-s-s-st! Don't look, now, but that gal stuffing away the fried chicken and candy, over there on the sidelines, is Martha Raye. Yeah—she always brings chicken and candy to the studio from home, and munches between takes.

Temperament

■ Temperament MAY cost Phil Regan the price of a very high-grade grand piano! It was like this—

While working in old clothes around his garden, the other day, Phil got tired of gardening, and without changing his day-laborer appearance, strolled downtown, entered a swank music shop, saw a big grand piano, sat down, started to play. The snooty clerk saw the ragged fellow, raised his eyebrows, became very, very supercilious, even called him "my good man," when he asked what he meant by coming in and playing the piano.

Regan's temperament hit the ceiling. "Yeah?—so what's the price of this here now piano?" he demanded.

"Twelve hundred dollars, my good fellow. And if you're thinking of renting one we have some cheap ones back there," the clerk replied.

"Rent one, hell!" exploded Regan, and demanding a blank check, he filled it out for the $1,200; "I'm buying *this* one!" And to make it good, he even phoned home for his chauffeur to come down, get the check, take it to the bank and cash it.

Now Phil's got a new grand piano that he really didn't want in the first place!

Whittlings From Hollywood

■ To get in the proper mood for love-scene emoting, Tyrone Power shuts himself in his dressing-room and listens to the phonograph grind out *Kiss Me Again* . . . and speaking of phonographs, the fellow who earns his living changing the records on Joan Crawford's portable, which plays constantly between scenes, stuffs his ears with cotton . . . the continual blare drives him nuts . . . Glenda Farrell susbcribes to *eight* different detective magazines—and reads 'em all . . . the Santa Monica hospital where Grace Moore underwent her recent operation, is going to have to refurbish its towel supply . . . Grace autographed all the available ones for the nurses on duty . . . Johnny (ex-Tarzan) Weissmuller now owns about seven-hundred-and-twenty bathing suits . . . no one ever thinks of giving him anything else for presents—except ties, and he never wears those . . . in the backyard of her Toluca Lake home, Virginia Grey has installed a 12-foot slide . . . she never had one as a kid . . . because cigar smoke makes her ill, Mae West has asked the crew of her picture to stick to less violent forms of tobacco . . . but they're planning to get even with Mae because she hums hymns between scenes . . .

Sunbeam Spreader

■ Probably the most loyal fan in the world belongs to little Judy Garland. Since she first appeared on the radio and in pictures, Judy has received a weekly letter from "Pickles" Heinz, of New York—and he always ends it with the same sentence.

The other day when Judy started work on her new picture she found a box of roses waiting for her in the dressing-room. The card attached carried that familiar sentence —"Keep spreading those sunbeams, Judy," and was signed, "Pickles."

Candid Chatterings

■ Marlene Dietrich professes not to be concerned at all about the new sex-appeal gals Hollywood is importing, BUT she did write to a dear friend asking for a detailed report on Isa Miranda and Franciska Gaal, both of whom are touted as "another Dietrich!" . . . Martha Raye's latest peeve is about singing "hot" songs over the radio; she wants to do mushy ballads instead . . . by hiring a valet who speaks the language he's learning at the moment, Adolphe Menjou saves the price of a language teacher. Currently, his valet is Spanish, because 'dolphe is brushing up on his Castilian soft-soap . . . so scared is 20th Century-Fox over Dixie Dunbar's tininess and inability to gain weight that when she lost four pounds in a strenuous dancing sequence, the studio ordered her to bed on a milk and eggs diet for two weeks to regain it and bring her back to 98 pounds . . . they say Tyrone Power is getting "hard to handle" on the 20th Century-Fox lot . . . latest trick of the many Clark Gable has taught Carole Lombard is how to shoot spitballs with rubber bands and score bull's-eyes on people around the set . . . Phil Baker's 4-year-old daughter saw Charlie McCarthy on the set at Goldwyn's the other day, surveyed him carefully and seriously for a full five minutes, then ran to Baker, piping: "Papa, buy me him!" . . . my, don't those Hollywood kiddies learn young?

High Tones From Tonsils

■ Lucky break: Out of the hospital after having her tonsils removed, songstress Della Lind finds she can sing two notes higher than ever before. Now she wishes she had a half dozen more tonsils to cut out.

AUTO-graph

■ Weirdest-Autograph-of-t h e-Month is the one Mary Boland gave to a bunch of kids after a preview the other night. Spotting her as she left the theatre, a half dozen high-school-youths followed her to her car and would only let her proceed unescorted after she had put her name—with chalk—on the side of their pre-steamline roadster.

Holly-WOULD You Believe It?

■ Edna Mae Oliver refuses to use one of those ordinary canvas set-chairs while resting between scenes, insists instead on using an old-fashioned rocking chair from her own home . . . Regis Toomey got lost in Beverly Hills, while trying to find the way to Fredric March's home; he finally

stopped and bought one of those Guides-to-the-Movie-Stars'-Homes they sell on the street corners there for two bits, found the address, arrived at Freddie's party in time . . . Basil Rathbone came home the other night, to be met by a terrified maid who told him one of the dogs must be mad because it was foaming at the mouth, Basil investigated, found a half-chewed tube of shaving cream on the front lawn, saved the dog's life . . . Myrna Loy, conceded "truckin'" champ of Hollywood, learned how to truck from her colored maid, Theresa . . . because she couldn't stand their squeaky shoes, Joan Crawford bought new ones for two members of the stage crew on her current picture . . . Douglas McPhail evades M-G-M's order that its stars must not sun-tan by taking a steam bath after sunning himself on the beach; the steam bath fades the sunburn, he says . . . to accept Joan Crawford's invitation to tea the other day, Billie Burke sent her a telegram—despite the fact that she and Joan were working on two adjoining stages at M-G-M . . . and M-G-M's make-up expert, Jack Dawn, after a trip through the western States, says that cowboys have better complexions than Hollywood's chorus girls . . . because Shirley Temple cooks such lovely lamb stew on her toy electric stove, all the kids in her neighborhood insist on her giving a lamb stew party whenever she has a day off from the studio . . . Glenn Morris got a cablegram of congratulations from the Chamber of Commerce of the Lake Tanganyika district in darkest Africa, on his being named the screen's newest *Tarzan* . . . according to her contract, Jeanette MacDonald gets her entire salary for the full motion picture if M-G-M doesn't start the picture on the date scheduled . . . when Isa Miranda, the imported Italian star, first went into Paramount's make-up department, she told the maker-uppers that she did NOT wish to be made beautiful, but wanted them only to emphasize her character . . . on hot days, Robert Young carries two icebags, filled with ice, in his coat pockets, to cool himself off . . . Clark Gable, who is now Hollywood's doughtiest hunter of big game and shooter of animals, used to run and hide whenever any of his childhood companions caught and killed a rabbit . . . in the M-G-M commissary, the stars, extras and other workers drink up 75 gallons of orange juice every morning . . . whenever anybody tells Helen Troy that he doesn't believe these stories about what a good cook she is, she sends him a home-baked pie or cake to prove it . . . and if you don't believe any of the above items, all your faithful old Hollywood reporter can tell you is that that's what the press agents ask you to believe!

No Justice

■ You'll never see the original billboard poster designed for *Nothing Sacred* by Petty, that artist who draws all the nude women for a certain magazine. Because, after one torrid look at Petty's original drawing of Carole Lombard dressed in nothing at all but a very, very transparent bit of black chiffon, the Hays office yelled "NO!" Carole Lombard's only objection to the original drawing, however, was:

"It doesn't do me justice!"

What Price Glamor?

■ Two examples of how precious this thing called Glamor is to your movie favorites—

1—for her screen close-ups, toughest test of any actress' screen glamor, Miriam Hopkins takes no chances with a stand-in. To assure herself that lights, angles, lens, and so on will be okeh for the "take," Miriam herself does her own standing-in before the camera ever turns.

2—because she didn't like the photographic quality of a certain brand of film being used in the cameras, Joan Crawford wouldn't go on with the movie until they switched to another brand which she thinks does her greater justice.

Why Movie Stars Can't Stay In Love

[*Continued from page* 56]

"Now, under such circumstances of intimate association with highly desirable members of the opposite sex, enjoyed by no other profession, you are bound to have a great deal of unconventional behavior and a high divorce rate. Actors, after all, are human. They are exposed to too many dangers and temptations.

"Hollywood marriages are too much influenced by superficial values—flashiness, momentary popularity, lavishness, and so on. All of these are too transitory and do not form a basis for permanent marriage. Hollywood marriages too often lack the durable qualities of comradeship.

"Statistics prove that from 60 to 70 percent of childless marriages end in divorce, while less than 10 percent of homes with children are broken up. Parents have a much better chance of happiness in marriage than childless couples. In Los Angeles County half of all divorcees are childless, although the average duration of their marriage before divorce is nearly 10 years. Evidently they did not want children, and therefore, were probably self-centered individuals. Offspring are a great cement of matrimony, and the childless couple has a much greater chance, everywhere, of ending in the divorce court. In Hollywood marriages, for obvious reasons, we do not have enough children.

"Few women have sufficient vitality to carry two full-time jobs. Making a real home is a full time job. Servants and nurses can never do the work of a real mother. If the wife tries to carry another full time job, as an actress, she is pretty sure to let the home suffer, since she can't do justice to both. But the desire to act manifests itself early in childhood in the majority of cases, and it is an inner drive, of the same type that makes poets and musicians. She can't be happy if she isn't acting, and so, few woman stars give up their careers in pictures after they marry. Those that do, have a much better chance of staying in love with their husbands and leading a happy, normal married life.

"I could give you more reasons to answer your question, Why stars can't stay in love," Dr. Popenoe concluded with a twinkle in his wise eyes, "but I have covered the main points, and I hope the stars will understand themselves better by reading your article, and the fans will understand them better, too, and understanding makes for tolerance."

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The Most-Kissed Girl Makes Good

[*Continued from page* 62]

none of my business to meddle in other people's affairs. We should never condemn."

ANDREA lives in Brentwood, where her father has rented a house. Her hobbies are, besides writing poetry, collecting statuettes representing different countries, swimming and horseback riding. Recently she suffered an accident while diving into what she thought to be deep water, but wasn't, which almost robbed her of her role in the *Goldwyn Follies*. But a fortunate change in the production schedule gave her the necessary time to heal the severe scratches on her face, no trace of which is left now.

Although she has been seen at the night spots with Jon Hall, John Howard, Pat de Cicco, Arnold Kunody, and a few others she is no nocturnal gadabout, and must have her regulation eight or nine hours sleep. Barry Brannen, a lawyer, has replaced most of her former escorts, but when we ventured to ask her if she intended to marry soon, she replied:

"I'm not thinking of marriage now. My parents brought me up with one idea in mind—marriage when I came of age. I still believe there is only one real career for women—and that's being a wife and mother. When I tell a man 'I love you,' it will be forever and ever. My parents have been married 26 years, and they are still madly in love with each other. My greatest ambition is not to be a famous dramatic actress, or a writer, or anything, except to find the right man and marry him. I want to have three sons and two daughters."



Andrea Leeds, who was discovered by one of Sam Goldwyn's talent scouts, is given romantic lead in his *Follies*



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10 CENTS





By JOHN SCHWARZKOPF

ROSE STRADNER, latest Hollywood importation from the European stage, is one of the few people from Austria who, without making the effort, has been able to retain the charm and gaiety of Vienna in her attitude and speech . . .That Miss Stradner will be a sure-fire success on the American screen is assured by that quaint old-world charm that she has brought to America with her . . . With the same gayety that marks her every movement, Miss Stradner is preparing herself for her first picture, *The Last Gangster* . . . The day she arrived in Hollywood she insisted on visiting her new studio, M-G-M, for an exploration trip . . . and to meet some of those strange people who call themselves "Americans" . . . She met Robert Taylor that day along with several others but . . . although she has never seen him, Gary Cooper is still her favorite actor . . . "He is *so* American," is her reason for selecting a star off her "home" lot as her favorite . . . Born in Vienna, the daughter of a factory manager, Miss Stradner attended the Academy of Dramatic Arts . . . and played her first professional engagement in Zurich, Switzerland . . . returning to Vienna to play in Volks Theatre . . . Photographs of her by a famous Viennese artist attracted the attention of studio executives . . . and tests and a contract followed . . . She is married to Karl Martin, screen director, who remained behind in Austria . . . But rumor has it he will join his wife in Hollywood . . . Tall, blonde and slender and a little on the Dietrich side, Miss Stradner speaks English perfectly . . . having learned the language in schools in Vienna . . . During her stage career she has starred in plays by Shakespeare, Goethe and George Bernard Shaw . . . One of her most recent hits was in *Fraulein Elsa* . . . Others of her most notable appearances are: Oscar Wilde's *Lady Windemere's Fan, Dinner at Eight,* Theodore Dreiser's *An American Tragedy* and Somerset Maugham's *Victoria* . . . Fine actress though she is, Miss Stradner has many interests outside the theatre . . . Of her many interests in sports, tennis is probably the most outstanding . . . Golf, swimming and horseback-riding are of equal importance to Miss Stradner . . . Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer hold great hopes for their latest importation . . . She'll be a star for sure . . . One of her first Hollywood screen appearances will be in *The Last Gangster,* in which James Stewart helps her to carry on the love interest . . . Edward G. Robinson is the star of this production.

Rose Stradner's personality and talent makes her one of the most promising "finds" of the year.



By E. J. SMITHSON

TEN years ago Maurice (Blackie) Black was a red-nosed comic in Raymond Hitchcock's *Hitchy Koo* revues and laying 'em in the aisles according to the boys and girls who wrote rave pieces about this Broadway hit show . . . Hearing the siren voice of Flickertown calling while playing in the stage hit, *Broadway,* he came to the west coast with two suitcases, one wife, and a faint hope that he would be lucky enough to get into pictures before his bankroll went the way of all dough-re-me . . . Hardly had he expelled the first breath of the famed Hollywood air than he was scheduled for heavy character parts in a number of films . . . in all of them he was cast as a Greek cafe owner . . . His reputation as one of Broadway's top comics failed to impress the studios . . . and he continued his Greek cafe owner roles until someone decided he would look good on a horse . . . a couple of six-guns were strapped around his waist . . . and he dropped his Greek dialect to adopt the language of the lone cowboy while he played in horse operas of high and low degree . . . Black still likes westerns . . . and would play in them if permitted to ride around in an automobile . . .

Back in 1914 while on a vaudeville tour with a singing outfit he was asked in Billings, Montana, to participate in a parade celebrating the town's first strip of paving . . . Black agreed providing he could wear chaps . . . he got them and rode in the parade from 8 in the morning until 6 at night . . . It was the first time he had ever been a-straddle a saddle . . . the end of the parade was almost the end of Black . . . they had to pry him loose from his seat . . . From westerns Black graduated into parts where he was used as shark bait . . . In *Tiger Shark* he was tossed to the man-eaters before the picture was half finished . . . he did so well as food for the fishes that in *I Cover the Waterfront* he was tossed in again . . . Black lives in Westwood Hills and has a year old son who started his picture career when he was only 28 days old . . . Top year for this sterling character actor was when he appeared in 24 pictures . . . but he doesn't care to repeat that record . . . Ideal arrangement, he says, would be to have 25 weeks of work and no more . . . What with westerns growing into super-colossal productions in all major studios, and with "B" pictures blooming into quick-A's overnight, Character Actor Black is going to have a hard time to keep from working no more than the weeks he allots to himself . . . He's too much in demand . . . his last role—and a good one—was in Universal's *Adventure's End,* his 17th sea picture.

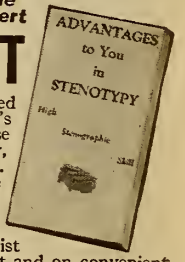
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The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 71]



Rudy Vallee, who introduced Edgar Bergen and his woodenhead, Charlie McCarthy, to radio listeners over his program, welcomed to their Hollywood broadcast during visit to the cinema city



Here's one Ol' Man Tattler slipped up on. He mentioned Gordon Oliver's having a difficult time making up his mind between Kay Stammers and Anne Nagel. Maybe answer is Helen Mack, with Gorden here

reconciliation rumors . . . George Mason, the lad who runs a Hollywood night-club while waiting to become a movie star, has gone back to New York for some stage experience, but left an order with a florist to send Paula Stone an orchid a day . . . the Brewster twins on double dates: Barbara with Tommy Seward, while Gloria takes designer Eddie Stevenson . . . Townsend Netcher, ex-hubby of Constance Talmadge, doing the Hollywood rounds one night with Glenda Farrell while Drew Eberson sulked alone; the next time with Sandra Storme, English model . . . tip is that Sandra has the inside track in Netcher's life . . . but it's also pretty well understood that she can't decide whether to devote herself to him or to Jack Dunfee, the British auto racer who was once rumored Benita Hume's secret husband . . . and as for Benita, there's no doubt in any Hollywood chatterer's mind that she and Ronald Colman are what's still called "that way."

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
**Hazel Forbes and Dick Purcell—
Nurse! prepare the padded cell!**

■

LISTEN to and read all the gossip you want about how Gene Markey is going to Simone Simon—but take it all with a grain of salt. Despite the fact that Gene is squiring Simone about, his closer friends know that he's still carrying the torch—and high!—for ex-wife Joan Bennett. Meanwhile, they're also giggling over the fact that he's trying to assuage his sorrow with Simone, of ALL gals. For Gene was one of those in Hollywood who most violently couldn't see anything at all in the li'l French pout when she first came here.

NOTES FROM DANNY CUPID'S FILES: . . . nothing to those reports that the Lyle Talbots are splitting up . . . ditto about the Bert Wheelers . . . Bert says he'll bet $10,000 to an old pipe that he and Sally are the happiest married couple in town . . . Jon "Hurricane" Hall and Mona Rico make a vivid pair . . . Claire Trevor and Wilmer Hines, tennis ace, seem to be at "love all" . . . Rubinoff fiddling love tunes to R-r-r-r-roscoe Ates' daughter, Dorothy . . . has Connie Bennett switched from Gilbert Roland to Joe Schenck as real-life leading man? . . .Rudy Vallee says half-Indian beauty, Gloria Youngblood, is a lovely gal and all that but that he's not engaged to her at all! . . . all the gals that David Carlyle has been rushing are so confused!—because his name has just been changed, officially, to Robert Page . . . Miriam Hopkins and Anatole Litvak (she calls him Tola) are so happy since their marriage! . . . they're building two houses on one big lot, so that they don't have to share the same house when they're tired and cross, because they think that's one of the reasons marriage sometimes fails . . . Leah Ray another four-man gal: Jerry Wald, Kay Kyser, Mel Burns, and Bob Lowery alternate dates . . . Donald Barry can't decide between Marsha Hunt and Barbara Read and isn't he the lucky guy? . . . that euphonious Al Hall-Lucille Ball twosome still heading strongly altarward . . . Craig Reynolds is mad because Don Terry is trying to cut in on his dates with Gertrude Niesen . . . Sidney Blackmer and Kay Linaker do the romantics in the *Charlie Chan* movies, and ditto offscreen . . . Alice Faye, after receiving 220 letters from newlyweds congratulating her and Tony Martin on their marriage, says that she doesn't think mariage should change anyone, and that she isn't going to change one iota, so there! . . . Wayne Morris, champion heart-flutterer of the month, has picked Carol Landis, Warner cutie, as his latest escortee . . . disappointing Hollywood anticipations, Alan Curtis didn't rush back to Constance Worth when her marriage to George Brent failed. Instead, Alan (who was Hollywood Torch-Carrier No. 1 when Connie married Brent) is now rushing M-G-M's cutie-cute Priscilla Lawson . . . *Vogues* beauty Katherine Aldredge is rumored altar-headed with San Francisco millionheir Jimmy Flood . . . while he's waiting for the date when she'll marry Jackie Coogan (it's tentatively set, as this is written, for December 18) Betty Grable is being a very careful-stepping gal, having no dates while Jackie is away . . . another marriage-on-the-way (which may be over by the time you read this) is the Shirley Ross-Eddie Anderson altar march . . . ditto Ella Logan and Cully Richards.

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Joan Crawford

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